Liberty

FEBRUARY 20, 1943
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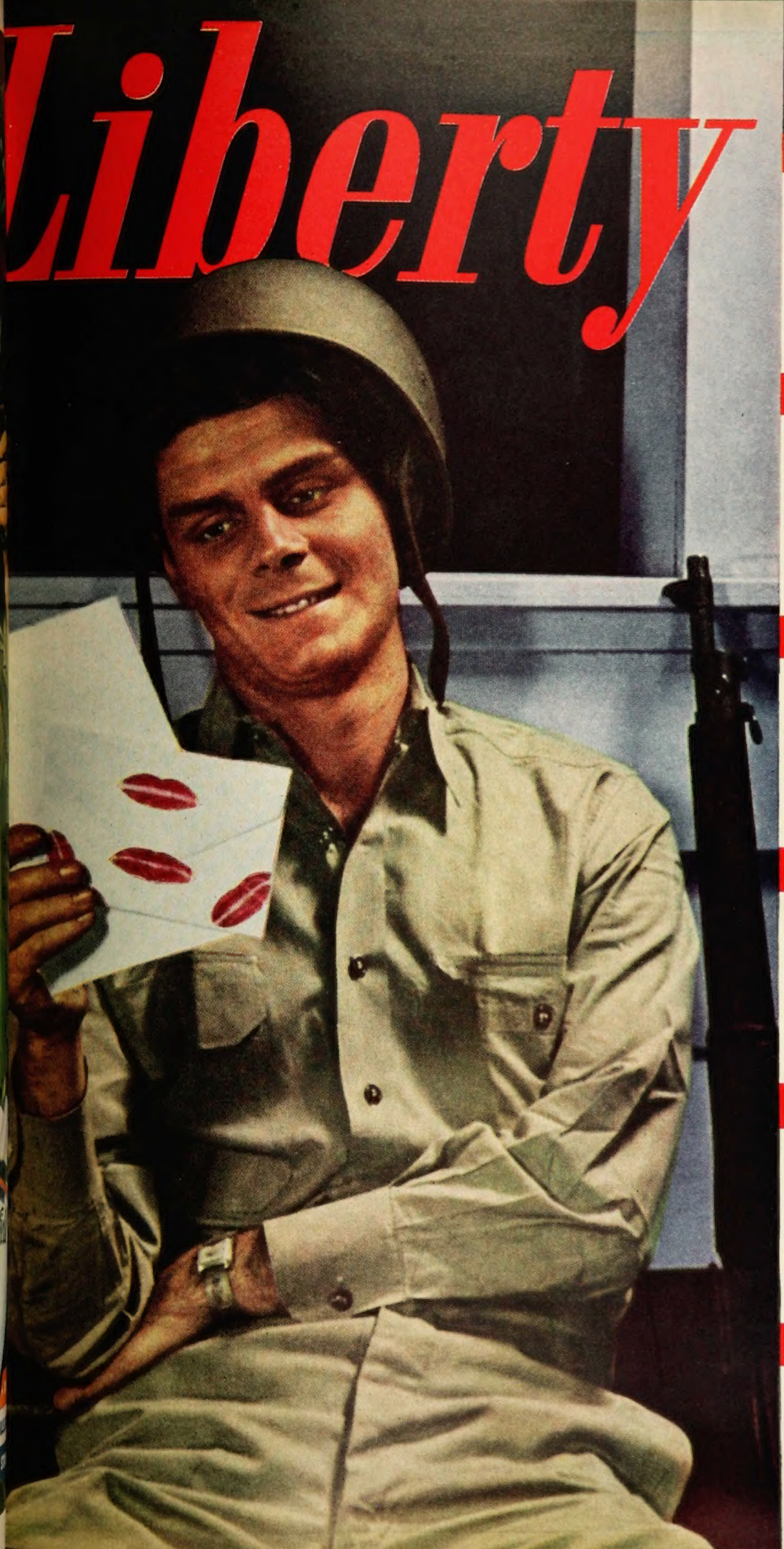

LIBERTY

Book: TORPEDO JUNCTION
10 Months of Action with the Navy

LIBERTY

POWDER TOWN
They Keep 'Em Shooting
by Will Irwin

LIBERTY

YOU CAN GET BETTER CONGRESSMEN by Oswald Garrison Villard

LIBERTY

RUSSIAN KIDS ARE FIGHTERS

LIBERTY

WHAT TO DO WHEN A BABY COMES

LIBERTY

FICTION
MOVIES
OLD SARGE

House Warming, 1943

America makes the best of everything!

"Getting the stove was Grandpa's idea. Serving my guests with America's Best — Schenley Royal Reserve — is my idea. Resourcefulness and hospitality are America's ideas."

Buy War Bonds Regularly

Schenley Royal Reserve, 60% Grain Neutral Spirits. Blended Whiskey, 86 Proof. Schenley Distillers Corporation, New York City

A Boy and a Girl Look at a Great American.

He Belongs to a Glorious Past, They are Part of a Brighter Future.

We see them, then, Confident and Reliant and Smiling—With a Smile that owes much to their Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage!

LUCKY YOUNG AMERICANS! How bright and promising is their future! Nowhere else in the world could they have so many advantages to help them fulfill a destiny of greatness.

All over our land, no smallest thing is left undone to help them to strength of mind and body—so that the youth of America may face the future brave and confident and *smiling!*

Yes, *smiling!* Even their smile has a bright future, thanks to early training in an important lesson—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to sound teeth and sparkling smiles.

In thousands of classrooms, today's children are learning what many parents do not yet know—that soft foods deprive our gums of needed work and stimulation. These youngsters could tell you why gums often become soft and tender—and signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush.

When "Pink Tooth Brush" Warns

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist at once.* He may simply say that your gums have become tender and sensitive because of modern preference for soft and creamy foods. Like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage!"

For Ipana Tooth Paste is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Make Ipana and massage a regular part of your dental routine—for firmer gums, brighter teeth, a lovelier smile.

Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

The Prestige of a GREAT NAME ...the advantage of exceptional value.

Those in the know ASK FOR

OLD CROW

BOTTLED IN BOND

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

Kentucky Straight Whiskey Bourbon or Rye 100 Proof

WAR NOTE
Old Crow's distilling facilities are devoted 100% to war production. The Old Crow offered for your enjoyment today comes from substantial reserve stocks.

National Distillers Prod. Corp., N. Y.

In This Week's Liberty

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What did *you* do today ... for Freedom?

Today, at the front, he died ... Today, what did *you* do?
Next time you see a list of dead and wounded, ask yourself:
"What have *I* done today for freedom?
What can I do tomorrow that will *save* the lives of
men like this and help them win the war?"

To help you to do your share, the Government has organized the Citizens Service Corps as a part of local Defense Councils, with some war task or responsibility for every man, woman and child. Probably such a Corps is already at work in your community. If not, help to start one. A free booklet available through this magazine will tell you what to do and how to do it. Go into action today, and get the satisfaction of doing a needed war job well!

EVERY CIVILIAN A FIGHTER

CONTRIBUTED BY THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA.

VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

LINCOLN'S RED TAPE

WASHINGTON, D. C.—That Lincoln knew governmental red tape in his troubled day may be gathered from his ironic questioning of a man who sought a humble job in the Capitol.

"So you want to be doorkeeper to the House, eh?" asked the Chief Executive.

"Yes, Mr. President."

"Well, have you ever been a doorkeeper? Have you ever had any experience in doorkeeping?"

"Well, no—no actual experience, sir."

"Any theoretical experience? Any instructions in the duties and ethics of doorkeeping?"

"Um—no."

"Have you ever attended lectures on doorkeeping?"

"No, sir."

"Have you ever read any textbooks on the subject?"

"No."

"Have you ever conversed with any one who has read such a book?"

"No, sir; I'm afraid not, sir."

"Well, then, my friend, don't you see that you haven't a single qualification for this important post?" said Lincoln.

I wish the ten thousand bureaucrats in this town would paste this in their hats—it might help their heads.—*Mrs. Oleander Terwilliger.*

ROUSING CALL TO ACTION

CRICHTON, ALA.—The people are willing and anxious to do their wholehearted duty, but we haven't a man capable of leading them. All our capable leaders are caring for their respective industrial jobs, and in such capacity are doing excellent work, while the masses wander about in confusion, reflecting the state of mind of the political sciolists in Washington.

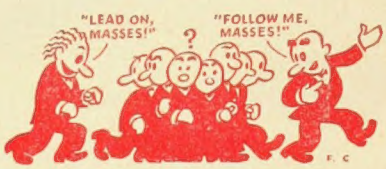
There are just two ways to handle the masses: lead them, or drive them. The first requires knowledge, sagacity, wisdom, and a full understanding of people. A leader must be fair and honorable as well as a courageous fighter. The second requires only the opportunity, which is usually supplied by calamities, to promise great things in an emergency.

Some two hundred million of the Axis Powers have won and are holding their gains, against one and one half billions of the democracies.

Something is radically wrong! What is it? It is the lack of interest and enthusiasm; the lack of public determination to win.

Fanfare, bands, and flags, the playing of national anthems of our Allies and urging people to stand while they are played, will stir the emotions. Have capable speakers address workers in factories and audiences in theaters and other public places.

Forget the radio. It is doing more harm than good. It breeds smugness and complacency. For what comes out of



that little magic box is entertainment. It does not stir men to action. Men will sit through the playing of The Star-Spangled Banner, or daydream while it is being played. Whereas, if they were a part of a public gathering they would stand, and that very act of standing would stimulate a new interest in our country.

We are losing this war, and let no one kid himself. See how much territory the Axis has taken, then note how much we have retaken in a year of fighting. We suffered an ignominious defeat at Pearl Harbor, and again at Bataan; have lost most of our possessions in the Pacific; and all we have retaken is a beach-head on Guadalcanal not much larger than some of our army camps. All this because of political incompetency.

I say to all Americans: For God and country, wake up and give the best that is in you. We are not short of man power—we are short of man energy and enthusiasm. We'd better not lose this war. We dare not lose it!—*Charles Whitney.*

WEEKLY PSYCHOANALYSIS

WASHINGTON, D. C.—More than the physical examination every two years recommended by Elmer H. Powell (January 16 Vox Pop) every one needs a weekly psychoanalysis. I could use at least one a week; and if I, intellectual as I am, need that many, heaven help all other people, for they should be under constant observation.—*Charles Lawson.*

NOT ON THE JOB, MR. KAISER!

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Have Vox Poppers heard some of the Henry Kaiser stories that are going the rounds? Out of the crop that have come my way this one is my pet.

It seems that Kaiser, who is noted for his punctuality, arrived at a press conference a half hour late and full of apologies. He was late, he explained, because he had to wait half an hour for a taxicab.

"Ye gods!" piped up a fresh reporter.

"If you had a whole half hour on your hands, why didn't you build one?"—*Edgar P. Starr.*

ARMY WORKS FAST

SALEM, ORE.—I was impressed by An Army Brass Hat Talks Back (December 19 Liberty).

As a member of the Salem City Council, I am chairman of the Salem Airport Committee, and have worked for two years in the development of this field. Two years ago the Army had ideas about this field, but every move for its development was blocked by governmental agencies and politicians. Shortly after December 7, 1942, the United States Army took charge and things started to happen.

It has accomplished more in three months than some of the bureaucrats accomplished in two years, and I, for one, can truthfully say from experience, "Give the army a free hand and there will be no bottlenecks and the time of winning this war will be greatly reduced."—*Tom Armstrong.*

WHITE-COLLAR PROBLEM

HIGH POINT, N. C.—I am the father of two children and work for twenty-five dollars a week. I neither smoke, drink, nor go to the movies, because I can't afford it. I pay six dollars weekly rent, and allot 10 per cent of my weekly salary for War Bonds, besides unemployment insurance and Social Security taxes, and now 70 cents weekly for the Victory Tax. Also, in this state we have a sales tax and a personal property tax.

The cost of living is rising steadily, and recently I was compelled to borrow $100 from a small-loan company to make ends meet. Now there is talk of additional taxes. I have nothing left to deduct from. Our class of people have no unions. Don't you think that it is high time for some one in Washington to wake up?—*A White-Collar Man.*

LIKES OUR BOOKS

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I think the new book condensations are excellent. As soon as I get a copy I tear out the condensation and put it in a loose-leaf book. I want to keep the books and read them again.

Couldn't we have them on the same paper as the rest of the magazine? Anyway, keep up the good work, and some day I'll have a Liberty library.—*Margaret O'Brien.*

The book condensations are soon to be printed on a whiter book paper. Reasons for not using same paper as rest of magazine: (1) We effect paper saving, help war effort. (2) We like books on book paper.—VOX POP EDITOR.

LABOR QUIZ

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—Will Union Label (January 23 Vox Pop) tell us how many million work hours have been lost since Pearl Harbor due to strikes?

Will Union Label tell us how much war material was lost due to strikes?

Will Union Label tell us what he thinks of the twenty thousand anthracite men going on strike because the union wants to collect fifty cents a month more dues?

Will Union Label tell us, in face of the above, what he thinks of the patriotism of union labor?—*George B. Howells.*

EARLY BIRD

FLINT, MICH.—I suggest that Orson Welles be nominated for President in 1944. If President Roosevelt retires, I see no other logical candidate.—*Richard Sheldon Heitzner.*

NATURE'S ICE CREAM

BRADFORD, N. H.—Here is my recipe for snow cream. Take amount desired of new soft fluffy snow, put in enough milk (cream is better) so it will blend and be smooth, sweeten to taste, and add any flavoring. Cold coffee is fine.

I flavor it with vanilla, cut up a few chocolates in it in fine pieces, and if I have chocolate sauce I put that on. Home canned strawberries are good on vanilla snow cream. Chocolate snow cream can be made by thoroughly stirring cocoa into it.—*Happy-go-lucky.*

GOOD WAR PSYCH

TOPEKA, KAN.—Surely all Americans were heartened by two-fisted Admiral Halsey's declaration that we will polish off the entire Axis in 1943. It is fighting talk like that we have long awaited.

Instead of telling the people it is going to be a long, strenuous war, lasting perhaps years, wouldn't it be better psychology for our government to say, "Look here, every one. If we all get down to business and work and fight as we never have before, we'll win this war in twelve months"?

Why not launch a nation-wide "victory in '43" campaign, putting posters bearing that inscription in every war plant, in every shop and home window, and broadcasting it repeatedly?—*K.D.B.*

The Nation's 3 Greatest Hits

"An Occasion for Rejoicing"
NICHOLS—N. Y. Times

An Extravaganza by S. N. BEHRMAN
presented by
The Playwrights' Co. and The Theatre Guild
MARTIN BECK Theatre
45th St. W. of 8th Ave.
Eves. 8:40. $3.85 to $1.10
Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays $2.75 to $1.10.

"Heroic...Hilarious... Overwhelming"
ANDERSON—Journal-Amer.

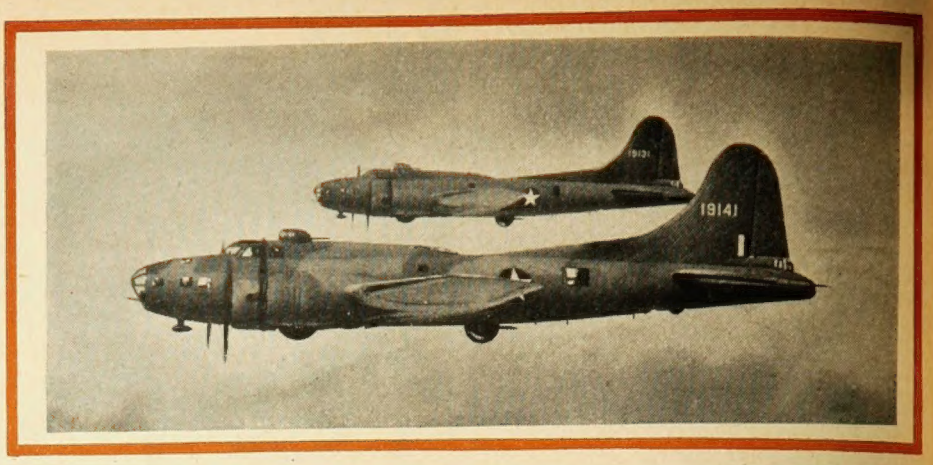
The Playwrights' Company presents
THE EVE OF ST. MARK
by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Cast of 25 including ALINE MacMAHON
CORT THEATRE
48th Street E. of Broadway.
Evenings 8:40,
$1.10 to $3.30.
Mats. Wed. Sat.
$1.10 to $2.75.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED

OSCAR SERLIN
presents
CLARENCE DAY'S

LIFE WITH FATHER

Made into a play by HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE
with
DOROTHY STICKNEY and HOWARD LINDSAY
Directed by Bretaigne Windust *Setting and Costumes by Stewart Chaney*
EMPIRE THEATRE, New York • 50th Jubilee Year • 1893-1943
Now on 2nd transcontinental tour
LIFE WITH FATHER with PERCY WARAM & JUNE WALKER



The power turrets in the belly and on top of this new Boeing B-17E Fortress, the tail "stinger" and side guns have taken a heavy toll of Adolf's fighters.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Air Giant

The pride of the Army Air Forces is the Boeing B-17 four-engined Flying Fortress, which has an unequaled record of impregnability.

Recently Lieutenant General H. H. Arnold, Chief of the Army Air Forces, said: "The enemy, Japs and Germans alike, are in a daze because of the fighting power of our B-17s. That plane has knocked down Focke-Wulfs, Messerschmitts, and Jap Zeros like falling leaves."

The B-17s made twelve raids over France before a single plane was lost—a record which has revised European concepts of daylight bombing and confirmed those of our AAF. As many as fifty Focke-Wulf 190s swarmed against the Fortresses at one time, and not one of our planes was lost. As this is written, not a single Fortress has been lost by anti-aircraft. A single .50-caliber shot from a Fortress knocked out a Focke-Wulf at 1,200 yards.

Here is the origin of this famous airplane for the first time in print—and credit goes to the navy, not the army! In the summer of 1930 Admiral Joseph M. Reeves was lunching at San Diego with Clairmont L. Egtvedt, now chairman of the Boeing Aircraft Corporation. The admiral pointed out that the army had no battleship of the air.

Out of this conversation came the XB-15 in 1934. A smaller model on which the present Fortress is based, then known as Model 299, was built and flown nonstop from Seattle to Dayton, Ohio, with enough gas left over to fly on to Miami. Two army airmen, Colonel C. W. Howard and Major General Frank M. Andrews, caught the significance of long-range bombardment airplanes, and won a bitter battle within the army to build thirteen more of the 299s. That was the birth of United States leadership in offensive bombardment.

New Blood

Aviation executives raised their eyebrows when hard-boiled T. M. Girdler (Republic Steel) entered the aviation industry last year as chairman of the board of the Consolidated Aircraft Corporation. All wondered whether he was just helping out, or was getting in to stay. The first real clue has come. Farseeing Girdler has taken William B. Stout into the Consolidated fold. Stout was responsible for the first all-metal commercial airplane built by Henry Ford, and has been puttering over a family airplane for the future, something, he says, that can be sold for $1,000. Stout is no business man, but let him work in a laboratory and he'll come out with an endless procession of ideas.

Girdler is not an armchair aviation executive. Recently some tough high-altitude flying problems came up in a staff conference. Girdler wasn't satisfied with the answers, so he donned oxygen equipment, went for a high-altitude ride in a bomber, and found out for himself.

Opportunity for Women

Women running air lines? Two years ago it would have been unthinkable. Today they're handling almost every type of work. One school that used to train its 1,700 women students to be homemakers has turned to full-fledged air-line training. At Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, a two-year course in air transportation, sponsored by fourteen air lines, is training young women to become dispatchers, meteorologists, mechanics, baggage handlers, and for nine or ten other positions.

The girls have to earn real third-class radio licenses, and then, when they know how to repair radio sets and to send and receive messages, they earn their first-class operators' licenses. They have to know radio law, meteorology, map interpretations, typing and shorthand, drafting, and reading of blueprints.

They take actual flying instruction from government-approved instructors, and—this is the most popular course—they take a plane apart and put it back together again.

Jobs are awaiting each girl.

In the Bag

You wouldn't think shipping aircraft engines presented any great problem, but rust and moisture will do as much harm to these precision machines as a bullet.

One large engine company is now enclosing each engine in a sealed envelope of transparent, moisture-proof material known as pliofilm sheet plastic. Just before the bag is closed, a vacuum cleaner is used to draw most of the air from the enclosure, then the bag is sealed under pressure by two pairs of electrically heated rollers.

Scores of small fabric bags containing a desiccating compound known as protex-sorb are hung about the engine to absorb moisture which might penetrate. In each bag is a thin carton containing blue crystals against a card covered with various shades of pink. The cartons have transparent windows and are located so as to be visible from the outside. Should the moisture in the air inside the bag rise above a predetermined maximum, the crystals turn from blue to pink.

Odds and Ends

The military versions of the Piper Cub, now called "flying jeeps" or "grasshoppers," have seen their first test in the North African campaign. They're used for artillery spotting.

By a new process of heating by electrical induction, the shank of a hollow steel propeller blade can be heated to 2,200° Fahrenheit in 210 seconds—one fifth of the time formerly required.

NEXT WEEK

WHAT YOU'LL EAT IN '43

If you're used to fancy eating—rich sauces and luxuriant variety—you're out of luck for the duration, and for the year after the war is over, when

we'll be helping to feed the starving populations abroad. But you can take this grain of comfort: You'll probably have a slimmer waistline, fewer chins, and better health because of your deprivations. You won't always have what you want most, but you'll have enough to get along on—as you'll see when you read W. M. Kiplinger's preview of your menus for 1943.

MENTAL HAZARDS IN THE ARMY

There are mental dangers in the army as well as physical ones. Witness the many shell-shock cases after the last war, the demobilized soldiers who found it difficult if not impossible to readjust themselves to normal life. It is the job of the mental hygiene units now being set up in many Replacement Training Centers to reduce these hazards. Divisional psychiatric units are being formed, too, to go along to the firing line and deal with "war neuroses" as soon as they occur. J. C. Furnas, in Psychology Goes to War, tells how these units work and why they are of inestimable value.

PUTTING ROMANCE BACK INTO MARRIAGE

Do you, a woman, yearn over movie heroes who are really no more attractive than the man you married? Do you, a man, whistle admiringly when the wind blows a pretty girl's skirt—and forget that your wife even *has* legs? If so, if you've come to take your marriage—and your mate—for granted, Nina Wilcox Putnam has something to say to you. Here's the frank confession of a woman who saw her own marriage becoming stale, and who had the wit and the courage to do something about it. Read How About Your Spouse? It may prove to be the best kind of insurance against divorce.

MILLIONAIRES AND OTHER HEIRS
MAY ONCE HAVE PAID MUCH TOO
MUCH FOR WHISKEY. BUT
MY, HOW TIMES HAVE CHANGED!
MANY OF THEM NOW BUY
MATTINGLY &
MOORE, AND ARE THEY GRATEFUL!
MODERATE AS IS ITS PRICE
M & M IS ACTUALLY
MELLOWER AND MILDER THAN
MANY COSTLIER BRANDS.
MY GOODNESS... TRY IT!

The best of 'em is

M&M

(MATTINGLY & MOORE WHISKEYS)

Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

BUT WHAT OF ME?

Hannah had to meet the problem that every woman in love with a soldier must face. One of the most distinctive love stories to come out of this war

BY GERTRUDE SCHWEITZER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

HANNAH stood at the top of the staircase, her hand on the banister. Alone there, with the darkness cloaking her, she felt that her life for this moment was suspended. Until some one saw her, or until she moved down the stairs, she was no part of the scene in the room below—no part of any scene. She wanted to prolong the moment.

In many ways the room down there looked as it had so often when the crowd had come calling on Alice before she was married and Hannah had been just the kid sister everybody teased, and then later, when Hannah was in high school and old enough to have her own crowd in.

The big heavy old cut-glass punch bowl, fashionable in Grandma Sutton's day, stood in the center of the long table as it always had, filled to the brim with Essie's famous ginger-ale fruit punch, surrounded by platters of Essie's paper-thin butter cookies and soft molasses cookies and rich chocolate drop cookies. The Wilton rug, its pattern blurred along one edge where every afternoon for some thirty years the sun had glared upon it through the front windows, was turned back into its familiar neat roll along one wall. Dance music moaned from the mouth of the radio-phonograph in the sun parlor.

All this was the same, but nothing else was the same. Nothing else in the world was the same. Most of the boys dancing down there were strangers. Instead of loud ties and swing-back jackets and pleated trousers, they wore black ties and sober khaki uniforms. They didn't shout to each other across the room or sing crazily out of key with the music. They didn't slide along the waxed floor as if it were an ice pond, grabbing a partner on the way, making the girls shriek with laughter, until Essie poked her black face through the swinging kitchen door to see the fun.

Hannah's hand tightened on the banister. *Bud,* she thought. He would never slide along any floor again. And Fred and Slim and Curly—maybe they too, by the time it was over. Boys who had gone to school with her. Boys who ought to have been down there now in the living room, spilling punch on Grandma Sutton's lace tablecloth, shouting to each other, singing out of tune. . . .

Behind Hannah a door opened, and she stood framed in a square of light—a tall girl with clear gray eyes under straight eyebrows, her fair hair soft and short around the young, cleanly modeled outlines of her face. As she turned toward the light, there was in her movements an easy grace that made her instantly charming.

Another girl came through the opened door—older, darker, her eyes gentler than Hannah's, her full mouth turned up at the corners where Hannah's was defiantly straight, her body softened and rounded by a complete maturity that had not yet blurred Hannah's strong, clean lines. But you would have known at once that they were sisters.

"Why haven't you gone down yet, Hannah?" Alice's voice lifted with surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I can't, Alice. I'm not going down."

"Why not?" Alice came closer and looked into the set young face. She laughed. "Maybe you'll find yourself a beau. All those handsome boys in uniform—"

Hannah leaned back, away from her sister, pressing her arms against the stair railing.

"A beau," she repeated. "A beau for twenty-four hours or two weeks or however long his leave is—and then maybe never again!"

"Don't." Alice's mouth quivered. "Don't, Hannah."

Hannah turned her face away. "I'm sorry," she said softly. "I'm a beast. Let's go now."

They went down the stairs, arm in arm, to where a thin, gray little man ladled out the punch. "Hello, girls," he said in a voice that was startlingly young and gay. "Mother's around somewheres, flirting with a soldier boy. She's having the time of her life."

So are you, thought Hannah. Sure. Because, even if things are tough—even if you have to work harder than ever when you thought you might be retiring soon, and mother has to let Essie go, and all that—well, you've had your life. You've had peace to fall in love and bring up a family. You've had everything. But what of me?

Her mother bustled across the room, her round merry face damp, the strands of her gold necklace jangling as she maneuvered rapidly among the dancing couples.

"Girls," she said heartily. "My goodness, I thought you'd never get down. Help me, now. Come on. There aren't enough girls to go round." She gestured toward a little knot of khaki in one corner. "Go break that up."

They started off obediently. Alice giggled. "I feel like a dance-hall hostess," she said.

Hannah looked at her sharply and then looked away. How could she? How could she giggle, and dance almost gaily with all these strange polite boys in uniform, and then later go upstairs to the twin bed next to Hannah's, the way she always used to, as though the years of her marriage had never been? Only, Hannah knew it wasn't quite like that. She'd heard Alice crying into her pillow at night, and she had stiffened in the next bed and pretended to be asleep—because what comfort could she give her? What comfort was there?

Hannah danced with the young soldiers, and listened to their comments, and made polite answers.

"IT'S swell of your folks to turn their house over to us."

"They enjoy doing it. Our house has always been filled with boys."

Yes. Boys for Alice first, until she found the right one of all of them, and now— This was to have been Hannah's turn. A night like this, she would have been dancing on eager, irrepressible feet, wondering if it was to be her night, as once it had been Alice's—wondering if tonight she too would look into a boy's eyes and feel something she had never felt before, and know that this was the one. . . .

"Your sister's almost as pretty as you are. Maybe some evening— I have a buddy—"

(*Continued on page 52*)

"If you're not afraid, then," said softly, and kissed her. A a time she drew away from h

Are we already getting many better congressmen? These are some sixty new members, gathered before the present Congress opened. How able they may be, time will tell.

IF YOU WANT BETTER CONGRESSMEN

The job must be made more appealing to high-caliber men. An authority tells how to get them

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

VETERAN journalists agree that Congress has never before contained so few men of great strength and statesmanlike ability. True, much more is expected of Congress today, beset as it is with complex and difficult problems. It is nonetheless so, however, that there is hardly a man of great stature in either the House or the Senate; not one whose voice the whole country heeds. There are no Websters, Clays, Calhouns, Sumners, Schurzes, Reeds, Hoars, or Lodges. This is at a time when the need for superior legislators is terribly urgent.

Know Your GOVERNMENT IV

How, then, shall we get better congressmen? What can we do to induce men of high caliber and demonstrated achievement to enter the national legislature? One way is to [illegible] Congress offers to such persons a promising career, as does the House of Commons in Great Britain, for example.

In England any man may offer himself for office in any constituency, whether he lives in it or not. All that is required is that he put up a small sum of money as a forfeit if he does not poll a certain percentage of the total vote—a means of keeping crackpots from cluttering the ballot. Moreover, the English candidate does not have to go hat in hand to a political boss, ask his permission to run for office, and place a fat check in the party treasury, besides promising to share the patronage.

The importance of this freedom from boss control is apparent when one considers conditions which existed in the City of New York. Aspiring young Democrats usually had to see the boss of Tammany Hall to obtain a Congressional nomination. Although many were willing to enter into partnership with Tammany, other thousands of young men of more or less promise refused to do so and consequently had to abandon thoughts of a political career. I was one of those. I thought that a term in Congress would be of great value to me as an editor and that I might contribute something worth while to the nation. But I was hostile to Tammany and my daily newspaper, the Evening Post, was one of its steady attackers—so it was useless for me to consider running for office.

I don't think my failure to go to Congress was a serious blow either to the City of New York or to the House of Representatives. But it is a fact that conspicuously few distinguished men have represented America's largest city in Congress. Except for an occasional respectable

representative elected in a solid Republican silk-stocking district, New York City's delegation has been wholly insignificant, if not beneath contempt. Yet the metropolis has teemed with men of eminence and of great success in every walk of life.

London, on the other hand, has often been represented in Parliament by statesmen, scholars, scientists, and business men of renown.

True, Parliament is located in London and does not begin to sit until late in the afternoon, allowing members to continue in their ordinary professions or businesses. Here, a man must give all his time to being a congressman.

The chief reason why many men of prominence and ability do not think of entering Congress, however, is the political entanglements involved. The national committees of the two major political parties have never felt any obligation to draft men of especial note for Congress. They have left to the district machines the selection of candidates.

YET it will require our best men—and women—to deal with the tremendous problems of the war and peace. How much safer would we feel if what happened in Connecticut and California last fall was typical or even indicative of a trend! In Connecticut, Mrs. Henry Luce ran for Congress in a Democratic district and ousted the sitting member. But this was not due to any inspiration on the part of the Republican National Committee. She ran probably because of her own desire to serve her country. Obviously, the Republican National Committee could have urged outstanding personalities in other districts to follow Mrs. Luce's example. But it did not. Nor did the Democratic National Committee urge worthy young men to emulate the example set in California by Lieutenant Will Rogers, Jr. Running on the Democratic ticket and having no opportunity to campaign, Rogers nevertheless defeated the strongly entrenched incumbent, Leland Ford.

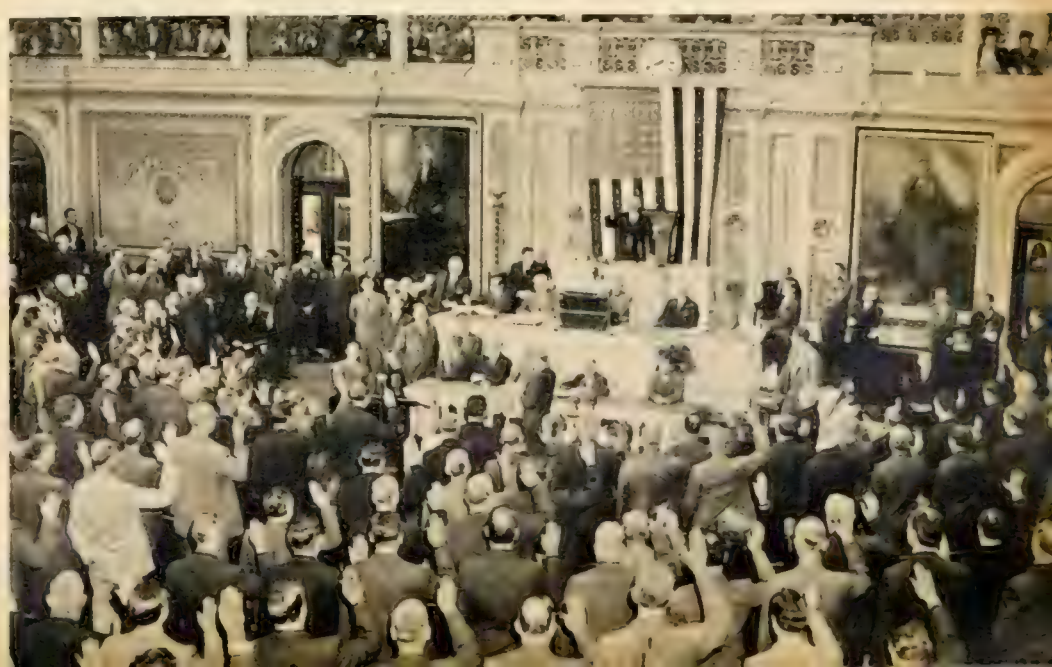
National committees should urge Congressional districts to invite prominent *nonresidents* to run for office when the districts cannot themselves supply candidates of adequate caliber. If necessary, laws should be amended to permit this. Some persons will point out that local pride will never permit it. But if the high commands of both major parties were to look upon the selection of Congressional candidates as a matter of first importance, the tradition could be broken.

National committees appoint Congressional groups to deal with the

(*Continued on page 68*)

Here's new Representative Luce on the Capitol steps. Does she typify a trend?

Senator or representative, your congressman is sorely overworked. This is Nevada's Senator Pat McCarran digging for some needed information in an hour "off duty." Below: The members of the new Congress, the 78th, are sworn in.



THE WAR and MOMSIE

A thoroughbred runs the greatest race of her career—far from the race track, and for stakes worth more than money

BY BORDEN CHASE

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

IT was pretty behind Palomar. Morning had chased the darkness off the mountain and was already reaching down into the valley. Small Thomas liked this. He liked the sound of running water in that gully beside the road. He'd need water. He hoped Dickerman had told the truth about those hundred acres. Dickerman claimed there was water. But you couldn't be sure; sometimes Dickerman told lies.

No use thinking about it now. If there wasn't water on those hundred acres Small Thomas would have to find water. The same was true of pasture. The flatlands around the bend hadn't looked too good and there wasn't enough feed on these hills for a goat. It might get better farther on. Small Thomas hoped it would get better.

He dropped into second as the road lifted over a rise. Then he saw the seven firs. Dickerman had told him they'd be standing on the flat in the shape of a diamond. "When you see 'em," said Dickerman, "set your speedometer. Your land starts five and three tenths miles down the road." Small Thomas tried to push down the eagerness that was crowding his chest. Not for himself. He didn't count. It was for Mother Dawn back there in the trailer—he was eager for her. He wanted Momsie to be happy. As for himself, he'd get along.

Four miles to go and still there was no pasture. Just brush and rocks and a few firs tucked away in the gullies. The stream was gone; it had turned off into the last canyon. Small Thomas wondered if Dickerman had lied about that ground. There'd been no need for him to lie. He could have had the money without any security. But Dickerman was stubborn. "A few hundred acres back of Palomar," he'd said. "I need six hundred dollars and maybe some day you'll need pasture land. We'll swap even." That had been two years ago. Small Thomas recorded the deed and forgot the deal.

The war made him remember—the war and Momsie. He didn't mind selling off the rest of his small string, but he couldn't sell Momsie. A man can't sell a mare that has fed him for five years. He can't take money for something he loves. For a time Small Thomas thought to have her destroyed. Desperation does things like that to a man's mind. Then he remembered these hundred acres back of Palomar.

"If only there's pasture," he said. "I'll haul her water every day, if only there's pasture."

Two miles farther and the ground was still bad. The sheer wall of Palomar crowded the north side of the road. A lesser mountain grew to the south. There was a bend in the road just ahead. Maybe there'd be pasture.

There wasn't any.

"He told me lies," said Small Thomas. "Even when he didn't have to, Dickerman told me lies."

THE survey marker was close to the concrete road. Small Thomas didn't know about such things, but the speedometer told him they had reached his ground. And it was bad. The brush had been cleared from the road shoulders, but beyond this narrow space it grew as a solid blanket to the rim of the mountain. Mesquite and gray sage, with here and there a twisted dwarf oak.

A year ago Small Thomas would have laughed. He couldn't laugh now. Not with Momsie back there in the trailer. They'd been rolling since midnight and she needed rest. She needed grain and water, but mostly she needed rest. Momsie hadn't made the trip alone. She was carrying part of a dream tight under her heart; it was a dream that came to Small Thomas when war closed the California tracks. One that had cost him a two-hundred-dollar stud fee.

"Saxon Warrior and Mother Dawn," said Small Thomas. "She'll give me a foal with the Warrior's chest and a heart as big as a bucket. He'll run, the little guy will. We'll teach him to run good on those hundred acres back of Palomar."

That was the dream. This seemed to be the awakening. He rolled the car slowly along the highway. There was a dirt road close to the end of his line. Or rather, it had once been a road. Now brush crowded the edges and winter rains had carved runs in the surface. At least it would serve as a place to turn the car.

He climbed to the wheel of the trailer and looked down at the black mare. "You could walk a bit," he said quietly. "If you wanted to, Momsie, you could walk a bit and

The mare called, and Small Thomas looked up. A rider was coming across the valley; a man in forest green.

ease your legs." Perhaps the mare answered; they were close, this little man and the glorious black. The tailboard came down and he unsnapped the chain. Then slowly, carefully, he backed her from the trailer. For a time they stood looking off toward the mountain.

"I'm sorry, Momsie," he said. "I should have known he'd cross us up. I guess I was wishing too hard."

He started along the overgrown road and the black mare followed at the end of the halter rope. Mountain shrub, dry brush, scrub oak and weed—the ground beneath was hard-packed dobe. And there were rocks. Yes, Dickerman had crossed him up, but there was no use thinking about it now. When you've spent thirty years on the race tracks you learn to forget your dreams quickly.

The road dipped through a dry wash. Then it climbed. They passed a rusted wire fence whose gate had long since fallen away. The sun was high now. And it was hot. Small Thomas took the blanket from the mare's back and folded it across his shoulder. He squatted beside her forelegs and hand-galloped her ankles.

"Another half mile, then we'll go back," he said.

They kept walking. And the road took them slowly up the mountainside. It twisted and at times threatened to lose itself in the tangled mass of brush. Then, all unexpectedly, it topped a shoulder where a tall fir stood like a lonely sentinel, and revealed a hidden valley.

"Momsie!" said Small Thomas. "Look, little lady!"

Below them was heaven. It rolled away from the lip of the ridge in ever darkening shades of green. Grass—good grass; and there were giant oaks whose spreading branches made friendly islands of shade. There was a stream that widened to a pool where a man and a mare could stand shoulder-deep. There was peace. There was silence. Small Thomas wasn't a praying man, but he lifted his eyes and said his thanks to whatever gods had made him.

It was noon before he had coaxed the car and trailer into his valley. The sun was slipping down toward the peak of Palomar when he finished the rude shelter of oak and

(*Continued on page 62*)

UNDERGROUND TO LISBON

Liberty's Short Short Story

BY ALLAN VAUGHAN ELSTON

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

IT was nearly midnight when Dale Paget left the cabaret. Turning off the Praca da Figueira he followed a narrow cobblestoned street toward his hotel. This quarter of Lisbon was dark and deserted.

Two worries, and two only, engrossed Dale. First, how long before he could get passage home to America? And second, by what magic or devil's luck would he be able to send a message back to certain friends in Germany?

The latter seemed rather hopeless. Brooding over it, he became suddenly aware of two figures struggling on the walk ahead. "Help!" The cry came in unmistakable English, and Dale made out a slender young girl in the white uniform of a nurse. She was trying to pull away from a drunken ruffian.

In a dozen fast steps Dale was there. He collared the molester and gave him a shove. "Beat it before I call a cop," Dale warned.

Mumbling in Portuguese, the man faded into the gloom of an alley.

"Thanks for chasing that beast," the girl murmured. "He tried to follow me home from the hospital. A nurse can't choose her hours, you know."

"If it'd make you feel any safer," Dale offered, "I'll see you home."

"It really would," she admitted. "I live only a few blocks from here." She tucked a hand under his arm and they walked on.

Presently they came to a shabby flat whose upper floors were being remodeled. The girl turned down the steps into a dark basement areaway. She unlocked a door.

At that same moment Dale felt a gun in his ribs. A harsh voice said: "You have done your duty, Fräulein. Leave him to me."

The girl laughed. She answered in German: "It was quite simple, Herr Vock. These Americans are so stupid!"

Then she was gone and Dale never saw her again.

"If you make a sound, I will shoot," Vock warned. He pushed Dale through the open doorway, where three other agents instantly closed in. The hall was dark. Dale was dragged along it to descending steps. He was toppled down the steps to the stone floor of a subbasement.

Here a single candle gave light. The walls were stone. "Soundproof," Vock jeered. Dale now saw that he was the man who had pretended to be molesting a nurse. All of them, of course, were Gestapo agents. Dale was well aware that such agents infested even the so-called neutral areas of Europe.

They made him sit on a stool. Vock holstered his Luger and produced a short piece of loaded hose. Legs wide apart, the man stood in front of Dale. "Herr Paget," he bellowed, "I will first state certain facts. Then you will answer a few questions."

"Shoot," Dale challenged, and managed a grin.

"You are an American newspaperman," Vock said. "You were one of seven prisoners who escaped from a concentration camp in Germany. The other six were an Englisher, a Norwegian, a Pole, a Czech, and two anti-Nazi Germans. These six were under sentence of death."

"So what?"

"You were given shelter by traitors to the Reich. Then you were supplied with a list of stations on what is known as the underground railway to Lisbon. Certain farms and roadside inns in a chain across France and Spain, where fugitives are received, hidden, fed, and guided on to the next station. You will now tell me where those stations are, Herr Paget. Also, you will tell where the six who escaped with you are now hiding. And name the traitors who helped you in Germany."

"You're an optimist," Dale said, still grinning.

VOCK whacked the loaded hose down hard. "You will answer my questions!" he shouted. "Already we know one of the refuge stations. It is a cantina called the Casa Roja in Spain. If you wish to leave here alive, Herr Paget, you will inform us of all the others."

Dale clamped his lips. At the same time his hand rubbed ruefully over a half-healed knife scar which was a souvenir of the Casa Roja cantina in Spain. Expecting to find sympathizers there, Dale had walked straight into a Gestapo trap. Luckily, he'd been able to fight his way out. He knew now that, of all the refuge stations on the underground to Lisbon, only the Casa Roja wasn't safe.

Vock snapped, "Search the prisoner, Herr Kopple."

Kopple, a thin, chinless agent, made short work of the search. He failed to find a list of the refuge stations. In an inner pocket, however, he found a small sealed envelope. Vock opened the envelope and shook from it an article of shiny metal.

"Where did you get this?" Vock demanded. He dangled the thing before Dale's eyes. It was a military medal issued by the German High Command. On it was engraved the name "Ludwig Schoppenhoff."

"I took it off a dead Nazi trooper in Cologne," Dale said. "Kept it to show the boys in the press room when I get back to New York."

Vock was outraged. "Back to New York you will never get," he swore, "unless you tell us everything about the underground to Lisbon."

IT was only a few days later that Frau Schoppenhoff, widow of Ludwig Schoppenhoff, answered a knock at her door in Stuttgart, Germany, near the French border. An officer of the Gestapo stood there. He handed her a military medal.

She recognized it at once. Her late husband's name was engraved on it. Ludwig, while on garrison duty at Cologne, had been killed by a bomb.

The Gestapo officer announced briskly: "An enemy alien took this from Ludwig's body, Frau Schoppenhoff. We were fortunate to recover it. As is our custom in such cases, we restore to you your brave husband's medal. Heil Hitler."

When the man was gone, Frau Schoppenhoff hurried back to the kitchen. There she carefully scrutinized the name, Ludwig Schoppenhoff, engraved on the medal. Of its eighteen letters, seventeen were still glittering gilt. But one, the second o, had been blacked with a pencil. The sixteenth of eighteen letters!

The woman drew down all window blinds. Then she removed a floor mat and raised a trap door, through which she descended into a

She unlocked the door. At the same moment Dale felt a gun in his ribs.

cellar. Six refugees were there—an Englishman, a Pole, a Norwegian, a Czech, and two Germans.

"I have news," Frau Schoppenhoff announced. Born in Rotterdam, she spoke with a faint Holland accent. "The American who escaped with you has reached Lisbon."

"How do you know?" questioned the haggard Czech.

She held up the military medal. "I gave him this and told him how to mark it. I asked him to send it back to me from Lisbon."

"And when do we go?" the Englishman asked impatiently.

"Until now," she explained, "it has not been safe. There has been a leak in the underground. Many, under death sentence as you are, have been trapped and brought back. But now we know where the trap is. It is at station number sixteen, which is at Casa Roja, Spain. Warned of it, you will be safe. You will ask station fifteen to detour you around Casa Roja."

They stared. "But how," asked the Pole, "did the medal come back to you?"

The woman smiled. "It came," she said, "by courtesy of the Gestapo."

THE END

HE KILLS THEM

Meaning Humphrey Bogart, who is no milder off the screen than on —and doesn't care who knows it

BY HOWARD SHARPE

A FEW months after Humphrey Bogart had joined the navy, during the first World War, a junior officer ordered him to remove some debris from the deck of a transport. Regarding the pile of muck with disfavor, Bogart said, "That's not my detail." Whereupon the officer knocked him down.

"Sorry," said the officer, "but don't say that again when you're given orders."

"I won't, sir," Bogart agreed. It was the first time he had ever replied respectfully to any one. He has seldom done so since. The weary, sometimes sorrowful, always insolent look in his eyes, which, accompanied by a mirthless grin, has been his fortune on the screen, is not altogether a synthetic article.

Maiden ladies and impressionable young girls leave his pictures pleasurably excited by the menace of his personality. For some reason inherent in modern feminine psychology, his fan mail last year reportedly exceeded that of some of the more popular "pretty boys" on the Warner Brothers lot.

But while Bogart is, with the possible exception of Bette Davis, Warner Brothers' plushiest property, he is also the publicity department's greatest problem child.

If the boys send out press releases describing him as a rough character, the copy is dismissed by editors as being a dreamed-up plug for his newest film. On the other hand, no amount of carefully posed stills in which Bogey (the nickname, of course, was inevitable) simpers across a breakfast table at his wife or putters in his garden can belie the incomparable Bogart expression, which is that of a killer.

Bogey co-operates with his press agents to the limit, however. But it is a limit set by Bogart, not the studio. He will share his lunch hour with any member of the press so long as the discussion be conducted at the Lakeside Country Club instead of in the studio's Green Room Café and so long as he may say what he chooses. In the event that he doesn't like his guest's face, this includes telling the guest so.

The insistence on Lakeside as a locale is characteristic of Bogey's extreme individualism: Lakeside has waiters (he would have to watch his language, an impossibility, in front of Green Room waitresses); Lakeside chefs do eggs and shad roe the way he likes these dishes; and Lakeside has two bars, while the Green Room is dry.

Although he was hailed by West Coast and New York critics as a sensitive, highly talented actor for his performances in such pictures as The Maltese Falcon, Bogart regards himself as a craftsman rather than as an artist. After the first day of shooting on a recent film, he took aside a cast member newly arrived from Broadway and solemnly advised, "Don't tell anybody how easy it is." On Broadway he tried seri-

ously to become a good actor, without much initial success. Eventually he was given the gangster role in The Petrified Forest, a brooding melodrama in which an escaping public enemy points a gun at the occupants of a remote inn for three acts. The gun was the star of the show, since both cast and audience alike kept their attention fixed on it, wondering if it would go off. All Bogart had to do was sit and hold it, snarl out a few monosyllables, and let his face twitch.

As a result of this "treatment" of the part, he explains, he was taken into the fold, congratulated by such theater royalty as Lunt and Fontanne, and given a picture contract.

Once in Hollywood, he applied a success formula given him by Holbrook Blinn: "Never be available—always keep working." Thus, even though at times Bogart labored furiously in a welter of B pictures, he stands almost alone (among such big names as Bette Davis, George Raft, Ann Sheridan, Olivia de Havilland, and others) as one who never took suspension from Warner Brothers for insubordination.

NEITHER late hours nor, at least in one instance, a black eye ("The Bogarts opened their own second front over the week-end," remarked the Hollywood Reporter that day) has kept him from appearing regularly and on time at the studio, ready to work on any assignment. He does not quarrel with his directors over nuances of meaning or shadings of expression in the interpretation of a scene, nor demand lengthy script changes. He will take any fall. He is in this wise unique, and the joy of his employers.

But his sense of obligation to the studio and the industry ends here.

In his private life, Bogey has long refused to fake a homey atmosphere about his hearth. He and ex-actress Mayo Methot enjoy a boisterous marriage. Both are individualists, nervous, impatient, and violent when crossed. She is a Republican, he is opposed to Republicanism; the pattern of their several tastes often continues unbrokenly in opposite directions. Paradoxically, they are passionately in love with each other.

Before Mayo Methot, a gentle actress named Mary Phillips tried to get along with Bogey. And before Mary Phillips the explosive, redheaded, talented Helen Menken spent a disillusioning month as his bride.

Men have found Bogey equally exasperating. William A. Brady resorted to kicking him in the stomach. The aforementioned naval officer used an uppercut. The headmaster of Phillips Academy at Andover, after eight months of Joblike patience, simply sacked him.

Dr. and Mrs. Bogart, Bogey's parents, are said to have turned at last to prayer—a commendable but, in this case, futile method of coping with a thoroughly incorrigible personality. Their failure to impress their son with a sense of responsibility seems less remarkable when it is recalled that Warners, who after all were paying him in the neighborhood of $100,000 a year to be a good boy, recently asked him to record his pet peeve for a publicity department biography, and he answered, "Any group of women with a purpose or a mission."

The remark not only includes but also obviously specifies the dread Purity League, composed of women's clubs and religious organizations whose thumbs-down on a picture or player amounts to a national boycott.

Requested to state the type of clothes he likes best to wear, Bogey said he preferred to wear none whenever he could get away with it.

In a word, he served notice on both studio and town that he proposed to be outspoken regardless of studio interests, and this he has done not only with impunity but with professional success. It is all in direct opposition to every Hollywood how-to-become-and-stay-a-star precept, just as his success is based upon the accepted what-to-do-to-be-a-failure formula.

The movies' popular bad man picks a book for a quiet evening at home. Is it a blood-and-thunder thriller

A friendly drink with his wife erases the famous Bogart "killer expression"—for the time being

"HUMPHREY BOGART," Joe E. Brown will tell you, "was washed up on a lonely beach in Alaska in 1891. A party of United States marines who were having a picnic near by discovered him, and, unable to identify the horrible object, carted him into camp, where he lay, a sodden mass, for years until picked up by a Warner Brothers scout. Bogey has never changed from that day to this."

Bogey, who finds such malicious whimsey more entertaining than a straightforward account of his origins, would never deny that the comedian's version contains more than an inkling of the truth. Although Bogey is somewhat younger

(*Continued on page 66*)

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AFTER a plane crash in which their fellow passenger, Albert Mercer, was injured, Carola and Henry Ballister, who had lived by their wits for years, looked inside Mercer's briefcase. They found four wills, each signed by a different person, and each making Mercer heir to about a million dollars. They also found a list of foods, a menu in reverse, beginning with plum tart, including liverwurst on a white roll, and ending with pea soup. They suspected they had stumbled on some kind of racket, and they were sure when, after following Mercer to Cleveland, they discovered that George Kempen, the signer of one of the wills, had been found dead in his apartment.

The police called it an accident, but Jeff Piper, the young lawyer who had drawn up a will for Kempen in favor of Lili Ban, a night-club singer Kempen was about to marry, had a hunch it was murder. He had been lunching with Kempen when a man named Mercer came in, sat down with them, and ordered a peculiar sort of meal, beginning with plum tart and ending with pea soup. Kempen had seemed frightened. Now he was dead, his new will unsigned. And his old one left everything to Mercer!

Jeff decided to play sleuth, and followed Mercer to New York. But when he went to talk to him in his compartment on the train, he found his quarry murdered. The good-looking couple who had been with Mercer left the train before Jeff could question them.

Jeff went on to New York and, with the help of Elizabeth Neff, a young mystery-story writer, found a list of four names in a memo book he had taken from Mercer's pocket. Written in invisible ink, they showed up when Liz applied the iodine test.

One name was George Kempen's. The second was a Professor Rowe's of Riverside Drive. Liz and Jeff called on Rowe, who seemed frightened when they mentioned Mercer's death. Later, when an attempt was made on Jeff's life, they were sure they were on the trail of something. Kempen had once been a Bund member. Perhaps all these people were part of a Nazi spy ring.

Marie Lange of Martha's Vineyard was the third name on the list, so Jeff and Liz went there. Miss Lange was away on her boat when they arrived, but at the inn where they stayed they found two other people who interested them. Their name was Ballister and they were the couple who had been with Mercer on the train! There was another man there, too—Amos Trask, a cellist whom Liz was sure she had met before. Where, she couldn't remember.

Jeff got on well with Carola Ballister. He hoped to find out something from her.

"She's hanging back because you're in the picture," he told Liz. "If you'd leave, things would go faster." So, reluctantly, Liz left.

When Marie Lange returned, Henry Ballister called on her, saying he was Mercer, and using the plum tart-pea soup reversed menu as a code signal. His ruse worked, as it had with Professor Rowe. Miss Lange turned over to him about a million dollars in securities—and also some photographs which gave Ballister the first inkling he had had that he was mixed up with a spy ring. He had the money, however, so he didn't care. His one thought was to get back to Carola, have a last swim, leave the Vineyard on the evening boat, then head for South America.

PAPER CHASE

Jeff begins a dangerous partnership with Carola Ballister—and gets a revolver in his ribs!

BY OLIVER WELD BAYER

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES CALVERT

WHEN Mrs. Ballister saw Jeff enter the main sitting room of the Weathervane, she looked up from the table where she was sitting with Mrs. Westley and another woman. She looked up—that was all. Yet Jeff felt her intention as if she had beckoned violently with both hands. Quickly he crossed the room toward her.

"Oh, Mr. Piper," gurgled Mrs. Westley, "I'm glad to see you're back. How was the swim?"

"I never had such a beating as I took from the surf," answered Jeff, his eyes on Mrs. Ballister, "but I enjoyed it."

"It is very rough after a rainstorm like this morning's," agreed Mrs. Westley. "I had one guest who used to say the surf's pounding is better than a three-dollar massage."

Mrs. Ballister returned Jeff's look with clear dark eyes. She wore a sweater as black as her hair and a necklace of little shells that rattled softly when she moved.

"Did you meet my husband on the beach, Mr. Piper?"

"Yes." Jeff pulled a chair over for himself. "I left shortly after he came down." He addressed her silently: To come and find you of course.

Jeff noticed that there were pencils and paper on the table. Mrs. Westley put her round red face very close to his.

"Oh, Mr. Piper," she said, "you're just in time to have your handwriting analyzed. Mrs. Vendura here is really an expert. She'll tell you a lot of things you don't know about yourself."

Mrs. Vendura twiddled a pencil modestly.

Jeff glanced at Carola with irritation. Why doesn't she suggest getting out of here? he thought. Why are we wasting time?

"Come on, Mr. Piper, be a dear and write something. We want to know the *real* truth about you." Jeff looked up with a start, but Mrs. Westley was regarding him with friendly, candid eyes. It was her joke. Mrs. Vendura pushed a clean sheet of paper in front of him and laid a pencil on it.

Jeff scrawled his name across the paper, and the three women leaned forward simultaneously to see what he had written. Mrs. Vendura shook her head.

"No, that will not do," she said. "You wrote your name. You see, you have developed perhaps a lot of mannerisms, a style of signing your name that has nothing to do with the real you. It would not be fair to use your signature. You must write something else for me. Anything—just a line."

Mrs. Westley stood up. "Excuse me, please. It is almost dinnertime and I want to see how things are going in the kitchen. After dinner I'm going to ask Mrs. Vendura to tell me your teeniest secret, Mr. Piper." She waddled away.

"Write whatever comes into your mind," insisted Mrs. Vendura, pre-

senting him with the paper again.

Mrs. Ballister was leaning back in her chair, smoking, on her face a look half dreamy, half amused, one hand playing idly with her necklace. Afterward Jeff could not account for what had made him write those words. Perhaps it was because the smell of Carola's Mexican cigarette reminded him of the luncheon with Mercer, and everything Mercer said that day had played over in his mind like a phonograph record. Or perhaps it just happened, like spontaneous combustion.

What he wrote was: "Liverwurst on a fresh white roll."

The ladies leaned over again to see what he had written. There was a silence, and then suddenly the clatter of several dozen little shells strewing the hardwood floor.

Every one in the room looked up.

"Oh, the pretty necklace!" cried Mrs. Vendura regretfully. "What a pity!"

Mrs. Ballister rose. "The silk they are strung on," she murmured, "it—it can't have been very strong."

Mrs. Vendura had her hands full of shells now and Jeff spread out his handkerchief to hold them.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Ballister—"thank you very much. If you will excuse me, I—I—" She left them.

Jeff followed her out of the cottage. The sun was setting through the fog and there was a gray-red unearthly light out of doors. She was almost running down the path, but when she heard him coming she stopped and, leaning against a tree, waited for him. He came quite close to her so that she had to bend her head far back to look up at him.

"How neat that was!" she whispered. "How gracefully I prepared the moment for you!" It must look, thought Jeff, as if they were playing a love scene there in the fading light, and for all he understood of what was going on, they might be.

"You're very cool, aren't you?" he ventured. "I could believe your necklace broke by accident."

"It did." She opened her eyes wider. "It did, of course. It's just a bit of frivolity, cheaply made." She smiled. "What did you think I would do? Have hysterics? Faint? I have had many surprises in my life. I am almost never surprised any more." She raised her eyebrows. "Well, what's next? Handcuffs?"

Jeff swallowed. Desperately he tried to figure out why the phrase he had written had brought on this near confession.

(Continued on page 57)

She kissed him. "I trust you a lot, don't I?" she murmured.

RUSSIAN CHILDREN FIGHT

They know this is their war too, and in defending their country they are writing a new page in its history

BY ELLA WINTER

At thirteen, he has killed four Germans.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD Russian boy, left behind by retreating guerrillas when the Germans took his village, went to Nazi headquarters and said he wanted to report the whereabouts of the Soviet fighters who had refused to take him with them. The German commanding officer eagerly ordered the child to come before him. Once in the room, the boy pulled a hand grenade from under his coat and destroyed the headquarters, killing himself.

Child heroes are no novelty in Russia. Everywhere they are taking an incredibly active part in the fighting. Their cunning drives the Nazis to fury. Knowing their own villages so well, bands of junior "commandos" are able to remove guards and sentries noiselessly, disarm spies, and take prisoner many of the invaders.

The Soviet children were ready and anxious to have a share in the defense of their country. For years they had been taught that Fascism was their deadly enemy. The older ones had already been trained as parachute jumpers, snipers, engineers, builders, and in a hundred methods of chemical and mechanical warfare. When the first incendiary bombs dropped on Moscow, the children flew to their posts.

Those who met the invader on the outskirts found everything their textbooks had prepared them to expect of Fascism.

Tolya was one of these. His mother and father had been killed, their house burned. He wandered for days from village to village, sleeping in the forests, hungry and frost-bitten, until he found a partisan detachment. The guerrilla commander looked at the pitifully puny lad whose clothing was in shreds. He attempted to comfort him with a

Youthful students at a special secondary school of the Military Aircraft chat during a recess.

During the defense of Odessa the boys and girls of the city turned out to help erect barricades.

promise to send him to the interior. Tolya would have none of it.

"I've come to fight," he insisted; and when the burly soldiers laughed, he added quickly, "I know where there are thirty-five Germans in Semyonovka. I know where the guard is stationed. I am going to show you a way to get there without meeting any Fascists."

Tolya led them to his village, where the guerrillas killed the sentries and captured the Nazis. Still Tolya refused to be sent to a safe place. "I have avenged my parents," he said, "but many of my friends were murdered, too." And so he stayed with the guerrilla detachment, leading them to village after village, obtaining accurate information for them with infallible ingenuity.

Although it took both his tiny hands to hold a heavy revolver, he learned to fire with deadly aim and insisted on being in the thick of things.

"The fighting has to be done now," he said. "Afterwards I'll study and become an engineer." But one day he fell into an ambuscade, surrounded by twenty German soldiers. He killed three before they got him. Some day a monument will mark the spot where his detachment buried him in the snow.

Tolya's spirit is typical of the Russian children. They all want to do more than they are doing. A little peasant girl shot a German parachutist; another ignored a stream of bullets as she warned a Soviet tank detachment that the road was mined. A girl of seventeen formed a partisan detachment of fellow "girl scouts." In their first engagement they killed a group of German motorcyclists and brought the Nazis' rifles and hand grenades back to camp.

A sixteen-year-old boy endured inhuman brutalities without divulging information wanted by the Nazis. He was singing the national anthem when they hanged him.

"His loss is a bitter one," said his weeping mother, "but I am proud to have reared him." His country is proud of him, too, and conferred on him the posthumous title of "Hero of the Soviet Union," equivalent to our Congressional Medal.

Girls are raped and boys beaten unmercifully by the Nazis. The child warriors are confined in cellars, tortured, and starved. They are driven before troops as a shield and to set off mine traps. Children's camps are shelled. But the children go on. Field Marshal von Kluge, commander of the Fourth German Army, found his advance last winter hindered everywhere along the Smolensk road to Moscow by children. Any child caught on a railway line was ordered shot on sight.

War games like this, as well as war books and movies, keep the children aware of the struggle.

SOVFOTO PHOTOS

Older children, trained as snipers, have given a good account of themselves in guerrilla warfare.

OF course not all Soviet children engage in actual fighting. Great pains were taken to evacuate all who could be moved before the German advance. Factories, collective farms, trade-unions, and workers' clubs and centers adopted hundreds of orphans. Thousands of women who already had large families made room for one or two more children.

Nadya was adopted after both her parents had been killed. At first she cried all the time, screaming in her sleep, "The strange men killed my daddy and put him in a hole in the ground." It took time and kindness to get her to play with her little foster sister. Now she rushes happily to meet her foster mother when that kind woman returns from work.

Nazi tankmen had snatched Valentina's mother as the child clung to her, drenched her clothes in benzine and burned her to death before the child's eyes. Valentina stared with sunken eyes as a visitor entered her hospital ward and lisped what she desperately wanted to believe! "There's my mama!" Her wish came true—the woman couldn't bear to deny the love the child needed, and adopted her on the spot.

The foster mothers take fierce pride in their charges. Husbands at the front are delighted when they learn that they have become fathers

(*Continued on page 73*)

OUR BOYS IN AUSTRALIA

Even the natives didn't recognize the place after the Yanks introduced swing, corsages, and shoeshining. But from now on it's going to be less fun—and more fight

BY NOEL MONKS

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

SINGAPORE had fallen. I had flown from Cairo to Cape Town, hopeful of getting transport to Australia—which seemed immediately threatened with a Japanese invasion. Sure enough, there was the ship in Cape Town's beautiful harbor. A very big ship, which I recognized to be the Queen Mary.

I was pleased to find the great liner crowded almost to the scuppers with American troops. These boys, thirty days out from America, looked like a lot of kids. Despite their long confinement in the ship—a dry ship, by the way—they were cheerful. An hour after I arrived aboard I was received by Captain Bissett, typical British sea-dog, in his cabin.

"These boys are green as a starboard light," he said, "but they are the best behaved troops I've ever carried—and in the two wars I've carried whole armies Mark my words, they'll do well." I'm now marking the captain's words, and I can say he was right, dead right.

I've been with those boys a lot since. I saw them on their Great American Honeymoon in Australia, where a Yank could do no wrong as far as Australians were concerned. And I left some of them not long ago in New Guinea. Their honeymoon was over and they had a tough job of war on their hands. They were doing well. Their jungle garb was the only green thing about them.

Our lot arrived in Australia just about the same time that General Douglas MacArthur made his dramatic entry into the commonwealth. Two thousand miles across the continent, at other ports, thousands more American troops were disembarking. Some had been sixty days at sea. None had been less than thirty.

Australian hospitality bowled the Yanks over. They were wined and dined and feted as though tomorrow they might die for Australia. And at that time it looked as though the Nips would certainly attempt invasion. Home-coming Australian troops from the Middle East slipped into port and dispersed to their homes or bush camps unheralded and unnoticed. That gave me, an Australian myself, a twinge. But the coming of the Yanks had sent Australians on a great emotional spree. To them, every boatload of United States troops was another insurance installment against a Jap invasion. And then, too, these Yanks who had come 7,000 miles from their homeland to fight were a thoroughly likable lot. They got things done.

Never in its history had such a wave of hustle swamped Australia's shores. In the cities and towns, out in the heavily timbered bush, and right into the desert wastes everything was "Hustle, hurry, hustle." Australians, rather slow-moving, very easygoing, were jolted into top gear by the Yanks, and liked it. With an American four-star general running the war out there, it was a real American show.

All Melbourne chuckled with delight when this story got around:

The crack Melbourne-Sydney railroad express was about to leave Spencer Street station. All seats—there were no freight cars—were occupied. Five minutes before departure a United States major led a company of men onto the platform. They were lugging a number of cases on rollers. The major said to the guard, "These have to be in Sydney tomorrow. Where will I put them?" The guard answered: "Not on this train, brother. It's passengers only here." The major boarded the rear Pullman and called out to the passengers, "Sorry, folks, but you cannot travel tonight. This space is urgently needed for war purposes."

Only the railroad people were upset. The passengers took it on the chin and filed onto the platform. The packages got to Sydney on time.

As the Yanks settled into their camps on the outskirts of the cities (some, alas, were miles away in the bush!) they got their first wind. I visited them many times. They agreed it was a fine war and that Australia and Australians were swell. The gay round of festivities went on.

Australians and Americans are the world's greatest "country boosters." Well, the two champs met out there in Australia. One thing they have in common, though: they know that both their countries will disappear as entities if we lose the war. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the Great American Honeymoon in Australia showed signs of waning. After all, the Yanks had come to fight a war. Troops that were quartered in Melbourne, say, for several weeks, were moved to other parts for more serious training. And more and more stalwart Aussies kept coming home from abroad.

I THINK Independence Day, July 4, now celebrated throughout Australia almost as its own national day, saw the change-over from honeymooning to soldiering. Not that Australian hospitality wasn't still there. But when a man has been four or five months in a country he becomes acclimated, as it were, to new customs, foreign people—and he sighs for his homeland.

There were some funny incidents in the early days of the American "invasion" of Australia, when H. Q. staffs were being set up. Hotels, office buildings, schools, and warehouses were taken over on the spot, often just from an outside glance. It was tough on the occupants, but out they had to go. There's a good story told about an imposing-looking building in Sydney which was signed over for a certain H. Q. department. Squads of carpenters carried out the necessary office alterations, and the Yanks moved in. After one day there, the United States general gave the order to "retire" to some other place. The sole lift (elevator) in this imposing building held four people at a time and just crawled up ten flights. The hustling Yanks couldn't take it, and the original occupants returned.

As more Americans kept arriving, the "old originals" were moved on to far battle stations—Australia is just about as big as the States territorially—and the newcomers took over. Soon it became commonplace to see the streets filled with Yanks.

We war correspondents could always tell when a new batch of Yanks had arrived by the number of salutes we'd pick up in the streets. The old hands had got wise to us and knew we didn't rate a salute (thank goodness!), but the newcomers let us have it.

Future histories of Australia's social life must include mention of the two revolutions the Yanks have caused in Australia. One is the Flower Industry Revolution and the other is the Dance Hall Revolution.

In Melbourne I have a great friend who owns a flower shop. Just a small place which in peacetime brought him in a moderate living. He was in the A. I. F. in the last war; is unfit for this one. Since the first Americans arrived in Melbourne my friend has more than trebled his business and has been very ill through overwork. The American habit of saying it with flowers has brought prosperity to Australian florists.

You'd never get an Australian to carry flowers to his girl friend. At least, he wouldn't before the Yanks moved in. At best, the Aussie would slink very guiltily into a flower shop and order some—to be sent. But the Yanks paraded openly with their floral tributes, not only for their girl friends but also for their hostesses and friends in general who had been kind to them. In Melbourne on Independence Day you couldn't get an orchid after 11 A. M. in the whole city. My friend told me that the Yanks had an amazing knowledge of

(*Continued on page 49*)

"Hot" dancing was the vogue. Australian girls and men joined in.

In New Guinea the "honeymoon" is over. The lads have a job to do.

EWING GALLOWAY

IF YOU HAD TO DELIVER A BABY

You may have to meet this emergency some day. Would you know what to do and what _not_ to do? Here are some simple suggestions, approved by the Maternity Center Association

BY GRETTA PALMER

BABIES ought to be delivered by doctors and nurse-midwives. The layman's role is usually to tiptoe back and forth outside the delivery room. But these are days when the "impossible" sometimes happens. Though every effort is being made to provide adequate medical care for mothers and babies, there is a chance [illegible] that the [illegible]

The army and navy are rapidly drawing off doctors, even obstetricians. By the middle of this year they will have taken one third of the practicing physicians of the country; those who are left must care for well over 1,000 civilians apiece. Moreover, there is a baby boom. Elizabeth, New Jersey, reports a 75 per cent increase in births over last year. New York is experiencing the highest birth rate in nineteen years. Probably your community is having a baby boom too.

When a woman is having a baby, any doctor will try his best to get there. But it is possible other emergencies or graver crises might make him late. So, *just in case*, every expectant mother should plan to have somebody with her or very close at hand—her husband or some relative

or neighbor who can do the very few things that need to be done.

Those of us who have taken the Red Cross course in home nursing and have studied carefully the supplement to the Red Cross textbook, Emergency Care for the Birth of a Baby, should be able to do a reasonably satisfactory job while waiting for a doctor.

The mother who has had adequate prenatal care and is healthy should give birth normally. The phrase "Birth is natural" is a great deal more than just a soothing string of words: it is a scientific fact, as many neighbors are finding out.

Recently, in a small Western town, Mrs. Henry Jones was quietly finishing her ironing when the little boy from next door rushed into the kitchen, his eyes wide with panic.

"Mom says can you please come quick?" he cried. "She's starting to have the baby and the doctor's not expected back for three hours."

Mrs. Jones soothed the boy, and switched off the iron.

"No reason for excitement, Johnny," she told him. "Birth's a normal thing and your mother's already had two babies. We'll just encourage her and make her comfortable. Mom and the baby will do all the rest."

IN the vast majority of births, Mrs. Jones' advice would have been right. The baby she helped deliver was healthy. Most babies come along safely with just such simple common-sense help as hers. However, the woman who is expected by her doctor to have a difficult labor will not be left to untrained help—war or no war. The doctor will keep in close touch with her.

Every woman should have the care of a doctor from the first month of her pregnacy. Even in normal times more than half the childbirth deaths could have been prevented by adequate care, according to a Commonwealth Fund study of Maternal Deaths—The Way to Prevention. Today such early care will help the doctor to determine whether this is a case that really demands trained attention and, if so, to arrange for it.

But, as a last resort, Mrs. Jones can be a great comfort to a woman in labor and do the few things that have to be done until the doctor gets there.

The figures of recent years—six out of ten American babies born in hospitals—is certain to be cut sharply. Professor James A. Hamilton of Yale, president-elect of the American Hospital Association, has already warned mothers they must plan to have more of their babies at home.

"At home" may mean with only *you* to help. It's easy to do the right thing, but it's important that you know how easy it is. In England, during the blitz season, many untrained strangers simply ran away from a woman in labor, out of a panicky fear that they would do the wrong thing! That need not happen here. The Maternity Center Association has issued simple instructions which will aid any untrained person to assist a mother-to-be. Any one with clean hands and common sense can carry out the directions:

First, what not to do:

Don't get excited.

Don't spank the baby after delivery.

Don't hurry—there's lots of time for the simple things you have to do.

Remember that, and it will keep you cool and unhurried as you await the arrival. While waiting, you might try to get a doctor and help the mother time her pains. But even if the doctor can't come, he will want to know what is happening, and he may have some telephoned instructions for this particular case. (If *his* instructions in any way contradict *ours,* follow the doctor's advice, for he knows more about this particular mother.) You should be prepared to tell the doctor or his assistant at what time the pains first began, how often they come, whether the mother has yet had any local discharge.

Meanwhile set water on the stove to boil—a teakettle and a large covered pot—in readiness for the doctor. You'll need it for sterilizing. Arrange the mother's bed with a rubber or oilcloth sheet spread on the mattress and covered with a tucked-in clean sheet. Pads made of old newspapers should be kept to one side half-way down the mattress. Blankets must be kept on hand, ready to be drawn up to cover the mother. Let her walk about between pains. Discourage her from bearing down when they come. Have the baby's bed ready and warm. As the time draws near, help the mother into a clean nightgown, dressing gown, stockings, and slippers—she mustn't catch cold. Keep her calm and comfortable. That is your most important task!

NOW for precise instructions:

1. When the baby actually arrives, you should pick him up by his feet and hold him by his ankles, with one finger between them so that he won't slip out of your hand. With your other hand bend his head back a little to let the fluid run from his mouth. Hold him until he cries aloud but *without spanking.* Then lay him on his right side on top of the blanket that covers his mother. Keep him warm and protected. He should be wrapped in his own tiny blanket and laid on his right side, where you can watch him. Use a hot-water bottle (outside his blanket) to keep him warm. Keep your eye on him.

2. If the doctor is expected in the next few hours, don't cut the cord. Watch the mother. If the afterbirth doesn't come right away *don't try to hurry it by any method.* Never pull on the cord. As soon as the afterbirth comes, slide out the soiled newspaper pad and wrap up the afterbirth for the doctor to examine.

3. If the doctor is long delayed, take four pieces of tape about seven inches long and boil with a pair of scissors for five minutes. Then wash your hands *thoroughly.* Tie one piece of the sterilized tape around the cord about six inches from the baby's body and tie another piece about two inches farther out. Cut the cord between the tapes with the sterilized scissors. If there is any bleeding from either end, fold back the end of the cord and tie with another piece of tape around it. The doctor will finish this dressing job when he comes.

4. Place your hand on the mother's abdomen just under the navel. You should feel a hard mass here—which means the uterus is contracting. If you cannot feel it, massage firmly and gently until you do feel the mass. This is *very* important.

5. The mother during all this time should be lying on her back with her legs together and knees raised. She must be kept warm under blankets. If she has a slight chill (as most women do), give her a drink of warm, but not hot, tea, milk, or bouillon. Use a damp towel to wipe her face and hands.

That is all there is to it! When the doctor comes, he'll probably say that mother and baby are doing fine and you will be a proud neighbor indeed.

THE END

What kind of man was George Washington, that gaunt Virginia farmer and fox hunter whose stamp is "indelibly and forever set upon America"? He comes alive in

THE UNVANQUISHED

The Great New Historical Novel

by Howard Fast

Here is no marble statue of a hero, remote, cold, but a real person, human and lovable, moving against the rich background of dramatic events. Liberty has abridged this splendid story to a reading time of one evening. Read it

Next Week

KEEP 'EM SHOOTING

In a smokeless-powder factory you take precautions—or else! On shift changes the employees must line up to be searched.

This worker is having his pockets "frisked" for matches or a cigarette lighter by an officer of the plant's police force.

[illegible] the danger area have safety chutes for a quick [illegible] Here these girls have just tried out three chutes.

IF, less than two years ago, you had stood in a certain rolling stretch of valley down among the southern Appalachian Mountains and looked around, you would have seen just wooded wilderness, broken here and there by cotton patches and cornfields where quail called, rabbits scurried, and grazing cattle dodged a rattlesnake.

I have just come from that spot. It is now a stronghold enclosed in spy-proof wire fencing. Spaced rather far apart are a series of little one- or two-story gray buildings protected, sometimes on all four sides, by sloping double barricades of fireproofed timber packed with earth. Great mysterious pipes branch around in all directions. Chimneys rise here and there.

In this guarded plant, joint enterprise of Uncle Sam and the Hercules Powder Company, smokeless powder is being made—the propelling charge for all our shooting irons from the M. P.'s pistol to the big guns on a battleship.

There is no more dangerous occupation back of the fighting front. But the men and women who work in this plant have a heritage of valor. They are the mountaineers whose grandfathers marched in Stonewall Jackson's formidable "foot cavalry." Unadulterated old American stock. Some of them must have had ancestors among the Jamestown settlers; even in Raleigh's lost colony.

They walked by me as I watched the shifts changing at four o'clock in the afternoon. A comely breed, I thought; usually blond-skinned, with regular features, large eyes that meet yours firmly, stalwart but fine figures. Men and women alike had that spice of all human beauty, an impression of inner spiritual fire.

They were piling into the most motley assortment of gasoline vehicles ever seen. There were scores of huge omnibuses, half a dozen of them converted relics of the World's Fair in New York; hundreds of battered jaloppies squeezing in seven passengers; farm trucks equipped with wooden tops and benches. One such car, a caricature of the old Black Maria, carried sixteen workers over a route of seventy miles.

In a closely guarded mountain town, Hercules Powder plant workers are turning out the stuff with which our lads will blast Hitler and Hirohito

BY WILL IRWIN

The nearest town lies a quarter of an hour's drive away. The nearest city, a small one, is some forty miles off. When their joint capacity was exhausted, a new housing district was built ten miles from the plant. But the typical hill people commute by car to their small upland farms, even when it means six hours a day of uncushioned bouncing over mountain roads. If a man takes a day off from his job, ten to one he's catching up on some farming that won't wait. He can't hire it done, for the younger men have gone into service.

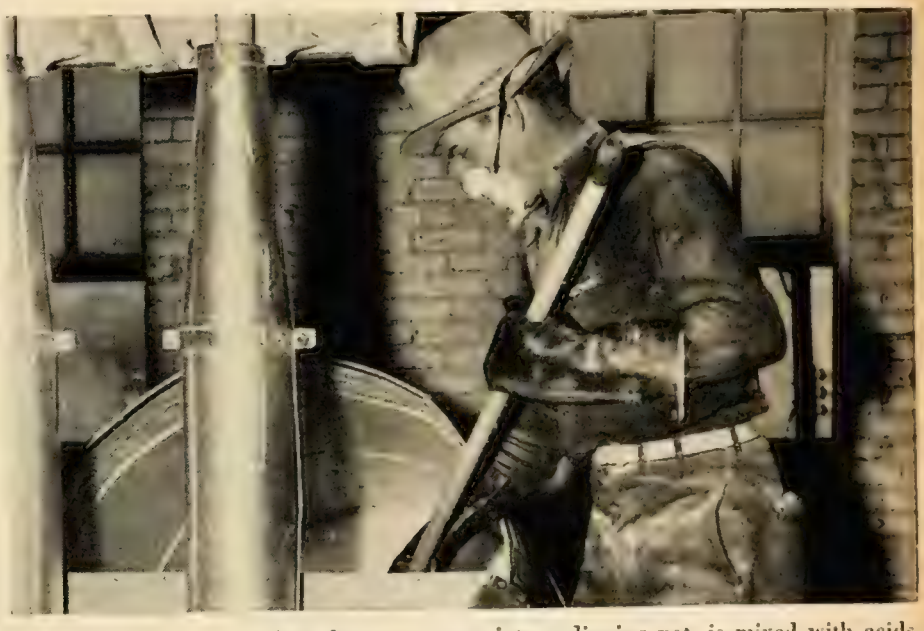
"As for character," the personnel manager said to me, "they're nothing but!"

The problem with the green hand is not training him in the work—that is simple. It is getting him to observe the small precautions that are part of the law of life in a smokeless-powder factory. Three times a day, on shift changes, the incoming employee must submit to a "sampling" search. There is a standard penalty for carrying safety matches—two weeks' lay-off; for the old-fashioned wooden-stemmed "redheaded" variety, which will strike on anything hard and dry, there is instant discharge. Men and women workers alike wear safety shoes, the soles and heels cemented instead of nailed. He who stands on rubber may charge himself with static electricity which will develop a spark when he touches a piece of steel. The army captain who must stick to the visitor every second found a few protruding nails in the heels of my old shoes and covered them with adhesive tape.

For fire, rather than explosion, is the personal devil, the gremlin, of a smokeless-powder plant. Those tall chimneys serve not only to carry off the gases which smokeless powder generates in certain stages of manufacture, but to transport the product itself when in liquid form. From the second story of many buildings slant chutes like those of a children's playground. When you ask about these, the captain—rising young chemical engineer in civilian life—informs you that they're for a quick getaway, "just in case."

You and I and the Encyclopædia Britannica call smokeless powder

In the nitrating house, tubs are filled with cotton blown in from a bale breaker, and are weighed to check on the amount.



Then the cotton goes into a dipping pot, is mixed with acids. One drop of water in this mixture would cause an explosion.

PHOTOS TAKEN FOR LIBERTY BY I. F. S.

The nitrocotton goes to the boiling-tub house, for purification, through this pipe line the supervisor is inspecting.

Here's a girl worker running "macaroni" strands of the powder into a machine that cuts it to the proper lengths for shells.

And here's a girl ballistic expert adjusting fine wire before a gun to test powder by gauging projectile's muzzle velocity.

[illegible] technicians [illegible] mm. gun

an explosive. The ordnance officers and chemical experts about the plant would be quick to correct us. Technically, it is only a "propellant." The TNT which packs our shells and aerial bombs or fills the war heads of our torpedoes is a genuine explosive whose molecules fly violently apart when fire or percussion sets it off. Before it projected the shell from a gun barrel it would have blown the gun to pieces.

All propellants, from the black powder which Roger Bacon or somebody else invented in the Middle Ages to this smokeless product, are substances which upon being lit burn instantaneously, generating powerfully expanding gases that must find a vent. Light a handful of gunpowder in the open air and you get only a sudden, hot, and soundless flash. Pack it in a can before lighting it, and you get a beautiful explosion. Fired in the breech of a gun, the gases find an outlet through the barrel, driving the projectile ahead of them and making a loud report when they clash with the stable air. That's the distinction without much difference to the layman.

FOR all the cosmic power in TNT, its manufacture involves only six or seven rather simple processes. Smokeless powder is more complex and tricky. It takes about twenty-five processes to turn the basic material—usually short-fibered cotton, sometimes wood pulp—into the hard, waxy, translucent cylinders which load our guns.

Minute description of all these processes would be not only boresome to the layman but contrary to public policy. But the metamorphoses of color and substance are fascinating. The powder piled in the vats, after the Gordan engines and the screens have finished with the original fiber, is a dull pearl-gray. But when the huge cylinders press it into cheeses it is snow-white again. Next it looks like moist corn-meal mush; crumbles agreeably in the hand. Then it is the bright yellow of butter and jelly-like in consistency, and it is squirming from a set of disks in long five-stranded ropes—the first "macaroni process." This is not a shaping operation but a cleansing one, as the guide proves when he borrows a "dirty" disk and shows you a crust of white and gray on its upper surface. It is impurity, alien substances generated by an earlier part of the process.

A stage or so further on, you are watching the second "macaroni process" in the manufacture of powder for a big-caliber field gun. The material, again flowing through per-

(*Continued on page 70*)

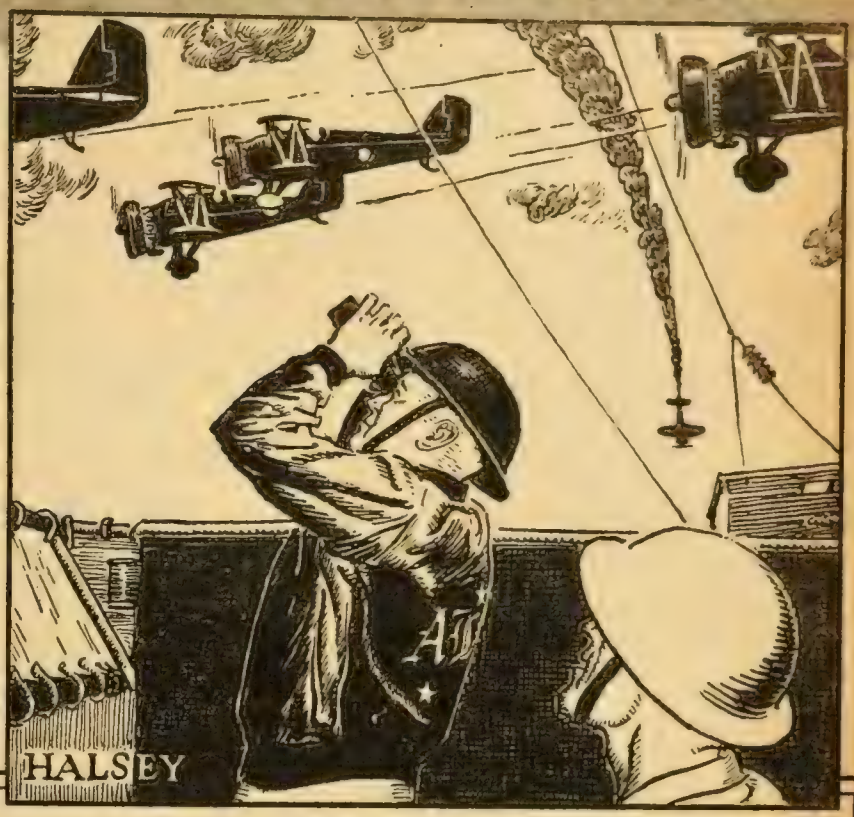
TORPEDO JUNCTION

ACTION WITH THE PACIFIC FLEET

by

ROBERT J. CASEY

A NEW BEST SELLER ABRIDGED TO A READING TIME OF ONE EVENING



A Liberty BOOK

WHERE WAS THE NAVY?

HERE is the answer to the question that America—and the world—was asking during the first bitter months after Pearl Harbor.

It is the exciting, heartening story of how the U. S. Navy—living up to its greatest traditions—outfought what was then a superior Japanese fleet and cut it down to an inferior one.

It is not too much to say that the fate of America was decided during the months covered by this firsthand account of what the U. S. Navy achieved at "Torpedo Junction."

THE most outstanding surprise of this war to quite a lot of us has been the discovery that the navy is really as good as we used to think it was on, say, December 6, 1941. Those of us who were forced to make contact with its reluctant representatives at Honolulu soon after the Japs came were of two minds as to whether we were looking at the beginning of a war or its finish. We stayed to find out.

And we saw one of the most tremendous melodramas in the record of great military institutions unfold itself. We saw the navy—flattened not only by the Pearl Harbor tragedy but by the global war that grew out of it—setting out to do whatever could be done with what materials happened to lie at hand, going ahead with ever-increasing momentum, outguessing Admiral Yamamoto and his talented knifemen, striking cautiously at first, then with daring—through the Marshalls and Wake and Marcus to the incredible victory of Midway. Something like fifty-three navy torpedo-plane pilots went out on the morning of June 4 to break up the Japanese carriers off Midway, and only five came back. In training and experience these men were the best qualified flyers in the navy. So they were under no illusions about their prospects when they took off that morning. They knew even before they got into their planes that their chances for getting back to dinner that night were just about five in fifty-three.

They had patriotism deep enough and courage great enough to start out on a mission like that, and they broke the backbone of Yamamoto's fleet. From that moment a new day was coming up over the Pacific. The navy was definitely on its way to a new and profitable phase of accomplishment. Its past didn't seem to count any more.

"I am thinking of a new motto for the new United States fighting forces," a commander told me after Midway. "It goes like this: 'Forget Pearl Harbor.'"

I think he's right.

THE Japs attacked Pearl Harbor on Sunday, December 7, and that afternoon I went down to the office of the Chicago Daily News and was assigned to Honolulu. I

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took the midnight plane to Washington, where Admiral Hepburn told me that he would cable the admiral commanding the Pacific fleet and have me assigned to the fleet at Pearl Harbor.

About two o'clock Friday morning in San Francisco I came aboard a navy supply vessel at Pier 36. A week and a few hours later we entered Pearl Harbor—Torpedo Junction, in navy argot. Hickam Field hangar frames rose rusty brown on our right. The Japs didn't appear to have wasted a shot.

I stood on the dock for a while amid piles of burned and oily junk—gun mountings, ship fittings, cable, pipe, and—well, just junk. Traveling cranes and trucks picked up oddments of this stuff and moved it away, presumably to some larger and more complicated junk pile, without making any visible dent in this one. This wreck of Pearl Harbor was startling, stupendous, and disgraceful. The aura of desolation was over everything, along with the smell of burned oil and iron rust. The sense of an utter destruction was poignant and inescapable.

It wasn't only a few bargeloads of knotted iron before your eyes or the slippery filth under your feet that made you wonder if you'd ever be able to sleep at night again. It was the look you saw on the faces of the dock-wallopers. Their races varied from dim white to Chinese, and their gifts as workmen were just as haphazardly assorted. But they were alike in one thing—the blank expressions of men coming out of the ether. We didn't have to be told that here were some more citizens who had believed the vast power of the United States unassailable and themselves secure, men who now believed heaven knew what, with faith behind them, hope crumbling, and despair not far ahead.

For this was the United States, whether we liked to think about it or not. The United States was right here in the ashes of Pearl Harbor, with its arrogance, its pride, and its chances, if any, for salvation. It is significant that all that day—and all during many days to come—we heard no suggestion of what we might do to pay back some of this. Yesterday, the day of wrath, was still with us, and tomorrow unlikely ever to dawn. You got the impression that, whatever the inventory of damage, the United States wasn't going to hit back, because the United States couldn't hit back. What the United States was going to do was sit down and wait for the next attack.

It's an axiom, the truth of which any war correspondent will attest, that the more jittery a town the more uncomfortable it is to live in it. They used to call Honolulu the Paradise of the Pacific, but it wasn't any Paradise of the Pacific as we saw it then. It was just the latest amateur to join the ranks of the blacked-out cities.

Dark comes quickly in this region in the so-called winter. So lights went out at 6 P. M. and everybody was off the streets at six thirty—or else. Whatever else you can say for the lads who ran Honolulu in those days, they had, with one or two exceptions, a good blackout—probably have yet, for that matter.

One of the exceptions occurred one night when I went to a party given at the Young Hotel in honor of the visiting newspapermen by Chief of Police Gabrielson. It was a very interesting evening, and I started home about ten thirty pervaded by a sense of well-being, to discover that I had been given a ticket for parking without lights in the blackout!

We discovered with no delay at all that blackout time was actually coincident with bedtime. Our hotel had blacked out the lobby and dining room, so you could eat dinner as late as six thirty, and then you could sit in the lobby with a huddle of frightened, silent old ladies—male and female—all of them with one ear uplifted to hear the first squall of the siren that would announce the return of the Japs. An evening at home thus became something like a session in the common room of an institution for elderly mutes.

"What's Happened to the Fleet?"

THE leitmotif of the Honolulu vigil was given one morning by a deaf old lady talking to another deaf old lady at breakfast: "I wonder what's happened to the fleet."

You wondered, too. You were to wonder many times in the next few weeks as the Japs asked it constantly and cockily in the English broadcasts from Tokyo. You were to hear men of intelligence discuss it with outward calm. You were to mumble senseless explanations dozens of times when people asked you about it under the impression that you might know the answer.

The correspondents knew, of course, that the blasting of Pearl Harbor hadn't sunk the physical navy. But what had happened to the intangibles of the navy—its morale and leadership—we couldn't tell from surface observations. We couldn't tell, either, from our contacts with a lot of vague spokesmen who considered—perhaps rightly—that there was something shameful about the whole business and the less said about it the better.

The Roberts Commission wasn't asking, "Where is the navy?" They were asking rather, "Where *was* the navy?" To the lay mind the probable answers seemed interchangeable.

As a matter of fact, to anticipate the record somewhat, we know a little now about where the navy was. It wasn't mentioned in the dispatches that at the time of Pearl Harbor large units of the fleet were loitering about in near-by portions of the Pacific, blacked out, alert and ready for war at the blast of a bugle.

The navy had not been entirely unaware of the possibility of war. We had a submarine screen operating far beyond the international date line, in waters that Japan looked upon as her own. And so the admirals knew, while bitter criticism was goading them to impossible action, that the bulk of Hirohito's fleet lay just beyond Wake Island, preparing an ambush into which we were expected to throw ourselves in a blind and characteristic rage. The marines on Wake Island weren't deserted merely because some brass hat couldn't make up his mind what to do next.

We learned later also some of the other unadvertised jobs of the supposedly inactive fleet. As the momentum of the Japanese southward sweep was realized, it became obvious that we were going to have to set up a front in Australia right away. So the navy suddenly found itself

riding herd on a convoy line seven or eight thousand miles long—a tedious and exceedingly dangerous job. What with the Atlantic and Hitler and his submarines, there weren't many fast cruisers or spare carriers available for any splendid gestures.

But at the time we thought much about the absence of the fleet during a long series of dark and steamy nights. We had little else to do. And we reached a lot of wrong but, I maintain, logical conclusions which didn't help to make life more serene or bearable.

One day, as a variant to our routine of waiting for the Japs to come back, the army took us to look at the wrecks of Hickam and Wheeler fields.

"They got us cold," said the quiet-voiced colonel at Wheeler. "They were on us before we knew they were coming, and they'd smashed up our planes before we could get to them."

We hadn't heard then, though we were to learn later from the Roberts Report, that the incoming Jap bombers had been picked up 150 miles at sea by a detector device whose operator couldn't get his superiors to believe what he had seen.

"You've got to give them credit for a fine operation," our guide at Hickam said admiringly. "They knew what they were doing. They came in low, in formation from that lower end of the field, and they came right up the runways, working on the hangars. They took one hangar past the administration building, but skipped the last one. It was empty. Then they turned at right angles to the left, and smashed up all the automobiles in the park and bombed the barracks as they left. They didn't touch the administration building or the church. They dropped a bomb in the corner of the canteen. I'd say their information was perfect."

The Pearl Harbor attack had two phases—the first a strafing attack which put about 90 per cent of our air force out of business before it could get into the air, the second a dive-bombing and torpedo attack on the ships in the harbor. Save for sporadic ack-ack, we had no defense against anything that the invaders might have chosen to do. And that brings us to one of the great mysteries of this war: Why, at the one moment when the gate stood wide open for them, did the Japs fail to take advantage of their opportunity and seize the islands?

"I'll never make it out," said a lieutenant who had been in the Intelligence. "The Japs had a chance on the morning of December 7 that they never in God's world will have again. They could have come in just as they did and they could have made a havoc of the harbor itself. They could have destroyed installations without which Pearl Harbor could no longer function as a base. And with Pearl Harbor out of business, what would have happened to our task forces at sea all over the Pacific? Dead in the water, adrift, derelict, they would have waited until the Japanese could get around to pick them off one at a time."

A Paul Revere—Unheeded

SAVE a place in history for Mr. Roy Vitousek, who momentarily became the Albert-the-Aviator of the Pacific war and retired miraculously famous but even more miraculously alive. For it was Mr. Vitousek, a gifted amateur pilot, who, on the morning of December 7, found himself flying an outer wing guard for the Japanese bomber fleet, changed sides just for the expediency of the thing, and presently became a discredited Paul Revere and the number one victim of Pearl Harbor's goofy season.

Mr. Vitousek is a lawyer who owns an airplane and knows how to fly it. He was close to fifty years old, but, even so, he was trying to make some sort of deal with either army or navy recruiting services whereby he would be allowed to pilot a combat airplane.

He rose well before dawn on December 7. He roused his son, sat down with him at a brief breakfast, then drove out to John Rodgers Airport right beside Hickam Field. He rolled out his plane, motioned his son into the rear cockpit, put on his goggles, and took off.

Mr. Vitousek climbed up over Pearl Harbor and lazily crawled southward above the Pacific. He turned along the beach toward Diamond Head, crossed it gaining altitude, and came back. He passed over the Aloha Tower and gave an appreciative thought to the scintillant blue of the harbor. God was in his heaven, and Mr. Vitousek was heading west and a little north toward Hickam Field at 7.55 A. M. Oh, singular and amazing moment!

It may have been the reflex of exhilaration that made him throw back his head just then. It may have been instinct. But at any rate he did look up, and became aware that in some fashion he had got mixed up with a lot of airplanes—military airplanes. He recognized the lines and equipment at once. They were flying in close formation, a series of three Vs with five planes to a V. And he was slightly to the rear and right of and almost a part of the leading V.

He was not alarmed. After all, this region was full of aircraft. There must be 500 planes down there at Hickam and Wheeler Fields. No, it was not a matter of alarm for Mr. Vitousek to find the air filled with planes—fifteen here and some more coming in from the sea behind. But it was very surprising, Mr. Vitousek thought, for Mr. Vitousek hadn't lived in the island all these years without learning something of the social habits of the army and navy. This was Sunday morning, the time of all the week when in the normal course of events everybody would be asleep or trailing into breakfast and Mr. Vitousek and sundry other civilian amateurs could hope to have the free use of an uncrowded sky.

And there was something funny about these planes. They were gleaming silver in the morning sunlight. The camouflage, if any, was different from any that Mr. Vitousek had ever seen on an American plane. Some new idea, he supposed. He toyed vaguely with the thought of closing in on the formation, attaching a sixth plane to the force of the first V. But he knew that somebody would get sore about that. The army wouldn't like to be kidded.

The Rising Sun! Japan!

THEN a gun went off near his head and he heard two or three cracks loud enough to break through the roar of his engine. Even that didn't alarm him. A signal, he thought. Pity he couldn't catch the code. Then came a couple more cracks, and a piece of the cowl pushed back into his face.

He took a closer look—a more interested and more personal look—and saw a red disk on the wing of the plane nearest him. The Rising Sun! Japan!

In that same terrible instant Mr. Vitousek noticed that the flight, already at less than 200 feet, was on its way down. He pulled back on the stick, opened his throttle wide, and shot up as rapidly as the *chug-chug* of his flying flivver would take him. At 600 feet he leveled off and looked down. The ghastly business of Pearl Harbor was well started.

Mr. Vitousek looked at this dazed and unbelieving, but rapidly recovering his senses. It was going to be unpleasant to hang in the air above Hickam Field, and that very presently. The planes he had noticed out over the sea were coming up rapidly.

Nobody was bothering John Rodgers Airport. So Mr. Vitousek went into a power dive and flattened onto the runway in the best landing of a long and prideful flying career.

He and his son were out of the plane simultaneously. Mr. Vitousek's first impression, as he recalls it now, was the indignant face of an officer of the Civil Aeronautics Authority. He had come running out of a hangar. His head was lowered and he seemed unhappy. He recognized Mr. Vitousek with an expression of relief.

"I thought you were part of that crazy army show," he said, "and I was going to tell you off. My God! What's the world coming to? We have to have an Army Air Force and we have to keep it trained and all that, but, dammit, what right have they got to get roaring drunk and go around killing people—"

"They're—" began Mr. Vitousek, gasping for breath.

"Look at this field," demanded the outraged inspector. "Look at those cars! What in the name of God is American aviation coming to?"

"That's not American aviation," said Mr. Vitousek. "That's Japanese aviation."

"Good heavens! No!" blurted the inspector. And he ran toward Hickam to tell somebody about it. Hickam was already in flames.

Young Vitousek discovered their car unhurt where they had left it at the far end of the field. They got moving toward town just as a second flight came over to splash incendiary bullets on what the first flight had missed and to kill the Civil Aeronautics inspector.

Mr. Vitousek stopped at a filling station a mile or so along the road and began to telephone his news to the folks at home. His first effort brought the ear of somebody in the office of the chief of police.

"What you say?" inquired this person.

"The Japs," said Mr. Vitousek. "I said that the Japs have started to bomb Pearl Harbor! They're over in force—hundreds of planes."

"Brother," said the policeman patiently, "either you're drunk or I am. It sounds as if you was saying that the Japs are bombing Pearl Harbor." He hung up.

By turns Mr. Vitousek called city officials, police officials, judges, and such members of the army and navy as he thought might be in town. Until nine thirty that morning it was the unanimous opinion among Mr. Vitousek's friends that he was probably the least convincing practical joker in the community.

"They called me names," he recalls somewhat bitterly. "Nobody would listen to me. And for the time I was sore. I couldn't see how people could go on making such fools of themselves.

"Later on I got to thinking it over. Would I have believed that the Japs were attacking Pearl Harbor if I had called up and told myself so? I didn't think so. I remembered how hard it was for me to figure out what was happening even after they'd taken a couple of shots at me and I could see the rising sun on their wings."

And So to War

THERE came, one day, a telephone call suggesting that I get out to Pearl Harbor and go to sea.

Here is the written record of my boat ride:

January 10. At 5 P. M. I was ferried out to a heavy cruiser the name of which may be announced after the war. The ship is a treaty cruiser with a theoretical displacement of 10,000 tons and a dead weight of something more than 15,000. The treaty cruisers have changed a lot since the day of their design. This one, laid down in 1930, has a fine equipment of Chicago pianos (four-barreled rapid-fire antiaircraft guns), five-inch all-purpose batteries, and eight-inch guns said to outrange Jap guns of similar type. The officers we met at dinner were a pleasant, eager crowd, similar to the lads who used to run H. M. S. Valiant in the Mediterranean.

The wardroom, like all other wardrooms, looked like the wreck of a garage—bare girders, pipe and iron bulkheads. All superfluous furniture, including the piano, had been removed. Sleeping quarters on the ship, however, are singularly better than those on British ships in all classes.

There was a movie at 8 P.M. somewhere in the depths of the ship. I sat through five reels in steaming heat and gave it up. Every port in the ship, of course, has been shut up tight for the blackout—that seems to include the ventilators.

In this force are an imposing line of warcraft. Lacking battleships, we are not so large a force as those that the British operate in the Mediterranean. Nevertheless it is a large collection of ships, and the presence of a tanker indicates that we are likely to be out for a long time. In command of the force is Admiral Halsey.

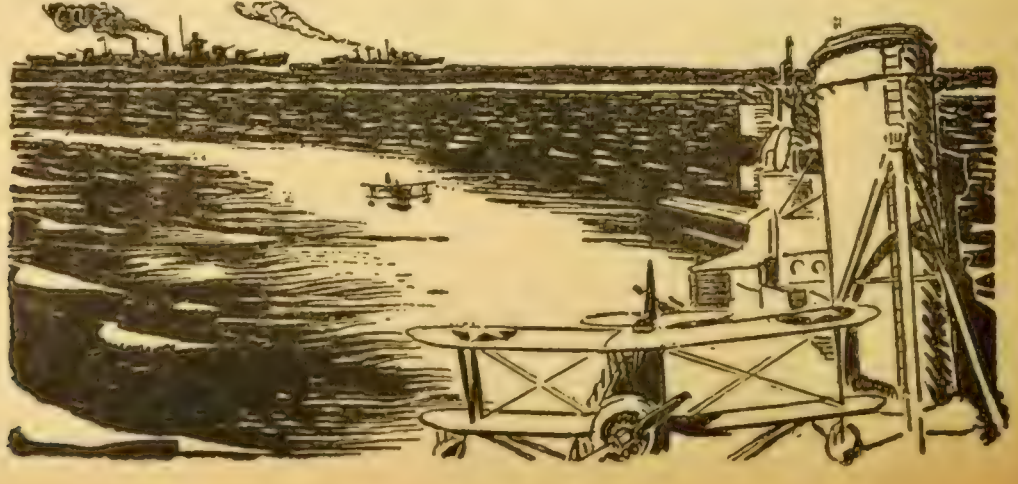
January 12. At sea bound southwest. I had dinner last night with Captain Zacharias (E. M. Zacharias, class of '12). He is one of the most remarkable naval officers I have ever met, inasmuch as he has had plenty of duties apart from the routine of naval stations and the social round of service home ports. He was once in charge of press relations in San Diego. He has since had widespread and varying jobs in Naval Intelligence. He spent three years as a language student in Japan and is one man in the navy who knows what the Japs are thinking about.

Captain Zacharias has many interesting theories about the relationship of Jap psychology to the prosecution of this war. That may be one reason why he is at sea in a battle command when one might imagine he would be of so much more service at home. It is his idea that the Japanese are splendid sailors and military men, but that if the navy were to do things for which there are no ready-made answers in the Japanese book, the High Command in Tokyo would be sunk.

A lot of aircraft were out on scout duty today, including a brace of the four we carry. About five o'clock, when they were returning, I saw quite an amazing sight. We slackened speed to ten knots. The ship heeled over, leaving a broad slick in her wake. Out of the thickening dusk came the little plane, landing astern in the slick and bumping up and down dangerously. In a few breathless seconds a cable had been hooked to it and the winches were hauling the plane to its cradle behind the catapult.

From the signal bridge the flag signal went up into the gloom: "Both aircraft recovered. Both returned with bombs."

January 13. Table talk at noon ran to a variety of things between anti-amaryll shots to naval artillery—the easy, cheerful, interesting conversation of intelligent, well educated men. After a while it came to me that we were going out to battle in the proper American tradition, though not, thank God, in the tradition of American naval movies. We had quit boasting, apparently, in the morning of December 7. We waved no flags. We sang no patriotic songs. On the verge of cataclysm we plied ourselves with chicken salad, potatoes gaufrette, and custard and iced tea, and we talked about the extent of the food rationing in England. And yet there's nobody aboard who doesn't realize by this time that we're not out here to frighten the flying fish. We are looking for trouble in an area where it is most likely to be found. Sat up late (till nine thirty) with a mob—mostly aviators—in the wardroom. They are spoiling for a fight—seem to feel that they're personally responsible for the vindication of



their service. You feel quite set up as you listen to them, and also a little sad, for you know that these catapult fliers might as well be classed as the suicide squadron of the fleet. Their planes are slow, hard to maneuver, and poorly armed. In ordinary warfare, craft of this kind on a fire-spotting job might get some protection from the carrier fighters. But in this sort of combat—the sort task forces are designed to do at a considerable distance from the carrier—they themselves are fighter planes, and they'll prove that or sink.

January 16. Along about dusk we broke through an odd region of spotty storms—lumpy puffballs of black cloud rolling out of skies brilliantly, spotlessly blue. There was warm drizzling rain about six as the planes began to circle overhead for landing.

I was looking at the weird weather when I learned that one of the planes from another of the cruisers had failed to come back.

Failed to come back. . . .

It's going to be hard to sleep tonight, thinking of that lad out there in the rain waiting for a slow but inevitable death. We learned tonight that one of our boys had been crushed to death in a powder hoist. Alongside the aviator still alive out there, he seems to have been lucky.

Night. The Southern Cross is out there, if anybody wants to risk breaking his neck in the blackout to look at it. The North Star has dropped under the horizon. The equator is definitely behind us.

January 17. All morning today we refueled from the tanker. The United States Navy is said to be the only one in the world that does this thing. It's a fine piece of work. We can load up the tanks with only a small reduction from cruising speed. This process gives the fleet an unlimited range, and fueling in motion does away with the menace of subs, which would have to surface to keep up. We seem to have eliminated the old dangerous practice of returning to a base for fuel. . . . This was definitely serious, because a vessel virtually out of oil is not able to maneuver and defend herself.

January 20. We're dashing about off Samoa, waiting for some other unit.

A Sub That Wasn't Ours

FIFTEEN or twenty dive bombers cavorted in the air above us this morning—the porpoises of this trip. While they performed, one of our aviators and I stood at the rail and dug up more odd bits about Pearl Harbor. The aviator said that a Jap submarine surfaced in front of a destroyer about twenty-five miles off Honolulu the morning of the attack. The destroyer fired at once, in accordance with a rule that visiting subs have responsibility for establishing their identity in advance. The sub dived. The destroyer dropped ash cans and smashed it up. The destroyer commander then went through the worst few minutes he will ever experience, as he figured that while he had obeyed orders implicitly he had probably sunk one of our submarines—that 150 young American gobs had been sacrificed to the inflexible positivism of the brass hats. He was preparing his report and thinking up the wording of the speech he would deliver at his court-martial just before sentence. And just about that time somebody brought him news of what was going on in Pearl Harbor.

Today a sailor filled a bucket with water from the cold tap and carried it to the steam valve which on ships serves as a hot tap. (You run steam through the water to heat it.) The steam had gone down, creating a vacuum in the pipe, so when the lad turned the faucet the water was sucked up out of his bucket into the pipe.

"Doggone," said the gob. "They give it to you and they take it away! The scientific so-and-sos!"

January 22. We seem to be still wandering around like the Flying Dutchman. Land off the port bow—probably the same land. All night we sail the ocean blue, and in the morning we are thirty miles from Pago Pago. The trouble with this war is that it takes so long to get to it.

January 24. The captain talked to an assembly of officers in the wardroom before luncheon. He said that the patrol about the Samoan Islands had been necessary to screen the planting of a large defense force. As a result of this rearmament, Samoa is now strong enough to take care of any possible Jap attack.

He was not too definite about our target, but he did say that we are now going to seek out enemy strongholds. He was very cheerful, eager, and convincing.

Headed for Action! Hooray!

EVENING. The zip of the ship has increased since the captain's announcement that we were on our way to more profitable fields. I won't say the morale has improved, because morale is self-confidence and there never was any lack of that. But the sailormen are mostly kids and find no amusement in standing still.

January 26. We had a battle practice this afternoon, with Donald Duck, the rasping public-address system, calling the shots of imaginary planes and announcing the untimely death of sundry gun crews. Nothing was very realistic about the business except the process of shutting up the watertight doors. Our damage control squad did one bang-up job with an actual fire that had not been listed on the program—a cigarette butt in a wastebasket.

The sea got choppy toward sunset and our four returning planes had to land in the rough. Despite that, they were hauled aboard fast enough to get a signal of good cheer from the division commander. These planes, old Curtisses, have plenty of stamina, and whatever else they have somebody else will have to write about. The catapult which tosses them off accelerates them to sixty miles an hour in sixty feet of travel—literally shoots them out of a cannon. And when they come back they dunk their floats, their wings, and sometimes their engines, and bounce in the grip of serious cross strains. But they take the battering daily with little or no need for repair.

The aviators appreciate their durability but otherwise look at them askance. Their purpose is to scout for the enemy and direct the ship's fire. They have a fixed gun which is of no use because they can't catch anything. They carry two puny bombs. They wouldn't last two minutes against any other plane of the current vintage. "A plane strictly without a future," says Lieutenant Crowley, chief aviator.

Bomb-protection story: Dr. Coggins, who has custody of a Jap officer captured when a one-man sub ran aground at Kaneohe, in the Hawaiians, says that his prisoner won't sleep in bed. He rolls up clothes in a bundle to look like a human form, puts that in bed for the bombs to hit, and sleeps underneath. Novel idea, what?

January 28. I came down to meet a lot of officers peevish over a mix-up of orders. Their trouble is of no moment save for one lad's suggested solution of it. He said with all sincerity, and it must be admitted with some sense, that it would be a good idea to retire all admirals automatically at the beginning of war. You might lose a lot of good officers but, he said, the general increase in brains and initiative would compensate.

Lieutenant Brewer, referring to a failure of the electric steering apparatus this afternoon, told the sad story of a destroyer captain who undertook to recommission a ship that had been laid up for some time and did all the wiring himself. Everything went all right until he sailed out to battle practice. At the proper moment he pushed the button to start the firing. Nothing happened except that a Filipino cabin boy popped into the cabin for a cup of coffee. Thereafter the skipper never dared push the cabin boy's button, for fear. . . .

January 29. We seem now to be about 400 miles off the Marshall Islands. Somebody observed last night that it takes just about as long to get into battle now as it did in 1812.

Toward midnight Lieutenant Crowley came down to my cabin and called me out to look at what he called the most amazing exhibit he had ever seen. An albatross tired from a long fishing trip had come to roost on our yardarm, and sat there in the moonlight unconcerned at the weird conduct of the shadows moving about on the gun decks below him. A flag was on the yard and the signalmen were careful to get it down without driving him into flight again. Word went around the ship, and gobs came sleepily from their holes to see for themselves and check up on this evidence of the ship's luck. A very

fine thing is the albatross when you're in the South Seas on your way to a battle.

At dawn the bird took off and probably resumed his fishing. But nobody cared as he sailed out into the sun. Nobody had shot him with a crossbow and he had stayed long enough to give the ship his accolade.

Donald Duck announced at twelve forty-five that the captain was about to make an important announcement. At one o'clock everybody aboard who could get to a speaker was there.

The captain spoke simply and slowly.

"I told you," he said, "that I should keep you advised of our future activities as plans for them matured. I am able now to tell you that on the morning of the day after tomorrow we shall bombard important Japanese positions. We shall act in conjunction with other ships of this force before, during, and after a severe air attack." He spoke of the necessity for drill and of the security that comes of perfection in defense. "We are likely," he said, "to receive some opposition. And we prefer it that way. Nobody wants to bet on a sure thing. But we shall be able to hold our end up because we are equipped and trained to do just that. . . . I wish you luck."

We came away from the loud-speaker aware that we had listened to a very good speech. There had been no oratory, no forte passage, no quavers, no trick emotional appeals, no flag waving.

Later an announcement of the general situation gave us our first idea of what sort of bases the Japs are maintaining on the Marshalls. "We are to destroy an enemy base known to be defended by aircraft, submarines, possible surface craft, and six-inch gun."

I went up to the signal bridge to watch a dress rehearsal for action. I passed a pleasant hour watching the whole fleet moving about on the same problem we were working out—tossing theoretical shells into forts as yet unseen, strewing dynamite on grounded planes in duplication of the Pearl Harbor technique (grounded planes still grounded somewhere far beyond the horizon), sinking cruisers that in this dream world had come out of nothing to oppose us.

"If We Can Smash Up Truk—"

DRESS rehearsals, as every one knows, are sometimes no criterion of what the show is going to be like. But I must say that ours was most gratifying in its very dullness. Some 900 men went through motions as limited as the routine of a ballet dancer, as unstudied as the beating of a pendulum.

Commander Chappell agreed with me that the element of surprise had quite likely been wrung out of this enterprise some time ago. We spent several days within sight of the Samoans. But he said that the strafing would be important, anyway. These targets of ours are submarine and air bases. They have to be maintained. And even if the planes and ships have been moved away from them, they are still important objectives. They will have flying fields, docks, oil supplies, and repair facilities. If we smash up those assets the Japs will have to move their subs to Truk—a thousand miles farther on—which means that they will be a thousand miles farther away from their enemy, to wit, ourselves. They will have to travel a thousand miles farther to get at us. If we then go on and destroy Truk, we may be able to drive them back all the way to Japan. Anyway, it's a nice thought to take into battle.

Incident during refueling. From the time the tanker came alongside, a gob on the signal bridge tried at two-minute intervals to cast a line onto our deck. He reminded me of a movie I once saw about the history of the bicycle, which showed in the first scene a man trying ludicrously to balance himself on a single wheel and in the last scene showed the very same thing. Every time you looked up at this lad, he was trying to toss a line. He was still doing it when the ship suddenly lurched and came towering over us and anybody could have touched her side by holding out his hand. Some of us were falling back pretty rapidly toward the port rail—but not one oily lad who sat with a spanner in his hand astride the fuel hose.

"Throw it now, Bud," he advised. "You'll never get any nearer."

January 31. Our schedule is to attack the atoll of Wotje at the north end of the Marshall group. This ship and another heavy cruiser will go into action after a preliminary fifteen-minute strafe by fighter planes from the carrier. We dash in and shell all the harbor works and anything we may see afloat.

The rest of the force will be split up to cover other atolls of the group. The other task force operating with us will take the south end of the line, including Jaluit.

Some orders were issued today about preparations for battle. The men are to take baths tonight and are to wear clean clothes inside and out to general quarters tomorrow. The doctors know the danger of dirty rags in wounds.

Along about ten thirty Donald Duck announced that the captain would discuss the forthcoming operation with the officers at a meeting in the wardroom. I attended by invitation.

I wonder how many scenes like this I have run into—the same huddle of officers, the same calm, scientific dissection of a job that involves something like a major catastrophe for a lot of people, including possibly ourselves. There was an endless array of detail—the disposition of the ships, the nature of targets, the rate of fire, the spotting process, the frequency to be used by spotting planes in reports, food, water, powder lot, ventilation, bombs, depth charges, airplane fuel.

An Order from Emily Post?

AMONG other things of battle import, the captain read a new order just decoded with great pain and travail: "Hereafter all officers will wear uniforms at all times except in the home when no more than three guests are present."

February 1, Sunday. Here is the chronology of a day of battle—as weird a day as I have ever experienced in war.

Commander Chappell woke me at about half-past four. I went down to the wardroom and ate a hearty breakfast of ham and eggs (simulated). After that I gathered up my life belt, gas mask, field glasses, ear plugs, paper and fountain pen, and clambered up through the dark to the searchlight platform just above sky control on the foremast.

6.15 A. M. Guns of after turrets are swung skyward. Our four planes get off one after another in quick and noisy sequence. They are gray blots against a gray sky with a ghastly blue halo of burning gases accompanying them.

6.40. Land is taking shape hazily like a narrow streamer of smoke on the starboard horizon.

6.59. We swing in toward land and turn loose forward guns in bombardment. We hear no commands. We see no unusual preparations, but this is a historic moment. This is the first time in this war (save for some ack-ack at Pearl Harbor) that United States guns have fired on an enemy.

7.12. A. A. flashes from the island. The ———, our associate cruiser, is throwing out salvos that burst with a green color. The coral beach is festooned with smoke plumes.

7.16. Our eight-inch batteries go off and wreathe the ship and surrounding sea with a yellow acrid haze. We keep firing at half-minute intervals—following the lead of the ———. I was thrown flat on my face at the first blast, and so far have been unable to get up any farther than my knees. The light is getting better and we have a chance to view the fantasy of eight-inch guns painstakingly blowing a mangy, palm-dandruffed atoll to pieces.

7.26. This atoll, like so many of its kind in the Pacific, is really a string of small islands about a lagoon, remnants possibly of coral erections on the rim of a volcanic crater. The entrance to the lagoon of Wotje is to the left of us as we look at the island, but straight ahead of us the land dips abruptly into the sea, presenting an opening about a quarter of a mile wide through which we can see a large part of the lagoon.

And now, like something in a worn and hazy movie,

an 8,000-ton freighter has steamed out from behind the island on the north of the opening and into plain view. A moving target is harder to hit than a stationary one. . . . Our shells are smashing into the lagoon alongside her—two over, two short—a vicious bracket. Ack-ack begins to smash all around us. This is odd inasmuch as no planes are near us, but there's no reason to suppose that a five-inch ack-ack shell won't bother us if it crashes into the bridge or sky control or, for that matter, almost anywhere else above the decks.

7.27. Somebody sights a submarine moving out of the lagoon toward the south passage. While we are assimilating that one, the warning is passed to be on the alert for bombers, inasmuch as near-by bases must now be aware of our attack. Everything seems to be happening at once —or on the verge of it.

7.28. We have completed our first run across the face of the island. We turn about with the other cruiser. The ship in the lagoon is still moving through a mist of spray and smoke. She appears to have been hit.

7.32. The guns turn loose all at once with a brain-jolting slap, and your diaphragm caves in. The yellow smoke blots out the target for a moment, then clears. The hiss of compressed air cleaning the gun tubes comes as an obbligato.

One Little Nip Rates a Monument

A DESTROYER that has been hammering at a small Jap patrol boat for twenty minutes makes a hit on the starboard and disables two guns. Apparently the Jap commander has one gun left on the port side. He is listing badly, but he swings slowly around as more clunks rain on him and churn up the sea. He fires one last erratic shot with his remaining gun. He sinks.

"Well," says the navigator, "if the Japs want to put up a monument to that little guy, I'll contribute."

7.40. We can see now—as the day advances—two more ships just over the reef in the lagoon. One seems to be turning around. The other begins to move southward across the open space. Apparently the crews of both ships were taken by surprise and they've been until now getting the engines started. There is something of Pearl Harbor in this in more ways than one.

7.55. Sky control announces two submarines coming out of the harbor.

8.15. We are beginning to notice artillery resistance other than the five-inch ack-ack that has kept sprinkling us liberally. They are tossing six-inch shells out here with no hint of economy.

Our five-inch batteries have turned loose to strafe the beach. They are probably the noisiest contrivance ever invented by man. Their effort, mixed with the sickening roar of the main battery, produces a din that nears the limit of human endurance. Lots of odd things come out of the five-inch tubes along with the shell, including odd bits of ashes and red fire balls.

8.16. The barrage on the ship remaining in sight in the lagoon has been steady—and terrible. Now comes a bracket so close that most of the superstructure is hidden by an upheaval of water like Old Faithful. The ship starts down by the head, shivers, leans over to starboard. In a matter of seconds she is gone.

8.20. Firing ceases. Brass shell cases of the five-inch batteries are dumped overboard. In the lull you have time to note numerous fires along Wotje Beach.

8.25. The clamor is on again, worse than before. Almost immediately we see results. There is a burst of red flame and a tremendous black cloud rolls skyward. Oil would be my guess, and a big tank of it. Lieutenant Jim Brewer in fire control announces that twelve torpedo planes and seven bombers have taken off from a Jap island—apparently one where our preliminary attack wasn't strong enough to hold them.

8.30. Shells from the shore batteries are falling nearer —the last batch about 200 yards off the port side and square in deflection.

8.35. A group of four shells tosses white water to starboard. We're bracketed.

8.41. Another string of geysers ahead of us. The Jap battery is in no hurry, but, boy! it's working well.

8.45. Apparently the bridge is going to do something about this. We can hear the telephone man relaying an order already sent over the engine-room telegraph—left rudder. We swing about as on a pivot. The top rolls over until we are looking down into blue water. You'd think the whole thing would keep going right on over into the drink. But we come up with a jerk at right angles to our original course and right side up. Four shells, all in a pattern, fall astern and to port. So we've come out of the bracket.

8.50. Shells begin to pile up on the end of the island where the land battery is flashing at us. We are doing a sort of cumbersome adagio dance, the sort of movement you might expect of an elephant in bayonet drill. Our wake, a broad path of light blue with fringes of white on a stretch of calm cobalt, is a glittering corkscrew.

8.53. We let loose a fine salvo at a ship in the lagoon which seems already headed for the beach. I shall make a note of it, to paste in my hat for study if I ever have to go to a gunnery school again, or to consult when anybody says anything about the law of averages. Five guns fired—the two forward turrets; two shells went over, two were short and very near, and the fifth made an error of fifty mills to the right, smashed into the coral right at water level, hit a subterranean oil storage, and started the biggest fire ever seen in the South Pacific.

It is a pleasure to report that we are now maneuvering well out of range of the shore batteries, whose efforts continue to pockmark the ocean between here and the shore.

8.54. A third fire of first magnitude but with more red in its black plumes has burst out well toward the north end of the north island—far to the right of the other principal blazes. The smoke column is now hundreds of feet high.

8.55. We plaster the land batteries with everything we've got—a smash that makes the ship lean back and slide sideways in the water—and then turn about. The northernmost fire and the one we touched off in error in the middle of the island seem to have combined in one fine blaze. It is now erupting gray and black smoke with

high bursts of red in it where hot gases belatedly ignite. Fire has all the characteristics of oil except for the gray mixture which may indicate explosives, I hope.

9.00. We draw away. We are now about ten miles off Wotje. Bursts are leaping up on the south end of the island. The destroyer is still in there firing incessantly. It probably went in close to finish off the ships inside the lagoon.

9.10. The faraway atoll now seems to have no height. It is a long white-green streak on the horizon with flame running over it and smoke plumes balanced on it.

9.30. "Periscope dead astern!" Thus the lookout. Speed and twist! Speed and twist! The destroyers leap like flying fish. *Thud!* go the depth charges.

9.40. All planes returning. Our destroyer seems to have finished its job and is coming up like a fox terrier with its tail in the air.

10.00. Planes overhead, but only seven. Eight took off. We slow down to pick up planes. Four go to the other cruiser. So it's one of ours that's gone. Which?

11.15. The carrier looms up over the rim of the sea as we zigzag toward her. She looks as big as the Queen Mary.

11.20. The atoll is now completely out of sight, but the smoke of the oil fires is still thickly visible sixty miles away. Two more warships are coming into sight near the carrier—also quantities of planes.

Report from the carrier: Eight Jap planes managed to get off during the attack on Kwajalein—heavy bombers. They followed our bombers back to the carrier. Carrier fighters got four of them.

11.25. The carrier swings northeast. So do we. We are still at general quarters.

11.58. Secure from general quarters. A tired, dirty mob troops down the iron ladders. Details start out to clean up the ship, to put electric-light globes back in their sockets and to take mirrors and other flat glassware off the floor, and to turn on the water. The first lieutenant's detail goes around inspecting damage, which is considerable as a result of detonation.

12.20. Buffet luncheon. Beans, cold meat, pickles, stewed peaches. Very acceptable.

1.15. I go to bed feeling as if I could sleep for a week.

1.45. Bugle and bawl of Donald Duck to general quarters: "Planes approaching!"

1.50. Five planes—big bombers—come slanting out of the overcast, which is thick above 2,000 feet, and start in a long glide straight for the carrier. This is the first time I have ever seen dive bombing attempted by two-engined planes the size of a Douglas transport. All the ack-ack in the group lets loose. At less than 2,000 feet they straighten out and drop their clunks. It's a fine job of bombing. Water rises to a height of 200 feet and covers the carrier for her entire length. It seems impossible that any of her should be left.

But the Carrier Dodged

THEN the water comes down and the mist disperses and we see that the carrier has spun about. The bombs fell precisely where she was when the planes came out of the cloud, but by the time they hit she was somewhere else.

2.00. Another plane streaks out of the clouds on a long glide. Our ack-ack blasts. The plane seems almost to stop in mid-air as it bursts into flames. Then it continues on toward the deck of the carrier.

We'll never know whether the pilot was alive or dead when the plane came to its finish. In either case he probably had no time to know that his attempt failed. The big bomber hit the end of the flight deck, crashed one plane, and slid over into the sea.

Our marine gunner who accomplished most of this miracle looks startled. "He was there and now he's gone," he said. Which is true. There's no trace of him or his crew—not even a spot of oil.

2.10. This is the fastest I've ever traveled on water except in a speedboat somewhere on a calm lake. We are sticking our nose into it and flinging spray up over the bridge. Our wake looks like a waving green stair carpet with white fringe on a blue floor.

3.30. Radio announces two or three planes fifty miles away and inbound.

3.59. And here they come. The lookout sings: "Two planes approaching bearing two-four-oh. They seem to be heavy bombers."

4.00. Then sky control: "Commence firing."

Once more, bedlam. I was on my knees under the ship's bell on the searchlight platform when the riot started. I had trouble getting to my feet with the shock and plunge of the ship. I smashed my head against the bell and battered my bones on the rails and skinned my knees.

4.02. Four bombs drop near the carrier. The water piles up on the carrier deck, but apparently there's no damage.

4.05. Two of our fighters come from somewhere and begin to climb. We cease firing. The fighters get altitude with amazing speed and take off after the bombers to the southwest.

It is difficult to get yourself adjusted to the silence that comes now. It has been a weird afternoon—everything you could ask for except a cavalry charge.

5.00. The carrier's planes begin to come back and land. They had shot down one of the two bombers.

5.45. "Secure from general quarters." We relax once more.

"Well Done! *(Signed)* Halsey"

WITH what the aviators know and what reports come down from the bridge we are able to reconstruct something of the scene on the atoll. It was like an army camp, Crowley says, with big wooden buildings close together. The defense forces were driven under cover by the strafing attack and one oil fire had already been started when we came in to bombard. The cruiser aviators set fire to a hangar, a storehouse, and a set of buildings that appeared to be repair sheds. One ship was sunk outside the harbor, four sunk inside the harbor, and three driven onto coral reefs where the water was too shallow for them to be completely submerged. The magazines and oil dumps were set afire. In other words, this base was rendered useless for many days, not to say months. We lost eleven planes, no ships.

7.30. Buffet supper. I was too tired to swallow a bite of it. I am going to bed. If there's an attack, somebody may have to wake me. We might be sunk without my knowing anything about it.

February 2. The Jap radio says that we attacked the Marshall Islands with the Atlantic fleet, which of course they defeated quite easily. Their bag, in this report, consisted of a carrier and five cruisers.

On top of this discouraging news from Tokyo we received a dispatch from Admiral Halsey: "Commander task force eight to task force eight: Well done! You have made history in the Marshalls. I am proud to have the honor to command you. God bless you! *(Signed)* Halsey."

February 6. Back in Honolulu there was a press conference this afternoon—interviews with the brass hats who had directed the ships in our endeavor—a chance to get more information about a story that the censors won't let us send out for ten days or two weeks, although the navy has told all about it in a press release.

February 14. Lieutenant Commander Drake called. Could Foster Hailey (New York Times) and I get out to the base prepared to travel by eleven thirty? We said yes.

Hailey and I found ourselves assigned to the old "Swayback Maru," the same cruiser on which I had visited the Marshalls. We clambered aboard amid cheers. Welcome home! The mob seemed to figure that I am a sort of harbinger of luck. Well, maybe.

February 15. A tanker is with us. We are plodding along at about seventeen knots and the chief engineer has been notified to "keep a light brown haze" over the stacks—an indication of the most economical oil consumption. It looks as if we might be out a long time.

The morale on this ship is high; the attitude toward further conflict—as you might expect after an initiation such as ours—is that of veterans.

February 16. Dive-bombing practice this afternoon was

fairly good. We trailed a mat about a quarter of a mile astern and planes from the carrier came over and worked on it with small bombs and machine guns. The target was small, well submerged, and tossed up very little white water, so it wouldn't have been surprising if the pilots aloft had failed to see it at all. But the first came down from 10,000 feet on what was practically a plumb line. His bomb fixed up the mat so it was even less of a target thereafter. None of the divers missed by a margin that would have been comfortable for anybody on a ship in the place where the mat was.

It was interesting to see how the crew of this ship banked all over the stern on life rafts, ladders, masts, and the tops of turrets. They were a sober and critical group. Wild bombing, indicating just how far a diver could miss his target, gives them considerable encouragement.

February 18. I discovered that the hue and cry was on for one of the carrier's aviators. While he was supposed to be close at hand, he was making no progress finding us. We had come too close to enemy territory to turn the radio loose, so every ship in the formation began to make smoke. The black clouds strung out through the gray clouds like a ribbon woven through lace, and eventually they came into the lost pilot's vision. We got a wigwag report from the carrier. I dare say it's unofficial: "He says he's glad to get back."

February 21. We have shellfire every day in addition to the regular drill, a sort of unending dress rehearsal. Battle is going to be only another bit of extra work when we finally get around to it.

February 22. I woke to the noise of a can (navy for destroyer) coming alongside and the clamor of men on our decks setting up a rig to transfer mail or something.

Went below and stumbled upon one of the oddest accidents in a somewhat full experience.

It seems that one of the eager young men on the can had been assigned to shoot a line over to us with a handgun, a contraption like a short rifle powered with a 45-caliber, 70-grain shell. The rifle throws a slug about eight inches long to which a heavy cord is attached.

The lad on the can aimed this contrivance at the passageway across our deck behind the washroom amidships and let go. The slug cleared everything except a sailor who had just turned the corner on the port side. It hit him in the face just below the left eye, went through him and out at the back of his neck, threading a cord behind it.

The sailor of course was extremely lucky not to have been killed on the spot. But he is still on the edge of the grave. The doctor is much worried—as well he might be.

February 23. Nearing Wake Island from the northeast. We're definitely on the last lap.

The captain addressed an officers' conference in the wardroom this morning and explained the program. It's the same picture as Wotje except for the geography. The planes soften up Wake at fifteen minutes before dawn. We go in and bombard. If we're lucky, we clean up and go home.

One of the gunnery lads expressed himself:

"We go in. We destroy three shore batteries and sixteen oil tanks and such buildings as stick up over the six-foot hill. A destroyer that we know to be there comes out shooting. After that a squadron of planes takes off from subterranean hangars and chases us, bombs dropping en route. It continues to chase us for several days, during which we fire back when we can get the chance. We clean up and repair the damage for two days. Then we can go down and shave."

The lad who got hit by the slug from the line gun was running a fever this morning, but the doctor thinks he will pull through. The doctor rates it as a sort of miracle.

Orders before battle issued on the evening of February 23: . . . "(3) The cause of most of the upper respiratory diseases is due to infectious droplets being coughed and sneezed out into the air. As the ship at present is crowded, great care should be taken to cover the mouth with the handkerchief when coughing or sneezing."

And beat him if he sneezes, for tomorrow he dies.

"Field Day" at Wake Island

FEBRUARY 24. Day of battle.

I got up at four as the ship was coming within striking distance of Wake Island.

I went down to a breakfast that reminded me of an assemblage of sleepy lads in a bus station getting ready for a morning run. The waiters were the only anxious ones in the room. They had to convert the premises into a hospital as soon as we gave them a chance.

6.30. The sky begins to lighten. There is an absolutely terrific wind and the sea promises to be the roughest we've been in since we left home. It's virtually impossible to stand on the searchlight platform without hanging on to something.

7.00. Below and aft our planes are warming up.

7.10. Broad day now, although the sun is still behind a cloud bank. You can make out a motley crew on the iron terraces below—blue flash suits, denims, khaki overalls, life jackets, headphones, blue tin hats. They're all alive and moving now, trying to balance their regalia and themselves against the wind.

7.12. The U. S. S. Ark's* plane comes off.

7.13. Crash! Flame! The ship shivers. A plane comes off the port catapult.

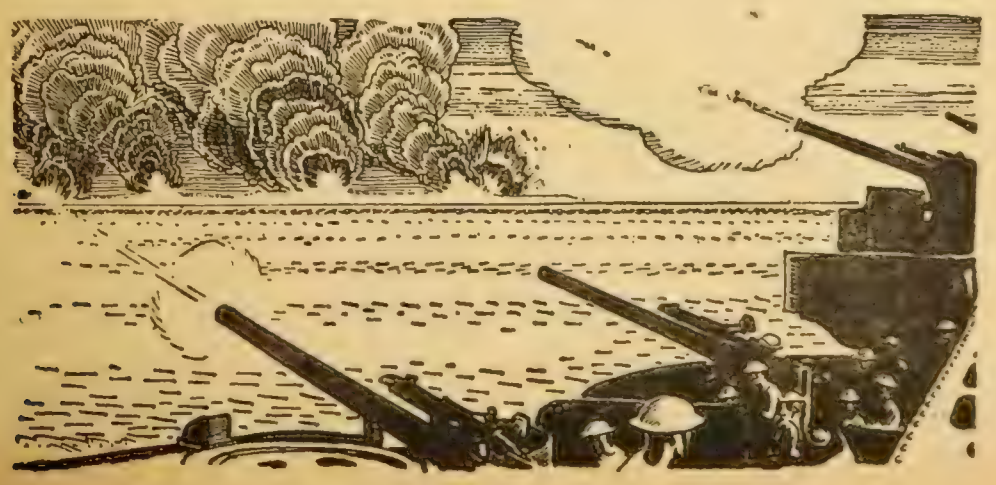
7.14. Our starboard plane takes off. The catapult jangles back into place.

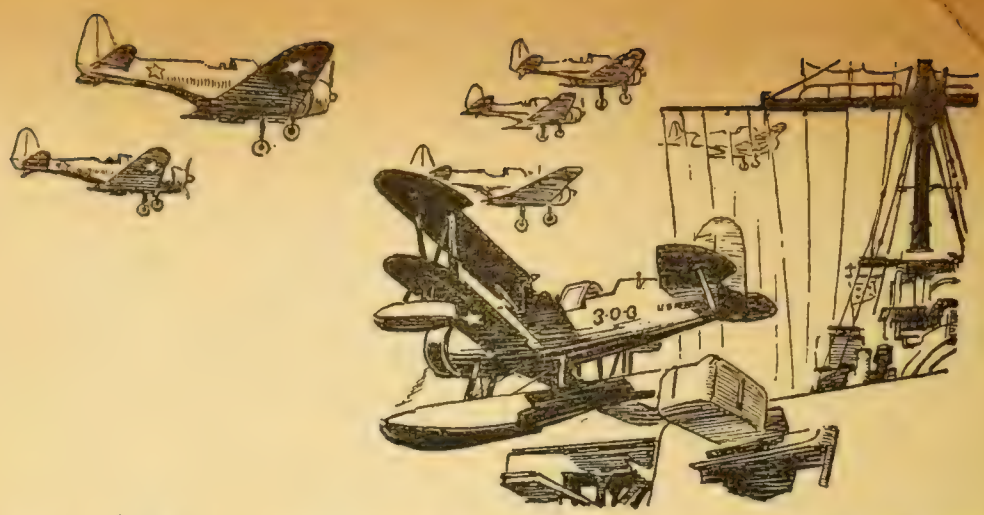
7.25. The Ark swings right. So do we. We're lining up in a sort of company front and parading northeast. Roll and pitch and shock and shiver. Water over our bows and spray over our control platforms. And always the howl of the ghastly wind.

7.28. Flash of ack-ack from the Ark. You look unbelievingly—and there it is. High up in the whitening sky you can see the cross of a plane, a single-seater flying boat, streaking across our country to the north. We join in the hunt in split seconds. Our snarling five-inch guns shake us and push in our diaphragms and constrict our throats and jar our teeth. The fight, apparently, is on.

7.34. The Jap dives straight down across the Ark toward the cluster of SOCs. The fall is so nearly vertical that

*A nom de guerre for another cruiser.





we look for the smoke burst that would indicate that he had been hit. It's an odd dive. Halfway down, the Jap turns toward the Ark. A can alongside sends a string of flak and the Jap changes course again, dives at it and releases the bomb. The can slides sideways as the bomb bursts. For a moment it is concealed in the upended ocean. Then it goes its way. Nobody knows why.

7.46. The Ark edges for a position parallel to the beach of Peale Island, one of the trio that makes up Wake, and cuts loose with her main battery. We also open up with the eight-inch guns, a blessed respite after the bark of the fives. And we watch the beginning of a line of fires.

7.47. Two land batteries are firing at us. The shells seem about six-inch—maybe five. The guns have pretty good range. We remember that our marines sank a cruiser and a couple of destroyers here with just such guns no great time ago.

7.50. Smoke puffs roll and coalesce on Wake. We are blasting with the two forward turrets.

7.55. The entire column of our ships is covered with a green-yellow smoke. Something appears to have smashed in the Ark's rigging. A mess of gear is hanging down from the top of the foremast.

7.58. There are about five batteries working on us. The scene, with all the geysers leaping up about us, reminds me of the ancient cyclorama I saw as a kid in Chicago: The Battle of Manila.

There's a new roar. The five-inchers are going *ad lib.* So are my ears, in spite of cotton packs. All the ships in the line are now trailing yellow smoke and wreaths of shining spray.

8.05. I count fifteen fires on the island—basing inventory on thick columns in spreading cumulus of smoke. There may be more. Can't see what's going on across the lagoon, where the carrier planes presumably are at work on alleged Jap ships. Our shooting is much better than at Wotje—more selective. A salvo here—an eruption of burning oil. A couple of shells there—a burst of debris from a seaplane dock installation. There are no waste shots in the barrage that clunks down on the material sheds. You can see those results plainly and without need for field glasses.

8.13. Direct hit on Wake oil tank—orange ball melts into black. Another battery flashes in the middle of the island. Two spouts rise about the Ark. Straddle. One strikes near us. Short.

8.20. A fine red burst on Wake. We were told that the Japs had brought in about a dozen tanks such as are used on American railroads for oil storage. We seem to be picking them off one after another, or else the fire is reaching them in leisurely rotation.

8.22. It would seem we're pulling out a bit. The five-inch guns have stopped completely. Our stern turrets rumble and shake the fantail.

8.23. Sweet Lady! It's good to give your ears a rest. Everything is silent except for the screaming gale, which you hardly notice. The shore batteries are firing at the limit of their range, obviously to keep us out here.

There is a seething cascade of red fire through the black at the west end of the island. Flames are weaving in and out of black all across the objective.

8.25. The island, as smoke drifts inshore, is fairly visible now. There are numerous white square buildings in addition to the power plant. The whole thing looks something like a United States army cantonment or construction camp—which, of course, it was before the Japs captured it. There is a big white building where Jervis and Wake join. We haven't wasted a shell on it—nor, for that matter, on many of the sheds that stick out so brilliantly from the background of smoke. In a while probably the fire will get to them. If it doesn't, no matter. At the ends of the island are piles of construction materiel, silvery tanks with flames reaching out for them. Separating the islands from the sea is a stretch of white beach a little whiter than the rest of the landscape. There are no trees. There is no color at all to the scene, save for the red and orange bursts of fire.

8.27. A course signal goes up. We appear to be zig-zagging.

8.30. Zigzag. Zig—zag. It's obvious now that we took Wake by surprise. There were no big ships out where we could see them.

8.34. So far the show is ours. The smoke on the horizon is thick and ominous, despite the force of the wind. Wake is another Wotje.

8.37. Off to starboard with startling suddenness there is a burst of black high above the horizon. It's a plane. It arcs toward the sea on a black rainbow. The lookout calls: "It's a Jap! A four-motored bomber!" And as he speaks the plane crashes into the water. Its grave is marked by a tall black cloud like a cypress tree.

Donald Duck tells us that the crashed bomber was taken by one of our fighters who came upon him unseen and unsuspected in a cloud bank. It was headed for us when it came flaming out of the murk. And the thought comes that we are undoubtedly dodging some more of the same kind.

8.46. The puffball of the burned airplane is dissolving, and you take time off to remember—or possibly you realize for the first time—that from six to ten men just died in that flaming coffin, were dead when you first saw it, their corpses riding to the sea in a spectacular glory.

9.14. Stand by to recover planes.

9.33. Hook is swung out for one of the SOCs which shows up in a circle for landing. It lands, and is hooked while plunging up and down like an express elevator.

Bugle Blast—Then Bombs

I WENT to bed at 12.30 with all my clothes on. I learned that trick on our last expedition. When the bugle blows you'd better be ready to hit the deck.

And so the bugle blew at 4.20 and I hit the deck. A bomber has been sighted in the sun astern. Apparently it's content to stay there, shadowing us, trying to pass the glad news to near-by bases or to the subs that may lie between us and Hawaii. . . .

At four forty-five I went below. At six I heard the banging of feet on the gun deck overhead. I grabbed my helmet and was halfway up the stairs when the bugle went, and with it all hell.

The ship had spun and was still slewing over to port

when I came to the top of the stairs and skidded across the signal bridge. Over the starboard rail I saw the answer—the churning green of four bomb geysers about 200 yards away from us—the tumbling remnants of the glittering waterspout that a full ton of dynamite had tossed skyward instead of us. Our decks aft were awash with the descending tide.

The guns were cracking high up, and momentarily we got a glimpse of a couple of bombers like those that attacked the carrier on the last trip—twin-engined things resembling the Douglas transports. They were—as later officially announced by the range-finder operator—13,600 feet up. They went back into the haze out of which they had come, and stayed there.

There were stories from good sources that the captain had saved the ship. He had seen the bombers before any one else and had swung the rudder hard to the left. Nobody saw the planes arrive. No one—and that includes the captain—saw them before they released their bombs.

"An Island Named Marcus"

THERE was quite a lot of palaver at dinner about the uses, if any, of our battle. I am pleased to note that the navy isn't being kidded even by its own strategists. The gist of the conversation was that we had done little, and that we had done it the hard way.

Said one: "You steam about 10,000 miles, you fire twenty-five rounds a gun. You go away leaving land batteries and ground installations and power plants and God knows what. And if those bombs had hit us an hour ago you could rate this as a very expensive expedition, which isn't to say that you can't rate it like that anyway. Also, why haven't we got some kind of detector? The first anybody saw of the bombers this afternoon was the bombs."

"We weren't surprised," says Brewer. "We'd been waiting for those planes all afternoon. But we couldn't see them in the overcast when they got here. That's something different."

February 25. We are to proceed to an island named Marcus and bombard it.

Well, we looked up Marcus in the pilot book. It was discovered in 1847, visited shortly thereafter by the U. S. S. Tuscarora, and last reported by a French ship that called there in 1880. That's all anybody knows about it, apparently.

The captain said: "I think the attack on Marcus will have a far-reaching effect because it will strike close to what the Japanese consider Japan proper. This raid, I am convinced, will cause the enemy to withdraw more and more forces from the south to protect bases up here."

March 1. A nice day for fueling. The carrier is now full and the tank is bobbing around just about empty. The carrier apparently is going to make a trip somewhere.

At five thirty-two Donald Duck made an announcement: "Now, here it is. The captain will make a statement presently." And presently the captain did. He said we were about to act as escort to the carrier on a little job she had to do.

He assured us that there would be no bombardment and that we should be no closer than 600 miles to any island except our objective.

Well, there it is.

March 2. Kobey was a little worried last night lest our positions and direction had been relayed by a submarine that stuck its head up in the neighborhood of our rendezvous the day after we left Wake. But he got some reassuring information. The sub wasn't theirs but ours. It came up and was immediately plastered with eggs from the carrier's planes. The skipper sent out a message: "Am being bombed by strange carrier planes." And inasmuch as nobody at Pearl knows where we are and inasmuch as nobody there would tell him anyway, he still doesn't know we're in the vicinity. It would serve us right if he were to come along some night and put a tin fish into us. Turn and turn about.

March 4. I was awakened at four A. M. by the sound of planes. I went up on deck and discovered the last of a string of thirty-three bombers leaving the carrier.

The Japs aren't going to enjoy this unbirthday present for the emperor. In two hours the whole western sky will be filled with planes. We may not see them—we hope—but they'll be there. The ether will be cluttered up with indignant Japanese.

7.15. "The attack has been successful. Japanese planes were caught on the ground." Thus Donald Duck.

Crowley had overheard a conversation between a squadron commander and a pilot. Said the commander: "They're rolling planes onto the field. Get them."

Answered the pilot: "Am getting them!"

And there was some smart horseplay. Over the air from one of the bombers came a message that may have caused worry and speculation in Tokyo if any Japanese was unbusy enough at the moment to listen to it: "Ranger group! Department of Hawaii group! Attack in ten minutes." And this was repeated so that the Japs could get an idea of all our carriers massing along their shores.

8.00. Seventeen bombers came out of the western sky flying in close formation. Shortly after them a group of eight. It's apparent that they haven't taken any beating. Otherwise they'd not be doing any of this parade stuff. The stragglers would be coming over the horizon singly.

8.35. Thirty-two bombing planes landed without casualty. The other bomber had taken some slugs of ack-ack in the tank, apparently, and had reported that he was running short of gas. By now, of course, he was dead.

The navigator says that the bombing expedition found a better bag than it had expected. There was a flying field on Marcus, complete with hangars and other installations. This was destroyed along with the radio station, docks, etc.

March 6. The doc's prize patient, the lad who got hit with the line shot, is up and about. The only mark on him is a little spot under his left eye. All he'll need will be replacement of a couple of his left upper teeth.

The captain dropped in for a minute during the afternoon. He says that from information reaching him from various sources it's obvious that the Japs are upset about the Marcus business. They are reassigning fleet units and presumably hiking their battleships to a safer venue. Foster Hailey says if we can make them burn as much fuel oil as we burned getting into position to drop a few crumps on Marcus we may call it a Mexican stand-off.

If Tokyo Had Known—

WENT down late to the wardroom, and so heard an odd announcement from Radio Tokyo. The Japanese say they had seven submarines in Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7. After the air attack was finished, they popped up and knocked off the ships in sight, including the Arizona. This, of course, is interesting chiefly as fantasy. No sub got a chance to fire a shot inside the harbor, even at the Arizona. It becomes more and more evident, as you sit listening to the Tokyo commentators putting out flat statements to provoke flat answers, that maybe they don't know yet just what was in their bag at Pearl Harbor.

Our Intelligence has the interesting theory that none of the attacking planes got back to tell what happened. The bombers shot down or cracked up about Oahu, they say, were all virtually out of gas despite the belly tanks they carried to Honolulu and dropped before the attack.

March 10. About eight thirty land came up out of the mist to port. Presently we were part of the turmoil that has become characteristic of Honolulu. All about us were four-pipers and motorboats of the patrol—big boats, little boats, all dashing about like the ferries in New York harbor. Gobs in starched white were breaking out on the decks like a species of popcorn. Home again.

April 7. At last. After nearly a month of sitting around in Honolulu, bored to death in paradise, we are going out again. The correspondents were divided among the various ships. I came alone to the old ship, where I was greeted with cheering warmth. This expedition too is under Admiral Halsey.

April 8. As we slipped out to sea we passed a battered submarine coming in. She was making good time and seemed O.K., but her bow was dented and a section of her forward rail was missing. A few thin sailors stood on the deck and listlessly waved to us. They were pale as

ghosts, as probably they had every reason to be. These ships go out for months at a stretch, and during that time 75 per cent of the men aboard never go through a hatch. What a life!

About midafternoon we were headed west. I then began to inquire—judiciously—where we were going. The captain doesn't know any more about it than I do.

April 12. Clear. Cold. We're getting pretty far north.

Hara-Kiri for All Hands

I LEARNED about the Jap prisoners the destroyer picked up from a Jap patrol boat it sank during the ruckus at Wake. They finally talked, all four of them, and said that they were the sole survivors of forty. When the shells began to come over, the captain started to put on a wholesale hara-kiri. He turned a machine gun on the crew, four of whom were killed instantly. Eight were wounded but managed to dive overboard. The ones we picked up had dived off the fantail before the captain saw them. As they departed he was shooting himself.

Officers of the destroyer say that the prisoners weren't hoping for any favors. A couple of them were taken forward to the head just as a routine machine-gun test started. The two who remained behind went into hysterics. They thought the executions had begun.

April 13. Commander John Ford, the ex-movie director, was talking last night to a man on watch in sky control who spent much of the four hours telling him of the evils of drink. "I'm off the stuff," he said. "And I can't tell you how much good it's done me. I feel snappier in the morning. My appetite is better. I've got a new interest in life since I've been on the wagon."

"And how long have you been on?" Ford inquired.

"Since we sailed," answered the gob.

I sat up until late talking to Ford, mostly about the great cities which I feel that I am unlikely to see any more—London, Paris, Berlin. An odd subject, perhaps, when the sea is rolling and the sputtering radio talks of war. But of course it is really the customary thing. You talk of the things you know best, and you bring back some shred of a better life in nostalgic recollection. No amount of experience can make war anything but the greatest of all unrealities, no matter how close you are to it.

April 18. North of Marcus. Cold.

2.30. Tokyo radio announced an air raid. We clustered about for details of news that the world—our part of it—had been waiting for since the morning of December 7. Unidentified planes (Doolittle's) had come over the town about noon. Bombs had been dropped on numerous nonmilitary objectives. Children had been killed. Temples had been blasted. And all the customary indignation. Excuse us, please, for wondering if by chance our journey up here might have been synchronized to this raid.

9.00. We are turning eastward. But definitely we are hightailing east, heading for home.

April 22. Today we had abandon-ship drill, and I found out for the first time since I came aboard in January that my station in such a predicament is life raft No. 18. This is, of course, academic. In battle, when you abandon ship you get blown or tossed into the water (unless you disintegrate) and I doubt very much if you ever land anywhere near raft No. 18.

Church Chappell told a good story of a destroyer commander in the Philippines who made abandon-ship drill the *pièce de résistance* of his operations. He was quite the best ship abandoner in the United States Navy. He got out the charts and the muster roll and assigned all hands to stations, and so arrived at the distressing discovery that he had one man too many. He looked about for additional flotation gear, and hit upon the meat block. Seaman First Class Joe Glotz was assigned to an abandon-ship station on the meat block.

Glotz protested with no satisfaction. The skipper would not be thwarted. And there came a day, finally, when abandon-ship drill was put on with full regalia and ruffles. Joe Glotz and some friends rushed the meat block out onto the deck and swung it on the davits. The skipper was greatly pleased with the performance until he ordered "Secure from drill." The friends of Mr. Glotz secured by letting go the rope. The meat block fell into the water and sank like a rock.

April 25. Once more—Honolulu.

This time the wait wasn't so long. A week later we were off for the South Pacific. But we arrived just too late for the Coral Sea battle, and after several days of chasing our tails down there we headed back to Hawaii. Our ranking officers thought the Japs might now make an attack on Hawaii or Alaska to take the heat off the Southwest Pacific. And our ranking officers were right.

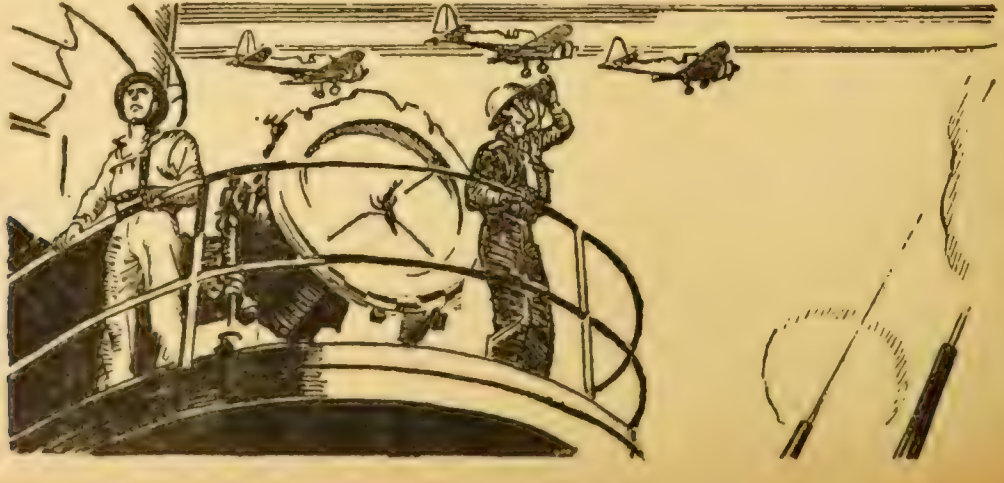
May 28. We got in two days ago, and are already at sea again. We started to get out of Pearl Harbor at 10.30 A. M. We were in the middle of a mess of ships. The harbor is full. The carrier Yorktown came in yesterday afternoon with two cruisers. The Lexington didn't; she's at the bottom of the Coral Sea. The Yorktown apparently wasn't damaged much. She didn't show any wreckage in a close-up view as we passed her.

It's apparent now that we're going northwest, and the best thought on the subject suggests that we're heading for a slugging match. Admiral Spruance of the cruiser division is in charge of the expedition. Admiral Halsey has been sick and most of the lads are affectionately concerned about him. He's been a good leader.

May 29. This morning an announcement was made to officers on watch that we are shortly to contact the enemy, who seems to be traveling in force. According to the best information available at present, the Japs have mustered carriers, battleships, and a large number of cruisers. We are not going to force a conclusive issue, the advice to the officers goes. (I should hope not.) But we are going to play the game of hit and run that we do so well.

As usual, we seem to be holding the short end of the stick—this time shorter than usual. We muster carriers, cruisers, and about half a dozen destroyers to face one of the biggest fleets ever turned loose on the Pacific. An armada that rates as a good half of the Jap fleet, and we're meeting it with a fly swatter and a prayer.

Today we are heading almost due west. Tomorrow we will be in the waters about Midway. We're already in the patrol zone. A Flying Fortress went over us today.



Well, we might sit here and fret considerably about our present predicament. And if naval wars were still being doped as they were a few months ago, we'd have reason. But while our assets may be a little slim, they are good. We have our carriers, and inasmuch as the Japs are going to run into this, we may look upon Midway as another carrier—and unsinkable at that. So let us think in the grandiose fashion. This is our great opportunity.

Rendezvous Off Midway

JUNE 1. For two days we have been hovering off Midway. We are now really in Jap territory. We can tell that by the condition watches and the cockeyed course of the daylight zigzag. We continue to contact sharks and small whales, just as if there weren't plenty of Hirohito's subs in the vicinity.

Heard a story today about the strange behavior of our intership, Donald Duck, through which the admirals spread their orders to the fleet. Last night this gadget began to cough in Morse code instead of lingual adenoids. A startled signalman took down the communication, and found that he had a lot of gibberish in plain English, if there is any such thing. The messages went: "Why don't you drop your bomb?" "Are you going to take an admiral with you when you go to Dutch Harbor?" "How do you like it out there in Tokyo?"

There was a hurried canvass of the ship, but no electrical signal apparatus of any sort was found to be operating at the time. Mickey Reeves finally solved the mystery. Some of his pilots were practicing with a blinker tube which contains a small buzzer weak enough to be fed by a single flashlight dry cell. This buzzer apparently was operating at Donald Duck frequency, although we'd have had some trouble believing that it could be heard. Wonder what the Japs thought if they picked it up.

June 2. This morning about three I was tossed out of bed by a resonant thwack that set the ship back on her tail and shivered the plates until I expected them to fold back on top of me. But the denouement turned out to be unworthy of the stew I was in or the time I am wasting setting it down. Not to be too coy about it, we had hit a whale, and apparently a large one. I'd feel sorry for him if I didn't know that the depth charges would be sure to get him in a couple of days anyway.

Here is a copy of the order of the day that explains our odd rendezvous out here:

"An attack for the purpose of capturing Midway is expected. The attacking force may be composed of all combatant types, including four or five carriers plus transports and train vessels. If the presence of our task forces remains unknown to the enemy, we should be able to make surprise flank attacks on the enemy carriers from a position northeast of Midway. The successful conclusion of the operation now commencing will be of great value to the country."

The dispatch doesn't mention it, but four battleships are supposed to be with the attacking fleet. Our present position is what you might call interesting but unpromising.

"I was always a delicate kid," said Tom O'Connell, apropos of nothing. "They used to wonder if I'd ever grow up. And sometimes even now I wonder if I'll ever see my thirty-second birthday."

"When is it?" somebody wanted to know.

"Next Thursday," replied Mr. O'Connell.

The Yorktown, two cruisers, and an assortment of destroyers have come up. The new force stays aloofly over toward the horizon on our starboard side, but it makes a very inspiriting sight.

June 3. Northeast of Midway.

The striking event of the morning was a dispatch which said tersely: "Enemy planes attack Dutch Harbor."

Well, here it is. We'd been expecting that attack, just as we are now expecting another one. Our advance information has been proved at least half correct.

The call to muster came at 9 A. M., and the men fell in at nine five. At nine six Donald Duck joined the proceedings with a single startled cry: "Aircraft!" Then came the bugle and, for the first time since we've been aboard, the *beep-beep* of the general alarm. The trim ranks broke up like falling dominoes and the ladders began to fill with clambering gun crews. I went aloft to the searchlight platform on the foremast. Here, as usual, I could pick up a bit of gossip from sky control, whose tin tubs (gun-position splinter shields) are just below this platform and behind the forward director. The Yorktown had made a contact "with a number of unidentified planes at thirty miles."

All ships were moving at full speed with white ruffs at their water lines, and white tails, looking for all the world like ships in a Greek lithograph. We did an amazing assortment of plunges and turns until nobody could have told what direction we were intending to follow or what was our position in the general line-up. Zigzag! Run ahead! Turn hard right! Turn hard left! Zigzag!

Watching a naval battle is like watching a three-ring circus with clowns—you haven't enough eyes.

For half an hour we did a sort of cotillion, sometimes ahead of the carriers, sometimes between them, sometimes abeam or astern. Then word was relayed to the task forces that the Yorktown had picked up some of her own planes on the detector. So the bugle blew recall, and we all came down out of the wind and the weather except the lads who had to stay on watch.

At noon we heard another piece of news:

"A large body of the Japanese fleet moving on Midway has been located by navy patrol planes 700 miles west."

Two days' travel for ships. The planes should be going to work early tomorrow.

June 4. North of Midway Islands. I learned that army planes from Midway located a part of the Jap invasion force late yesterday afternoon. They reported four heavy ships, at least two of which were battleships. They damaged one and left it "burning furiously."

Another report came in. One of our subs sank three Jap subs and three merchant ships with eleven torpedoes at Wake. The submarine skipper complained that his periscope was getting so cloudy he couldn't see through it. What might he have done if only he could have seen what he was doing!

6.00 A. M. I got up for reveille, and looked out at a clotted sky, a black sea, and odd gray moonlight.

If there is such a thing as a special atmosphere for battle, here it is!

8.20. Donald Duck issued a call to quarters with the *beep-beep* that made it official. As we started for battle stations we were informed that the Japs had just attacked Midway, 170 miles to the southwest of us. We didn't have to be told, as we swung about into launching position, that we were going to take a flying leap at their carriers.

"O. K.—This Is It"

AS I went into the wardroom to get my tin hat, I met Commander Crenshaw. "O.K.," he said. "This is it. And don't go out without your rubbers." I crawled up to the searchlight platform and saw us start the ride into battle at the fastest speed this force has worked up to date. We were going so fast that our protective can had trouble keeping up with us. The sea was flat, but still the can buried her nose in the green and tossed up a plume in her wake that looked like Old Faithful.

Behind us the sea was strange to look upon, crisscrossed by frothy white lines—miles of them in fanciful design, as wide and white as concrete roads—the boiling water left to mark the passage of heavy ships. From here the sea appears to be crowded with ships. Our little force has grown miraculously—and fortunately—through the addition of cruisers and such that have overtaken us in the night, and also through the companionship of the Yorktown's force.

8.45. I'm beginning to have a great deal of respect for Admiral Spruance, who is conducting this expedition. It is getting more and more apparent as we steam toward the west that we haven't been detected. It's a miracle, but that seems to be the way of it.

We have an inferior force. It's probably one of the largest the United States ever sent anywhere in a gesture of anger, but what of it? About half the Jap navy—and not the worst end of it—is out there ahead.

There are two forces of Jap warships, aside from the train vessels. The northern group is the striking force. It

consists of two battleships, four carriers, and assorted heavy cruisers and destroyers. Behind it at no great distance—possibly fifty to seventy-five miles—is a reserve force of two more battleships, one or possibly two carriers.

9.10. We make a right-angle turn, and the carrier's dive bombers and torpedo bombers go off. It's comforting to see them up, and something of a relief, too. It won't be long now, one way or the other. If we don't get the Jap, he'll certainly get us.

The white road in our wake goes straight back to the horizon, a four-lane highway on which ride two cruisers, fantastically unreal behind a curtain of exhaust fumes.

From here I can look down on our SOCs sitting in their cradles and definitely detached from the flight. This is no work for children or fat men. Beyond the catapults the five-inch guns are bunched together on the flight deck, all of them with their muzzles in the air expectant of attack. Experience shows that there's nothing wrong with that premise or the technique.

These guns are manned by marine crews who from a height present a change in color from that of the region where the gobs operate. Here, instead of blue dungarees, is a vista of shiny green, absolutely motionless. Nothing is so immobile as a cannoneer awaiting a chance to work.

Shells stand nose down in the fuse cutters—colorful shell and dull varnished brass base. The guns, somehow, look bright and new—freshly painted barrels with a red ring around the muzzles, brass elevation gears burnished with grease.

The sky is filling with planes. They circle the carriers, group themselves in twos and threes and quartets, and wing along under the high clouds in squadrons of fifteen.

Why we've delayed as long in uncorking these planes nobody has told me, but it's fairly obvious. It may be hard on Midway to let the Japs proceed with their attack in force, but it's going to be a lot easier to smash their carriers if their planes are busy somewhere else. It would seem that our carriers are sending up all they've got. Over the top, and God bless!

From the signal yards the flags come down and the flags go up—red, yellow, blue, white, crossed, striped, checkered. Lads are running up and down the ladders of the foremast with dispatch blanks in their hands. It's all spectacular and thrilling.

9.30. Everybody aboard ship stands motionless, each man prayerful after his fashion, as the planes go quickly out of sight off our starboard quarter. Few men have had a chance to look upon a spectacle like this. In the nature of things, few will look on anything like it again.

10.00. Everything is on its way now, except for about ten fighters which loiter around us.

I went below to get my glasses, and found everything shut up tight. Nobody's taking any chances with this ship, no matter how far away or how preoccupied the Japs may be. I found a gob with a chisel or a permit or something to pry a scuttle cover off one of the hatches, and so got below. Everything was darker than a coal mine and as stuffy as the inside of a rubber boot. Turret men and powder monkeys lay sprawled in the long passageways. A hell of a life. In the long vigils before battle they lie in the dark. During battles they go through a monotony of powder and shell-handing. The most vital moments they will ever experience are also the most drab.

"Stand By to Repel Attack"

BELOW decks you got an idea of the ship's speed from the sound of the water tearing at her shell plates as it went by. It's a sound not far short of terrifying.

10.30. We go into a terrific lateral-pass maneuver, and the ships start running across each other's bows. Donald Duck raises his voice: "Antiaircraft stations stand by to repel attack."

I go back to my place on the foremast. Then comes the usual wait and study of the sky. You can't help but think that this fine day which you were finding so useful to our bombers is going to be just as helpful to Hirohito's.

We are now leading the procession abreast of the cans. A cruiser—a floating arsenal ack-ack—has come over alongside the old carrier nearest us.

10.45. Ten planes show up off the starboard bow. They may be the Yorktown's. As we glower at them we get the answer—the step pyramid of the Yorktown's bridge structure comes up over the horizon.

11.15. A report has come in that one of our Fortresses has attacked and damaged a carrier, presumably in the reserve group. The attack on Midway has been driven off—eight planes shot down over the island, the marines claiming a bag of thirty offshore.

I'm getting sleepy. A gray half-moon hanging belatedly in the thin blue sky reminds me so much of myself.

12.00. Mickey Reeves signaled me to come down to the bridge for a sandwich. So I was right at headquarters when first reports began to come in from our planes. The first message was brief. The Jap carriers had been located, and they were virtually without air cover. Apparently all their planes had been sent out to make the conquest of Midway quick and easy. However, the squadron commander of the TBD (torpedo bomber) unit reporting, said that his planes were virtually out of fuel.

"Request permission," he called, "to withdraw from action and refuel."

The admiral's answer was terse:

"Attack at once."

"They're All Afire Amidships"

SOON we heard the report of one calm, level-voiced TBD pilot reciting what he was seeing as he swung away from the carrier ship he had attacked.

"They're all afire," he said, "but I can't tell you what ships they are. You can make out the typical Dutch-shoe bows, but they're all afire amidships, and the smoke is rolling back so you can't even see how long they are." Came another pilot to mention that some of the Jap planes that had attacked Midway were just getting back. And as he spoke you could almost see the unfortunate pilots, by now probably sick of Hirohito's navy, dropping into the sea by twos and threes—a ghastly joke indeed to play on a conqueror who was coming back only for a tankful of gas and some more bombs.

1.20. The carriers swing around, getting ready to take on returning planes, which are now showing up in twos and threes. Everything is set to repel an attack, and with good reason. If these planes have left any Jap carriers usable, we may expect a quick attack in return.

Presently word came that the attack had been a complete success. All the carriers had been hit and severely damaged. At least three were burning. One apparently had been sunk in the first two or three minutes of the engagement.

One battleship that we had attacked was afire. A second had been hit. And the bulk of Japan's attacking planes must presently be going into the drink for want of any other place to land.

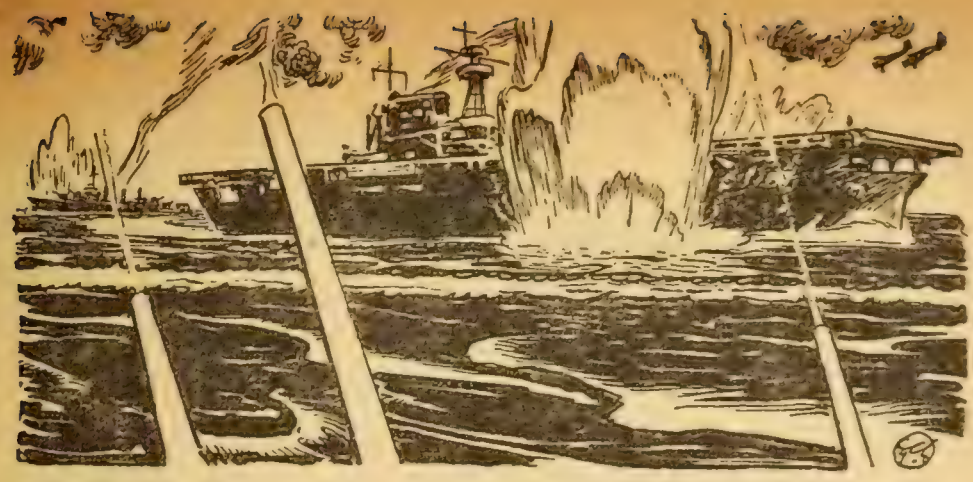
I went to the wardroom, leaned back in the Morris chair, and presently was sound asleep in that deep exhaustion that follows such moments of tension. I was aroused by the sound of some other chair-holders grabbing up their tin hats. I got out onto deck about 2.30. The time is uncertain. My watch was smashed.

There was no time to climb up to the coop on the foremast. A spot of ack-ack had burst over to port near the horizon, and the air in that direction seemed to be covered with planes. The Yorktown was being attacked. Thunderheads of ack-ack blackened the horizon.

A couple of heavy cruisers peeled off from our formation and streaked over toward the Yorktown. It seemed a little late for rescue work.

This drama lasts only a matter of seconds. The black puffs attenuate and lose color and mingle with the stratus clouds in the low distance. The carrier has gone over the horizon again and the ocean is as it was before, save for one strange and terrifying thing—a column of smoke, like the greasy black cockade that marked Wotje after the Marshall Islands raid, is rising straight into the air to reach at last the dim levels of the ack-ack. Something is afire over there. Commander Crenshaw thinks that maybe a destroyer got hit. We cross our fingers and hope it wasn't the carrier.

We keep on our course with every rivet straining, and we cast no anxious glances at the horizon. We haven't



time. Whatever happened to the carrier may be happening to us in very short order. The Japs will never overlook the flagship as long as they have a plane left.

6.05. An announcement was made over the loudspeaker. We begin to realize that we have actually taken part in a decisive and important battle. We are now informed that we have "attacked and severely damaged four enemy aircraft carriers." But there's a catch to this announcement and possibly an explanation for the smoke over on the horizon: "One of our aircraft carriers was attacked and badly damaged. We suffered severe losses in airplanes." Battles, you are learning, are merely encounters in which the victor's losses are a little less than those of the loser.

"Is the Yorktown Still Afloat?"

ABOUT six ten I came in off the deck to a dimly lighted wardroom for a cup of coffee. I needed it. A lot of officers were there, most of them munching sandwiches automatically and in silence. If they spoke at all, it was with the voices of men dead for sleep.

"We sent out fifty-three TBDs and we got back five." "They had to land in the water—no gas." "If they attacked the carrier, why don't they attack us? What's keeping them?" "I guess most of their planes are in the drink, too." "Is the Yorktown still afloat?" "She's listing badly and down by the bow." For a victory feast this was certainly a depressing session.

Out on deck again at six-thirty. The Yorktown was now well up over the horizon, an appalling mass of smoke rolling off her flight deck.

6.40. Air alarm. I scrambled up to the searchlight platform again. As I passed the 20-mm. battery Mickey Reeves came out of the charthouse. "Watch it on that side," he ordered. "They think they've got something coming in on the sun."

We swung about immediately and careened toward me so that I was hanging to the ladder like a fly trying to get a hold on the ceiling. When I got to the platform we were leaving the burning carrier behind us. Another carrier, undamaged, and her cruisers were jet-black against the reddening sky.

Down at the five-inch guns the marine crews were staring into the sun, shading their eyes with their hands, their faces screwed into odd knots like those of characters in a Bellows drawing—alert but, as usual, immobile; concerned, perhaps, but not showing it.

7.30. Lieutenant Dancey came up the ladder bound for the fighting top. I crawled up after him, and looked out upon a larger if no more watery world.

Somebody apparently had tossed a miracle. The Yorktown had straightened up. The list had been reduced, so that it wasn't apparent through the glasses. The fire had gone out. Big, clean, beautiful, she filled a large section of our vision. She was like an island not only in her silhouette but in her immobility. Four cruisers stood by.

7.35. Dancey asked for a report on operation in progress, and we learned that we still had twenty-four torpedo planes out working on what was left of the mess we produced this morning. They may have some trouble getting back before dark.

7.40. The sun is getting low. The horizon is a band of glowing orange. And against it the battered carrier stands in her glorious aloofness. As we watch, four heavy cruisers steam off along the edge of the panorama toward the north, and the cans follow. You look at this with a catch in your throat. For there's no doubt now that the ship has been abandoned. Until our course for the recovery of planes took us over the horizon and dropped her from our vision, she stood majestically on the rim of the sea, the blazing sun behind her like the burst of light at the climax of a grand opera, her head up.

7.45. Once the carrier was out of sight, we took our loss philosophically. After all, to trade one carrier for three or more wasn't bad business. I mentioned to Commander Mayer that, for the first time since I began to ride with this task force, we had arrived at a point where we could trade the Japs carrier for carrier and still have enough left to lick them.

Mayer nodded. "All this has worked out like the war games," he said. "We've been over this problem right here in these same waters a dozen times. Somebody realized a long time ago that the best way to beat the Japs would be to let them pick the battleground—but make it our battleground that they picked."

8.30. The carrier still close to us launches some fighters. The TBDs are coming in to land. They are well bunched, but in no particular formation. The recently released fighters romp about over them in the darkening sky.

I recall a comment of Ralph Morse about torpedo-bomber pilots: "They don't stand any watches. They don't have to go out and do patrol jobs. They don't have any dogfights to worry about. They may sit around playing poker for a month before they have to go out. Then they go out—and they don't come back."

These lads, however, came back in good order. And they brought a puzzle. One of our carriers had sent out twenty-four planes. Thirty-five came back. The explanation, of course, is that some of the homing pigeons were part of the outfit from the Yorktown.

The wardroom scuttle-butt session was brief, considering that we had just taken part in a first-class battle, and, not only that, had come out intact and with an amazing success where most of us had expected to be sunk.

Crowley contributed a bit of common sense for the consideration of tired officers. "We have a lot of subs out there," he said. "It's to be expected that they are closing in on such ships as the bombers have partly wrecked and slowed down."

The officers listened to him politely and without argument. Most of them had been awake for twenty-four hours. All of them had been under constant strain for a long nightmarish if glorious day. One by one they went to sleep in their chairs or staggered off to lie down.

It's now obvious that Admiral Yamamoto's outfit has taken a severe trimming. The big fleet is in full retreat. Tomorrow or next day may show the best part of this armada out of business. Seldom in the history of naval warfare has an admiral walked into a trap with his chin so far out, and seldom in naval warfare has a surprise stroke by a working minority meant so much.

The warning net carried the chatter of amazed Japs all

morning. One Jap pilot apparently knew that his carriers were being attacked, but he pursued his job of patrolling with no thought that our bombers could have come from anywhere except Midway. Then suddenly a great light seemed to break upon him. He gasped, and when he spoke it was in the language with which he was most familiar—good San Francisco high-school English:

"My God! The whole United States fleet is out here!"

He was wrong, of course, but as we are going now, nobody in the Jap navy is likely to stay around here long enough to discover his error.

This is quite likely to become one of the most amazing battles since men began to set themselves up as naval experts. For example, we took part in a major engagement which we appear to have won handily. *And we haven't fired a shot.* This is the first big naval battle fought entirely by airplanes.

Mickey Reeves mentioned that it would be a good subject for a critique.

"Sure," said Crowley. "If you could find anybody who was there."

There is plenty of basis for his cynicism. "They live the life of Riley. They go out—they never come back."

About 11 P. M. we got a report from the TBDs that carried out the late-afternoon expedition.

When they caught up with the Japs again only one carrier was present, and that was afire. They worked on that briefly. Then they saw a battleship, and dropped the rest of their eggs on it. As they left, fire was pouring out of its stacks and it was in obvious difficulties.

June 5. North of Midway. In pursuit of the Jap fleet. Calm, wet, misty.

We sent out three bombing attacks today. The first one worked on a carrier (without planes) and two heavy cruisers. The second, looking for the same target, came upon a battleship and six destroyers. The returning pilots report a highly successful operation. The carrier, they say, was set afire and sunk. Eighteen hits were planted in the big flatiron. The planes then stood off and watched preparations being made to abandon ship. They then landed several hits on the cruisers, and used their remaining bombs to plaster destroyers. They came home convinced that they had left nothing afloat except men in life jackets. A report filtered in from somewhere that the Yorktown was torpedoed and sunk by a Jap submarine soon after we last saw her.

June 7. Little by little we begin to see as in a revealing light what actually was done in this fantastic battle. It was too stupendous to contemplate as we lolled in a mist of nervous exhaustion, mumbling to one another in senseless monosyllables, falling to sleep over our coffee. Midway was among the important battles of the world—one of the greatest naval engagements ever fought, even though no ship in either fleet fired a shot at another ship. This incredible navy has come of age, and, not too greatly to the surprise of one who has lived with it in recent months, it is as good as it thought it was.

So Sorry, Hirohito!

WE STARTED for this slaughter with a couple of carriers, half a dozen cruisers, and about as many cans. We picked up the battered Yorktown and a couple more cruisers on the eve of the big smash. The Japs had four battleships, five or six carriers, from twelve to sixteen cruisers, thirty destroyers, and a train of transports, tenders, and supply vessels, bringing the total to more than seventy.

At any rate, we have wrecked the best portion of the Japanese fleet. We who a couple of months ago were shuddering at the sight of Pearl Harbor have taken control of the Pacific.

As a matter of fact, nobody, not even the bomber pilots, can tell you how many Japanese ships were sent to the bottom—nobody but the Japs, and it will be a long time before they get around to telling the truth to anybody, even themselves. This was a cataclysm observed by tens of thousands of eyes, and yet a spectacle that no man saw. Hundreds of men brought back their little bits of it—to make the mosaic in which we may one day see the picture of what happened at Midway.

Official news out of Pearl Harbor today sets the score at four to five Jap carriers sunk or damaged (four certainly sunk), three to four battleships, four cruisers and four transports also sunk or damaged. Our unofficial count is larger, and we're holding that all the carriers, two battleships, and two cruisers are definitely sunk, one battleship sinking, and a fourth damaged.

We weren't deceived by the aiming of the Jap fleet at Midway Islands any more than we'd been drawn off by the noisy feint toward Dutch Harbor. Midway would have been of little use to Japan as an air base for operation against Pearl Harbor. To date we had no evidence of any Jap bombers able to work at that distance. So we gathered with no strain on the imagination that Hirohito was sending his battleships for an attack on Pearl Harbor or a possible visit to the Pacific coast of the mainland.

All in Twenty-Five Minutes

THE battle was fought and won in twenty-five minutes—between 11.55 A. M. and 12.20 P. M., June 4. At five minutes before noon the torpedo-plane squadron came up to the carrier group of the Jap striking force, paused briefly to suggest refueling, and attacked. By twelve twenty the Jap carriers were afire and sinking. The planes aloft could no longer land on them and the planes below decks could not be launched.

And meanwhile the army bombers from Midway were polishing off some heavy ships to the west and south—they mentioned battleships. They also reported that they had dropped a clunk on a carrier. They said their carrier seemed to be without planes—and we got the significance of that when the Jap torpedo bombers made their last suicidal attack on our carrier line and hit the Yorktown.

By 2 P. M. the drive on Midway and Hawaii was over and what was left of the invading force was heading for Tokyo at its best speed. The United States task-force planes took up the pursuit on June 5, and found two minor subdivisions of the attack force traveling close together on their way to Tokyo. They worked on one carrier and one battleship and sank two heavy cruisers of the Mogami class.

The army, in the meantime, reported that Flying Fortresses had damaged two Isei-class battleships. By evening it began to look as though all the carriers brought out by the Japs had been sunk.

It seemed as if the chase might continue all across the Pacific to the old bombing ground around Marcus Island. But the next morning the scouts discovered that the Japanese had found a way to increase their speed of retreat toward home by abandoning their cripples. Only some limping cruisers and destroyers remained to meet the last of the American attacks.

The battle of Jutland was considered to have been the most desperate sea fight since the invention of gunpowder. But in that engagement the British lost only three capital ships and the Germans two—between them equaling our lowest estimate of Japan's loss at Midway. Britain's loss of men was 3,500, the Germans' 3,000. The Japanese at Midway very likely lost 10,000 on the four carriers known to have been sunk, another 10,000 or 15,000 on transports, and nobody knows how many on the other ships. If Tokyo were to announce tomorrow that 50,000 men had been lost in this weird shambles, nobody who was there would be much surprised.

June 13. Honolulu. Got my undelivered cables. I found out that during my absence I had been sent to Australia and then recalled. Bernie McQuaid is coming out to relieve me. And I hope he likes it.

THERE came the day of a chat with a navy commander and an army aviator—the day when the marines were taking hold in the Solomons.

"I suppose it breaks your heart to be out of that fight," said the aviator to the commander—"to lose your chance to help drive the Japs back."

And the commander just shook his head.

"You have it wrong, boy," he said. "I was in that fight. I was in the most important part of it—the part we fought at Midway on June 4."

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

A SERGEANT of the old school writes me from Biggs Field, Texas, that he is burned up about the table manners of some of the new men. He says:

"It is high time that some one gave them a lesson or two. Why don't you explain the meaning of those strictly G. I. words 'shortstop' and 'cinch'? Apparently no one has ever told them about those two chowtime taboos."

Any Army man who has been in long enough to have his basic behind him should know those terms by this time. And every Army man will

"Shortstopper"

learn, if he hasn't already learned, that certain things aren't done at an Army mess table any more than at a dining table in a civilian home.

Take "shortstopping." A man sitting at your right asks you to pass him the potatoes, which are at your left. You pass them—but you help yourself before you do so. That's "shortstopping." And, brother, it is not viewed with favor.

You decide you'd like some more tomatoes. There is just one portion left on the platter and you know there's plenty more in the kitchen. So you clean the platter. That's all right—some one will if you don't—but you put the empty platter back on the table instead of holding it up for a K. P. to see and refill. That's "cinching." And, brother, it won't make you popular with the next man who wants more tomatoes.

Not only is it impolite to "shortstop" and "cinch"—it may be embarrassing or even unhealthy if you are a private and your victim happens to be a noncom. He won't forget it, and he'll make sure you don't, when the proper opportunity arises in the future. Even fellow privates have ways and means of squaring the score.

In the "old Army" there were specific remedies for inveterate "shortstoppers" and "cinchers." I won't go into them—they might give the new men ideas—but they used to work well.

After all, good manners are just a social application of the Golden Rule, and the "do as you would be done by" principle holds, in uniform or out.

Of course, when you are in combat you can forget that rule—I doubt that the Nazis and Japs ever heard of it. OLD SARGE.

* * *

I have been hearing a lot about "flight officers." Can you explain what they are, when the rank comes into effect, whether they have a commissioned status, etc.?

W. H., New York City.

Well, I can't tell you *everything* about flight officers in a few lines, but here are the most salient facts. The title "flight officer" was created by Act of Congress on July 8, 1942, and subsequent Army regulations interpreted and effected the act. Flight officers have the rank, pay, and allowances of warrant officers (junior grade), which means the same pay and allowances as second lieutenants, without the commissioned status. They are entitled to the salute and other courtesies, just as second lieutenants are. Both enlisted pilots and aviation cadets are eligible for appointment as flight officers if they are qualified to perform the duties of an air crew member. Some cadets will be commissioned and some will be appointed flight officers, but as I write this the number of each is an unknown quantity. A "rating scale" will be applied to cadets during their preflight, primary, basic, and advanced training, and whether they are commissioned second lieutenants or appointed flight officers depends largely on their "scoring" under the scale.

* * *

We have been in Canada for over nine months, working day and night on the Alcan Highway. Now at last we are getting fifteen-day furloughs, but with no transportation to the States. We must pay our own fare, at Canadian rates, from Dawson Creek for a distance of 1,291 miles on foreign soil. I had always understood that a soldier on furlough was transported by the Army to the nearest post on United States soil. We would like to have the right dope.

Pvt. H. J. K., A. P. O. 701.

The Army does provide for the return of enlisted men on furlough from outside the continental limits of the United States and including Alaska, *but only by Army transport*. No provision is made for any other mode of travel. So it looks as though you would have to pay your railway fare.

* * *

Regarding the recent ruling that men of 38 and over are eligible for discharge from the Army, can you give me the details, such as procedure and qualifications?

Pvt. H. E. M., Love Field, Tex.

At the date of this writing the War Department has laid down the following principles: By reason of his age (38 or over) the soldier's usefulness to the Army may be secondary to that of industry; the soldier must produce satisfactory evidence that he will be employed in an essential war industry, including farming, if discharged; the soldier voluntarily requests discharge (in writing) to his immediate commanding officer; any discharges granted under this plan will be in furtherance of the war effort and not as a right of the individual; no soldier will be discharged unless a suitable trained replacement is present and available. That's the best I can do for you now, but I'll try to be more specific later as further information becomes available.

* * *

Until I went into foreign service this particular soldier's best friend was his clarinet; but even the best

Clarinetist

of friends must part, and here I am, minus my bosom buddy. It is impossible to buy one of the darn things here. Now, if you can spot any one who has a clarinet to spare (or a reasonable facsimile thereof), will you ask him to send me a bill, epistle, or instrument?

S/Sgt. John G. Potter, 16003443, 52d Fighter Squadron, A. P. O. 831, c/o Postmaster, New Orleans, La.

That's all very well, Sergeant Potter, but how do your buddies feel about your having "one of the darn things"? Unless you are in the Benny Goodman class, they may not thank me for printing your letter. To

me, a clarinet is like castor oil—I can take it if I have to, but no one can make me like it.

* * *

If a man marries *after* he has been drafted, will his wife be entitled to the full government allowance?

Mrs. A. L. A., Seminole, Okla.

Yes. Under the Service Men's Dependents Allowances Act of 1942, a soldier's wife is eligible to receive the allotment, whether her husband went into the Army before or after the marriage.

* * *

MILITARY MISCELLANY

¶ As of December 11, 1942, "members of the Army Nurse Corps are entitled to the same privileges with reference to salutes as are customarily enjoyed by and prescribed for commissioned officers of grades corresponding to their relative rank." Which means that every Army nurse now rates the salute, since their lowest rank is comparable to a second lieutenant.

¶ Unlike the Army, the Navy will not grant discharges to men of 38 or over. The reason is that all Navy personnel came from voluntary enlistments, none from selective service, before the President's executive order of December 5. Hence the Navy sees no need to release men over 38.

¶ Swagger sticks are making a comeback and are becoming more and more popular with both officers and enlisted men. They are not regulation and never have been, but they seem to give that certain something to the man who sports one.

¶ The Army is anxious for constructive suggestions from its personnel, and if an idea is adopted its donor will receive suitable official recognition.

¶ Army men on furlough are entitled to one half pound of sugar a week, and to obtain his allowance the soldier must present his furlough papers to the rationing board.

¶ New noncoms will no longer receive new warrants. Instead, they are furnished copies of the orders announcing their temporary appointments.

¶ A "hashmark" is a stripe, worn four inches from the bottom of the left sleeve, and each one denotes a period of three years' honorable military service.

¶ There seems to be no authoritative explanation for the origin of the term "doughboy." I've heard dozens—but each one is different and not one rings the bell as it should.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

TO THE LADIES

BY ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

"DON'T pamper her." . . . Eddie Cantor seriously phoned that request to Station WNEW the day his daughter Marilyn went to work there. Eddie was glad she'd picked radio instead of going on the stage. "Now she can lead a reasonable life," he commented. At nineteen, Marilyn is New York's first girl radio-station announcer, the man whose place she took being in the army. Each Saturday afternoon she announces the Broadway Beam program, broadcast by Paula Stone, whose father is Fred Stone. "Before every show," says Paula, "father coaches me in the timing of jokes and gags—and he always likes his own jokes best." Paula also fills a vacancy left by a radio man now in the army, while her own husband, band leader Duke Daly, is an R. A. F. officer sky-fighting in Morocco. . . . Pa Stone and Daddy Cantor never miss a program done by their girls. California's new congressman Will Rogers, Jr., son of Will Rogers, went to school with Paula. One of the other Rogers children was born in the Stone home. . . . Paula knows every one in the theater world, which is why she was selected to do a Broadway-Hollywood program. "We send copies of the script to the boys overseas," she said. "My husband reads it in North Africa, and *do I* get a kick out of that!"

ORPHANED by the last war, caught by this one while studying abroad, a young English lady recently reached home through sheer will power. At Lisbon she *moved into* the airways office bag and baggage, with provisions. There she slept and ate, refusing to set foot outside until they put her on a plane. They put her on after a three-day siege!

CANDY recipes have been requested by a number of readers, including Agnes McKay of Marianna, Florida, who wants to know how to make marshmallows at home. Make them as follows: Dissolve 2 tablespoons gelatin in ¼ cup cold water till water is absorbed, then add 1 teaspoon vanilla, pinch of salt. Cook 2 cups sugar to heavy syrup in boiling water. Slowly mix sugar syrup into gelatin, beating until cool and thick. Have shallow pan lightly buttered and powdered with confectioner's sugar. Fill pan so top is smooth and even. Dust with confectioner's sugar. Let stand 8 hours. Cut in squares and dust with confectioner's sugar.

Amount of sugar needed is small if you're careful.

AMY HATFIELD of Philadelphia wants a new name for her wartime job. She's driving a milk wagon, but doesn't like to be called *the milkman*—or *milkwoman*. How about *milkma'am*? Or *milkmaid*?

"IF there is a roomful of people, seek out your hostess at once when you come in, if she does not see you. If she does come forward, greet her first before entering into conversation with others, except for casual nods to those whom you know." . . . I quote this from Clella Reeves Collins' new volume, Navy Woman's Handbook (published by Whittlesey House; $1.50). Mrs. Collins also wrote Army Woman's Handbook. Both are Official Guides for the Association of Army and Navy Wives. *Any one* unsure of etiquette will profit from these books.

NOWADAYS our eyeglasses have certainly joined the fashion list. Newest outdoor specs are triangular, so the two lenses look like a perky bow tied on the bridge of your nose, and the green felt case for these glasses is shaped like a modernistic fish. Sky-blue sunglasses come in a red case bound with blue and white. Miniature folding glasses for evening wear come in exquisite cases of gold leather and silk brocade.

HOW long does *five minutes* mean to you? A society woman tells me her sense of time needed fixing when volunteer war work began. She used to say, "I'll do this or that in five minutes." Pressed now for every moment, she held a watch on her idea of five minutes and found it really was *twelve*.

OUR BOYS IN AUSTRALIA

Continued from Page 25

flowers and soon learned all about the Australian flora.

The Dance Hall Revolution was an overnight affair. One night Melbourne and Sydney dance-hall patrons were going their prosaic way round the floors; the next, the Yanks had arrived and "hot" dancing was the vogue. At first Australian girls watched coyly from the side lines and Australian men hovered shyly about, but soon they joined in the melee, and from that night on there were queues outside every dance hall in Melbourne.

Band leaders rewrote their orchestrations, many helped by Yank privates who had been band leaders and players themselves. Staffs of girl "taxi dancers" were engaged (not to be confused with the Victory Belles, organized as volunteer dance partners for the Yanks at patriotic dances). And local cordial manufacturers put out a brand of "coke" which the Yanks said wasn't "as good as the stuff back home, but what th' hell—it will do."

ANOTHER minor industry sprang up with the coming of the Yanks to Australia—the shoeshine industry. Unfortunately, this clashed with the law and had to be rigidly controlled. For 150 years Australians have been cleaning their own shoes, and shoeshines were as rare there as kangaroos are in this country.

It didn't take shrewd-headed Aussie urchins long to see the crying need of shoeshine outfits. In one day in Melbourne courts seventy-four cases of truancy were dealt with. The evidence disclosed that the boys had played hookey from school to clean the Yanks' shoes. An average day's takings for the kids was two pounds (about six dollars and forty cents).

About two months after the first Yanks arrived in Australia a very real and human problem arose. Australian girls had gone for the Yanks in a big way. The novelty of going to the movies with a smartly dressed United States soldier was very appealing.

Soon a marriage "epidemic" broke out among the more serious-minded, and the United States military authorities had to step in and forbid marriages except under special circumstances.

Publicity was given to the simple facts that (1) all United States soldiers were obliged to return to the States after the war, and (2) their wives, not being United States citizens, could not accompany them should the quota be covered. This chilled many romances, but there were no hard feelings on the part of the Aussie girls.

In any case, their boy friends were moved to some remote part of the commonwealth and they couldn't have gone with them. Australia has no camp followers. Under commonwealth wartime laws civilians are forbidden to travel from one state to another, so that when a Yank outfit pulled out from Melbourne for, say, north Queensland, 2,000 miles away, it was good-by all right. They might just as well have been going to the moon.

Trying to be courteous to each other, and in their efforts to please, the Yanks and the Aussies clashed over the slang issue. You know how it is. In France you call out the menu in French, but the waiter persists in answering in English. Well, the Yanks picked up Aussie slang—and there's plenty of it—but their Australian friends fired American slang right back at them. Honors were about even when I left. The Australianism that has tickled the Yanks more than any other is "Good on you, brother." This is what one Aussie says to another in token of congratulation or any form of praise. Now the Yanks in the Southwest Pacific always say "Good on you, Yank" or "Good on you, Aussie," instead of "Nice going, kid."

The favorite American expression among the Australians is "Uh-uh." Picturesque Australian words that the Yanks have taken into their vocabulary are "Sheila" (girl friend), "bonzer" (good), "dinkum" (true), "bint" (dame), "crook" (something wrong), and "fair cow" (crying shame).

Taken all round, the Yanks have been very much at home in Australia. The great distances remind them of the States. The people are fiercely independent—or were till the Yanks came—and at least like to think they are democratic.

The many varieties of American uniforms bewildered Australians at first, as did tokens of rank, but the Yanks were just as bewildered at Aussie rankings. All those little things are sorted out now.

One thing still rankles with the Aussies. That's when a Yank will breast up to a bar, order a beer, and tender a ten-pound Australian note (about thirty-two dollars). That's about five weeks' pay to a Digger in the Australian Army. Some camp commandants have warned Yanks against this and have set up special change centers.

The Yanks have a bit of a grouch against the Aussies, too. At first the United States Post Exchange (canteen) was open to members of the United States forces only, but by special appeal to General MacArthur, Australian services were later permitted to share it. Now, on many occasions, long queues of Aussies get ahead of the Yanks at their own canteen and buy out stocks of drinks and cigarettes. There's a severe cigarette famine in Australia. Doubtless this matter will be adjusted. The Yanks have access to the Aussie canteen, but there's very little in it that interests the Yanks.

BUT it is over in New Guinea—that foodless, womanless jungle land—that you see the Aussies and the Yanks pulling together against the common foe. No honeymooners here. Many of the green boys I traveled to Australia with a year ago are here.

War in the New Guinea jungle is a grim nerve-shattering business, quite unlike anything that's happened in this war so far. There is intense heat, then heavy rain, followed by steamy nights. Mosquitoes hunt in millions and will power-dive their way through the stoutest nets. Food is scarce, and what there is comes out of a tin and gets so monotonous that you just can't eat. Then, of course, there's the enemy, the wily Jap, always up to some new trick, always having to be killed, down to the last man.

For the lads in New Guinea the Great American Honeymoon in Australia is definitely over, and believe me, the boys themselves are glad. They've got a job to do. They are keen to get on with it—and get back home to the States.

That's what they told me. I pass it on to you.

THE END

BAROGRAPH

All the instruments of weather—
  Mercury, glass, or cocky vane—
Cannot, singly or together,
  Tell as much of snow or rain

As can the tassels of the heart,
  Which, stricken by a flake of cold,
Wither awhile, then floss again
  In rustier green, more weathered gold.

—HENRY MORTON ROBINSON.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY HARRIET GOULD

On a B-17 flying to Hickam Field, the crew listens to the news broadcasts of December 7, 1941.

Frantically rushing repairs on their Mary Ann, the crew stops to fight off a party of Japs.

The Mary Ann lands on the bomb-pitted field at Wake Island in the midst of the battle.

AIR FORCE

A B-17 in the Army Air Corps, affectionately called the Mary Ann by her crew, is the heroine of this exciting fast-moving drama.

Air Force was made at the instigation of General "Hap" Arnold, commanding officer of the Army Air Corps. The archives of the War Department dealing with the fighting flyers in the Pacific were placed at the disposal of Warner Brothers researchers, and Dudley Nichols did the final script. Many of the episodes are actually taken from the logbooks of our fighting pilots, which is why you get such a strong feeling of naturalness, for the people on the screen *are* representative of the men who are fighting for us.

Air Force picks up the story of the Mary Ann—one Flying Fortress in a squadron of B-17s—and her crew when they are ordered to make a routine training flight from San Francisco to Hickam Field. As the crew of nine men is listening to radio reports of Japan's "peaceful mission" to Washington, the navigator records the date in the logbook—December 7. From this point on the activity on the screen moves at a furious pace. Ordered not to land at Hickam, they make a forced landing on a small island and then—against orders—into Hickam—and near destruction. Ordered to take off immediately, they go on to Wake Island and right into the midst of the battle. To save the ship, they take off again for Manila, where they are ordered on to Australia, 7,000 miles without a rest. . . . En route they locate a Japanese task force, send word to the army and navy, and wait around for the fight. The subsequent battle—with the air arms of all the services co-operating—is one of the most exciting filmed sequences we have ever seen.

John Garfield, Harry Carey, George Tobias, John Ridgely, and the rest of the carefully selected cast do a uniformly good job of subordinating their acting to the story.

Add to this the carefully worked-out character studies of the crew members, thrilling sequences of the destruction of the Philippine airfields, excellent direction of the battle scenes by Howard Hawks, and photography by James Wong Howe that couldn't be much better—and you've got a really good picture.

(Warner Brothers.)

THE CRYSTAL BALL

(United Artists)

THOUGH never completely uproarious, this frothy comedy is well paced, consistently amusing, and a smoother job than most films of its type.

It's a screwy story about a seer with a sore sacroiliac (Gladys George) who provides unexpected help to a whimsical Texan (Paulette Goddard) in her effort to break up a romance between Virginia Field and Ray Milland. The Crystal Ball is a nice balance of good humor and farce and should prove good fun for most moviegoers.

THE IMMORTAL SERGEANT

(Twentieth Century-Fox)

THIS is a compact hard-driving drama about a British patrol lost in the North African desert.

The story follows the men through an air attack that leaves only four alive. Their efforts to get back to their base make for some mighty tense moments. Henry Fonda, as the corporal who takes over when the sergeant (Thomas Mitchell) is killed, gives one of his best performances. Allyn Joslyn, Melville Cooper, and Maureen O'Hara give him fine support.

They're All
BIG PICTURES

THE BEST OF THE AUTRYS ARE COMING BACK

Gene's doing his stuff as a sergeant in Uncle Sam's Air Corps these days — but his best musical Westerns are being re-issued — one a month, every month. Watch for them!

HERE THEY ARE...

Gene Autry

in

★ BOOTS AND SADDLES
★ THE OLD BARN DANCE
★ TUMBLING TUMBLEWEEDS
★ MEXICALI ROSE
★ IN OLD MONTEREY
★ SOUTH OF THE BORDER
★ GAUCHO SERENADE
★ RIDE, TENDERFOOT, RIDE

SMILEY BURNETTE
brings you hilarious comedy in every one of these hits!

BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

They're All
REPUBLIC PICTURES

SPENCER TRACY

BETTE DAVIS

JOSEPH COTTEN

CURRENT FILM FARE

FILM	GIST	LIBERTY SAID:
KEEPER OF THE FLAME Katharine Hepburn Spencer Tracy (M-G-M)	*Melodrama* (post-mortem of a "national hero").	Fairly entertaining . . . balanced combination of romance, mystery, and intrigue. (2-13-43)
SHADOW OF A DOUBT Teresa Wright Joseph Cotten (Universal)	*Thriller* (a murderer gets in the family bosom).	Hitchcock has done it again . . . hairline tension . . . good acting. (2-6-43)
STAR SPANGLED RHYTHM Crosby, Hope Lamour, Lake Goddard, etc. (Paramount)	*Musical comedy* (Paramount in revue—stars, producers, sets).	Almost too much of a good thing . . . pace and polish of a Broadway musical but with more plot. (1-30-43)
COMMANDOS STRIKE AT DAWN Paul Muni Cedric Hardwicke (Columbia)	*Drama* (Norway fights back at the Nazis).	Warm, rich, and stirring . . . a must on your movie list. (1-23-43)
SALUDOS AMIGOS Donald Duck Goofy (Disney-RKO)	*Cartoon feature* (the Disney menagerie takes over South America).	Very amusing and palatable dose of hemispheric neighborliness . . . magnificent use of color. (1-16-43)
STAND BY FOR ACTION Robert Taylor Brian Donlevy Charles Laughton (M-G-M)	*Navy drama* (life on a Pacific convoy).	Action, whimsey, and stark drama ride comfortably together . . . audience will have fun. (1-16-43)
RANDOM HARVEST Ronald Colman Greer Garson (M-G-M)	*Love story* (amnesia brings two worlds together).	As tender and touching as Goodbye, Mr. Chips . . . poignantly performed . . . directed with sensitivity. (1-2-43)
CASABLANCA Humphrey Bogart Ingrid Bergman Paul Henreid (Warners)	*Thriller* (refugee problem in French Morocco).	Terrific and timely hit . . . exciting . . . colorfully staged . . . extraordinarily well acted. (1-2-43)
IN WHICH WE SERVE Noel Coward Two Cities Production (United Artists)	*Drama* (biography of a destroyer).	First great picture of this war . . . Coward's talents shine . . . magnificent job. (12-26-42)
JOURNEY FOR MARGARET Robert Young Laraine Day (M-G-M)	*War drama* (bomb-blitzed kids and an American couple in London).	Poignant record of innocents caught in the holocaust. (12-19-42)
FOR ME AND MY GAL Judy Garland Gene Kelly (M-G-M)	*Musical drama* (saga of vaudeville's heyday).	Poignant performances by stars . . . best musical of the moment. (11-21-42)
THE HARD WAY Ida Lupino Joan Leslie (Warners)	*Drama* (a grim and powerful piece on the theater).	Relentless character story . . . Lupino gives one of her best bitter performances. (11-14-42)
THE ROAD TO MOROCCO Bob Hope Bing Crosby Dorothy Lamour (Paramount)	*Comedy with music* (song and silly doings on the African desert).	Will have reasonable number of moviegoers rolling in the aisles . . . Hope and Crosby fresher than ever. (10-31-42)

BUT WHAT OF ME?

Continued from Page 10

"My sister's married," she said.

"No kidding! Service man?"

"Navy."

"How about you?"

"No, thank you."

She said it several times that evening. "No, thank you." She said it in such a way that none of the soldiers asked her why. Perhaps they looked at her in a puzzled way, or their arms holding her loosened a little, but they didn't ask her.

She moved from one khaki chest to another, scarcely looking at the different faces. What was the use?

"Yes, my folks enjoy doing it," she said. "And until the U. S. O. has its own place built—"

"You don't enjoy doing it, though. You hate it. Why?"

This was a different set of words, a different voice. This one asked her why; and there was something a little insolent in the question, and at the same time concerned. Hannah jerked up her head.

"That's better," the soldier said. He searched her features slowly, coolly, with eyes of a burning blue in the weathered brownness of his face. It was a good, sharply cut face. "This is the first time you've looked at me," he said.

"Of course not."

"No? Then how often have you danced with me this evening?"

"Not before this, of course."

"This is the third time."

SHE smiled a little then. "All right; you win."

He smiled back, and the smile broke up the hard man lines of his face and gave it a gentle boyishness. "Where can we talk?"

"Talk? Right here."

"With all this racket? Of course we can't. Come on."

Before Hannah knew what he was doing, he had danced her dexterously across the floor and out the front door to the porch. She stood for a moment, hesitant. But there was no harm, she thought, in sitting here a little while. She couldn't dash back inside, make a scene. After all, he only wanted to talk to her.

She sat down on the glider, and he perched at her feet, one long leg swinging over the edge of the porch.

He did not immediately follow up the question he had asked her on the dance floor. Instead, he told her about his home in Vermont, where he had taught school, about his mother, and how he and his young brother used to tap the maple trees and taste the sweet slow-running nectar of the sap.

"He's not out of grade school yet, but he wanted to come along to the war." He laughed richly, with a deep affection. "You know what he said? 'Those Japs—they're so little. I'd be big enough to fight them.'"

She laughed too, seeing a sturdy towhead in denims and bare feet, his eyes burning blue like his brother's, his sharp-boned face fierce.

And then, under this soldier's slow, friendly questions, she was telling him about her own life—secure, peaceful, and planned, until now.

"But why do you hate all this so much?" he asked her. He gestured toward the room inside. "I should think it would be the answer to a maiden's prayer. So many fellows all wanting to dance with you, and even the ugliest mug looking pretty good in a uniform. I should think it was what most girls dream about."

In her lap her fingers curled slowly down into her palms.

"Most girls dream about a home," she said, her voice cold. "And children. Simple dreams like that." She gave a short, bitter laugh. "Only they aren't simple any more. Now, in our time, they aren't simple."

HE said nothing, and she went on as though he weren't there: "All the boys I grew up with are in the service or will be soon. That's true of any man who might be right for me."

He spoke for the first time. "What of it?" he said.

"What of it? Listen." She brought her fists together and slid them out along her knees. "My sister was married four months when the war broke out. Now she's back home again, and most of the time she doesn't even know where her husband is. She has no home of her own—no children. Maybe she never will have. It's as though she weren't married at all, only a thousand times worse."

"I wonder," he said, but she didn't seem to hear him. She looked at him curiously.

"I don't know how you dragged all this out of me," she said. "I don't usually go spilling my feelings around. Especially to strangers."

He turned and leaned his chin on his hand, facing her. "I'm no stranger," he said.

The words had a physical impact upon her—a shock of delight and fear. She stood up, trembling.

"Don't be absurd," she said. It had a shallow sound, as though she were using only the surface of her voice. "I've never seen you before; I'll probably never see you again. Just because some trick of mood made me talk like this, you assume—"

She turned then, without finishing what she had been going to say, and rushed inside, to dance again with one soldier after another. . . .

He didn't come near her again until the end of the evening. Just before he left, he passed her as she stood talking to a group of soldiers, and spoke rapidly into her ear:

"I'll see you tomorrow. I have two weeks' leave. Sam Talbot's the name."

When they had all gone, Alice and Hannah went upstairs.

"Did you have a good time?" Alice asked her.

"A good time? Sure. Didn't you?"

"Fine."

What liars we both are! thought Hannah—you with your man somewhere on the seas, and I—well, what of me? Nothing at all, of course. Nothing at all.

But the stairs under her feet creaked an upclimbing tune. Sam Talbot, they said. *Sam Talbot.*

SHE was waiting for him when he came the next evening, sitting on the porch where they had talked the night before. Her dress was white and very simple, and she sat with her slim sunburned hands clasped in her lap.

"You look like a little girl," he said. He stood smiling down at her. "You look so clean—so—I don't know. What is it about you?" He shook his head. "I ought to be on the train for Vermont, and I'm here instead."

"I wasn't going to see you," she said. "But then I thought—after all, you're on leave, here in our town. It wouldn't be very patriotic—"

He moved back from her and sat down on the porch railing. He looked at her without speaking, and she could feel the intensity of his gaze stabbing through her like blue lightning.

"But as long as you can go home," she continued, her tongue heavy on the words, "as long as you have some place to go—"

"I'll go home," he said, "later on. First—listen." He slid off the railing, speaking eagerly. "That little river that runs through the town—I found out you can hire boats to row on it. I have one waiting."

She looked past him, down where the river was like a shining needle stitching in and out among the trees. It was almost a tradition to propose to your girl there, shipping the oars so you'd be ready to kiss her, letting the easygoing current take the boat a while. Sam wouldn't know that, of course. He was just a soldier on leave, with an evening on his hands and a girl to entertain on a private's pay. It was absurd to think of anything else. It was absurd to stand like this, deciding, as though it were im-

"That's what I like about Freddie—he doesn't let sentiment run away with him!"

portant—as though it were serious.

Later, sitting in the boat with her fingers cutting a gentle swath through the water, she was glad she had come. It was a beautiful night, the river like crumpled silver foil in the moonlight. Sam rowed lazily, speaking little. Slowly Hannah relaxed until everything within her and around her assumed a dreamy quality, the way it does after an illness.

Sam began talking about his home again. "You'd love it," he said. "You'd fit right in." He spoke conversationally, with no particular emphasis. "I can just see you moving among the maple trees, graceful and easy, the wind in your hair and that clear look in your eyes."

"You're a poet, Sam." She laughed gently. "Or is it the moon?"

"No, it's not the moon." He shipped his oars and leaned toward her. "Come home with me, Hannah."

She took her hands out of the water and sat up straight in the boat. "No!" It was more a cry of fear than an answer. "No."

"Why not, Hannah? Is it because we've just met?" He smiled. "I wouldn't have done it this way in ordinary times. I'd have courted you properly. But there isn't time, Hannah. I have to go home and see my folks, and if you come along you can find out for sure if I'm the one for you. If you're with me every day for two weeks, right on my own ground, you'll be able to tell."

She sat so still that she might have been a pale figurehead on the prow of the boat. Even her voice, when she began to speak, was cold and metallic, without life.

"How could you think—how could you imagine—that just because I spoke to you as I did last night, just because I came here with you tonight, I had the slightest serious interest in you? I hardly know you. You're a stranger I met at a dance—"

"You can keep saying that," he answered quietly, "but you know it isn't so. I've seen your eyes when I look at you. I've felt you tremble when I touch you. Listen, Hannah—" He spoke urgently now. "Listen. There isn't time for anything but honesty. Things happen like this. Sudden. Sure. Right. Hannah, come home with me."

She turned her head from side to side, away from him, as though his gaze were a light that hurt her eyes. "No," she said, as she had before. "No, it isn't so. It can't be so. I won't let this happen to me!" It was as though she spoke to herself, to some inner adversary. "It's just these times—the hurry, the loneliness—"

Sam picked up the oars and began to row quietly back the way they had come. Neither of them spoke until the boat was nearly at the landing. Then Sam said, "How old are you, Hannah?"

"How old?" She looked startled at the question. "Nineteen."

"Nineteen. You shouldn't be afraid of love any more at nineteen."

"I'm not afraid of love. That's silly."

He helped her out of the boat, but he did not let go of her hand when she stood on the dock. He held it and looked at her.

"If you're not afraid, then," he said softly, and kissed her.

After a time she drew away from him. "I want to go home," she said. She touched his hand briefly, like a child. "Take me home now."

"What is it, Hannah? Have I frightened you? What's the matter?"

SHE shook her head and began walking away from the river, with Sam following. She walked with her head bent and her shoulders hunched, as though she were bucking a wind. Presently she spoke.

"I never thought it would happen this way, without my wanting it. I thought you had to want it." She looked up at him suddenly. "You must go back to Vermont right away, and never come near me again."

"Why?" He said just the one word, quietly.

"Because that way maybe I can forget you. Two nights—you can forget two nights. You can forget some one you've seen only twice."

"Can you?"

"But if there's more," she went on, as though she hadn't heard him, "if it gets to be part of you, part of your life, then there's no forgetting. I'd be like Alice, crying into my pillow at night, crying my heart out because I didn't know where you were or if you were safe!"

"So that's it."

"Yes, that's it." She stopped walking and turned to him. "I won't let it happen, Sam. I won't let you grow on me. There's nothing in this world for you and me. I want a marriage with children and a man coming home at the end of the day." She flung back her head. "Why did we have to be born in times like these? Why couldn't we have lived in the good peaceful times when life was simple?"

"When was that?" he asked her. "When men built their houses on the plains, and their wives waited every day to see if they'd come home or be killed by Indians? Or, later on, when

"I admit you're the boss at home, darling, but here I'm the foreman!"

women had no say, and marriage could be a brutal, man-ridden business, with no getting out of it for a decent woman?"

They were up to the house now, under the old maple that Great-great-grandpa Sutton had planted. Sam stood with his feet apart, a stern expression on his lean face, as though he were teaching a recalcitrant class.

"When was life ever simple, or marriage either?" he said. "Not in the jobless days after the last war, certainly, nor in the depression that followed, to say nothing of all the wars themselves—" He looked down at her, his face softening." Hannah—"

But she was looking up at the old tree. One of its boughs reached to the window of the girls' room, and when the wind was high it rapped daintily against the pane. Their Irish nursemaid used to tell them it was the leprechauns knocking to get in, but if you tried to see them they would go away.

"Five generations have lived in this house," Hannah said, "and raised their families in love and peace."

"There have always been such families, in every time, making their own peace, their own happiness."

It was very late when he left her, but she sat for a long time after that, shivering in the warm night, watching the darkness melt slowly into the gray damp haze of morning.

In the end she had sent him away, after all. She would forget him now. Of course she would. Why, three days ago she hadn't even known he existed. It would be easy to forget some one you'd seen only twice. Later on it would be easy.

And then maybe some day she'd meet a man who wasn't in active service, for one reason or other—or maybe she'd have to wait till the war was over. But at least if she married that way she could have children, she could have her own home. She wouldn't have to stay here, married and yet a spinster, and cry into her pillow at night for a man who might never come back.

FINALLY she went inside. As she undressed for bed, Alice stirred in her sleep, muttering, "Darling—Tad darling," and smiled fleetingly. Hannah stood still. "Darling," she whispered, trying the sound of it. "Sam darling."

And the words echoed deep inside of her, and she knew it was no use. Two meetings or two hundred, it was all the same. He was the one she'd dreamed about during the years when the boys came calling on Alice and she was just the kid sister. He was the one she'd been waiting for since she was old enough to have her own callers—the one she'd always known would come.

Only not like this. It wasn't to be like this, with everything ended before it really began. It wasn't to be in the midst of death and destruction, without hope—without future.

She slept finally, and when she awoke it was full morning and Alice's bed was empty. Hannah dressed quickly. Downstairs the house was quiet except for the muffled humming of the portable radio on the porch, where Alice sat in the sun knitting a sweater for Tad.

Hannah poked her head out of the door. "Hello," she said. "Where's everybody?"

"It's about time you were up, you lazy thing." Alice made a sisterly grimace. "Dad's gone to the office, and mother is taking Essie to the train. Poor Essie! She cried so much she looked like a wet mud pie."

"Poor us, you mean, having to do without Essie's cooking. Say, isn't that sweater finished yet? It seems to me you've been working on it for years."

"I've got spurs—" sang the radio baritone, with a sly softness.

Alice held up the sweater dangling from her needles. She smiled at it. "Well, Tad's so big," she said.

Hannah winked and withdrew her

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head. She sat down at the telephone table. For several minutes she stared at the instrument without touching it. Finally she lifted the receiver and asked for a number.

"Old York Inn," singsonged a voice at the other end of the wire.

"I'd like to speak to Mr. Sam Talbot, please," said Hannah.

"Just a minute, please." During the silence Hannah could feel the quick uncertain beating of her heart. "I'm sorry," the voice lilted. "Mr. Talbot checked out about five minutes ago."

"Did he say where he was going?"

"Just a minute, please. . . . Mr. Talbot is taking the eleven twenty-two for Burlington, Vermont."

Hannah hung up. She was still for an instant, staring at the mandolin clock on the wall. The hands stood at eleven. It was three miles to the station, and her mother had the car. If she had called right away—if she hadn't waited to talk to Alice, putting it off because she was still afraid—putting it off even as she sat before the phone.

She went out on the porch again. "Alice—" she said, and stopped.

Afterward she couldn't have told what struck her first—the strange, stiff look of Alice's hands, or the torn, official-looking envelope gaping empty in her lap, or Tad's partly knitted sweater on the floor. But Hannah knew instantly.

"Alice," she whispered. "Is it—?"

Alice nodded. "Yes. Tad's—missing. They don't know yet—"

Hannah sat down on the steps. She said nothing, only stared through the trees at the river, a thread of gold in the sunlight. There must be words of comfort, but she did not know them. She thought of Tad, big and laughing, with vitality in every long, buoyant step, every quick motion.

And this was what I was going to let myself in for, she thought—the chance of this that Alice is suffering now. I'm lucky that Sam was gone.

"Why did we have to be born into a world like this?" she said, as she had said before—not speaking to Alice, really, but flinging her bitterness out into the placid summer morning. Just down there a little way, on the swaying dock by the river, Sam had kissed her, and it might have been the beginning of living, but now instead it had to be the end. And for Alice if Tad were gone, what was there left? "Why did we have to be born into such times?"

Alice stirred and her hands relaxed in her lap. She bent and picked up the sweater and began to knit again.

"It's always been hard for some people, I guess, in every time," she said. Hannah looked up, startled at the quiet sound of her voice. This was what Sam had said—almost his words. "And in another time," Alice went on, "I might not have known Tad—"

Hannah pushed her hair back from her forehead. She leaned toward her sister and spoke in a toneless staccato.

"You feel that, even now? Even if—"

"Even if Tad's—lost? I don't think he is, somehow. I think I'd have felt it—we've always been so close. But even if I never—see him again, I guess I've had a lifetime of happiness already." She smiled gently. "You wouldn't understand that, I guess, unless you'd loved some one. What that kind of happiness is like, I mean, so that it's worth anything to have had it, even for a little while."

"But in the beginning, when you first fell in love with him, if you'd known it might be like this—"

"I don't suppose it would have mattered. I don't suppose there is any happiness, really, without the risk of its ending in sorrow."

Hannah sat motionless, watching the rapid rhythm of Alice's fingers on the knitting needles. I'm a coward, she thought, and a whiner. I'm afraid of being hurt—I grumble against fate. I'm a coward and a whiner in a time for courage and strength and faith, and so I've lost Sam. I've lost everything.

She felt Alice's hand on her shoulder, and when she turned it seemed to her that there was a pitying look in her sister's eyes.

"Go along now," Alice said softly. "I'm all right."

Hannah stood up. "I know," she said. "I know you're all right. You're fine!"

SHE walked down the steps and toward the river slowly. But what of me? she thought. Now that I've sent Sam away, and my happiness with him, because I was afraid, what of me?

And then she saw him. He was striding along the path from the water, carrying his little khaki hat in his hand. The sun gilded his dark hair and the shadows played up the jutting bones of his lean face, and already she could see the blue blaze of his eyes. She began to run.

He caught her in his arms, and for a moment they just stayed close, not speaking. Then he said, "I stood at the station and watched the train for Burlington pull in—and I was still standing there when it pulled out. I couldn't go. I couldn't go without you, Hannah." He looked down at her anxiously. "What am I going to do?"

She lifted her head and smiled. "Do? Why, together we can do anything, Sam Talbot," she said. "Together we can lick this whole crazy, messed-up world into the shape of happiness!"

THE END

"Albert is terribly hotheaded!"

Continued from Page 21

Finally he said, "Would it surprise you to know I am not the police?"

"Oh." Lightning-like her voice changed. "You are, then, a friend of our old friend Mr. Mercer!"

Jeff didn't answer.

"In that case, you must make up your mind to be a little poorer than you had planned. It is our price for not exposing you."

With a violent movement she wrenched open his handkerchief and spilled the shells to the ground. Then she thrust it into his hands.

Jeff heard the crunching sound of her heels on the shells as she left him.

HENRY BALLISTER did not return from his swim at six, or six thirty, or at seven. After that, Carola ceased to expect him. She sat in the unlighted room, the packed bags at her feet, and thought about what to do next. For the first time in her life she was really alone. It grew quite dark as she sat there. A car came up the drive and its headlights sent a beam of light through the windows. Then there was the sound of footsteps and voices. Carola could hear the maternal cluck-cluck of Mrs. Westley's voice.

"I saw their car was here, so I figured they hadn't tried to make the evening boat. I was just about to send one of the girls over to ask if they wanted supper."

A man's voice answered her, and finally, as Carola had known there would, came a knock on her door.

She waited a moment before she opened it, rubbing her eyes, making her voice furry with sleep.

"Hello, Mrs. Westley, what is it?" she asked.

Mrs. Westley's face drooped. "Oh—oh, my dear—" Behind her there were two state troopers.

"Are you Mrs. Henry Ballister?" asked the older of the two.

"Yes. What is it?"

"It's Mr. Ballister, my dear," said Mrs. Westley.

"What's happened? What time is it? I must have fallen asleep. Have we missed the boat? Where did you say Henry is?"

"I'm Lieutenant Whitney and this is Officer Snow," said the trooper. "We've bad news for you, Mrs. Ballister. A man was drowned this afternoon. We think he's Mr. Ballister. I'm very sorry, ma'am."

"Oh." Carola caught the doorframe for support and put on a suitably shocked expression.

"Sit down, my dear," said Mrs. Westley. She switched on the light in the room and they came in. Carola sat on the bed.

"What time is it?" she asked again.

"Pretty near eight thirty, ma'am. We figure it must have happened around five. The body washed up at Davis Ledges about seven. It would have taken around two hours to wash down there from here."

"But—are you sure it's my husband?"

The lieutenant shook his head. "That's the only hope we can offer you, ma'am. One of the boys who works at the Weathervane was down there when they found him. He told us the man was a guest up here and he thought his name was Ballister."

Mrs. Westley sat down on the bed beside Carola and stroked her arm.

"That's what they want you for, my dear. They want you to go down and identify the body."

"It must be Henry," said Carola quietly; "he was to be back here before six."

"If you don't mind a few questions, please, ma'am," said the lieutenant. "I understand from Mrs. Westley that your husband did go swimming this afternoon. Now, what time did he go down to the beach?"

"About four thirty."

"Did any one go with him?"

"No."

"Was there any one else down on the beach that you know of?"

"No."

"Oh, yes, my dear," interrupted Mrs. Westley. "Mr. Piper was in swimming, too, this afternoon. Don't you remember he told us he saw your husband?"

"Who is Mr. Piper?" asked the lieutenant.

"He's a guest at the inn. He's there now. I saw a light in his room when we came over."

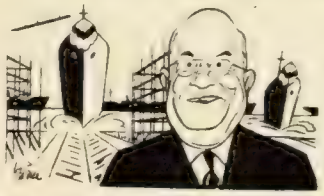
"I'll get him," said the young officer.

"Room four," Mrs. Westley called after him.

WHEN the knock came, Jeff realized he had been waiting for it. He had been sitting in his room since dinner watching the Ballisters' black sedan in the parking space in front of the inn. When they had not left in time for the evening boat, he knew they were not going to leave at all, and that his slip about the liverwurst had changed their plans. He wondered what kind of signal that liverwurst stuff was that it had so electrified Carola. That was the trouble—he was wondering about everything; not sure of anything. He never once had had the upper hand in this affair. He was like a bean bag tossed from Mercer's friends to the Ballisters with distinctly ungentle results. He wondered how the Ballisters were going to deal with him—buy him off or kill him off.

Hearing the knock was a relief in a way. Some of his questions might now be answered.

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*



SIR LAUNCHELOT: Henry J. Kaiser.

SPICKPOCKET: A spick-and-spanhandler.

HOCKUPATION: Undervaluing behind a pawnshop counter.

AGREEABELLE: One that says "yes."

YESTERDAISY: "She loved me, she loved me not."

DUCKTOR: One of many quacks.

CZARGEANT: A three-striped despot of the army.

PLAYVIATOR: A flyer having fun on leave.

DEADITOR: Obituary writer with a "morgue" at hand.

CABOOZE: When the last car has a bar.

(Contributors to this week's Fictionary in order of words listed are Harry M. Silver, Joseph R. Kelly, Jr., Irma A. Klimack, Pvt. Joe Trunko, Art Brown, Mrs. S. Julian Lamme, J. G. Wilkinson, Patricia Purdy, Norman R. Pady, and Leonard M. Amsterdam. In duplication of accepted words the first to reach us is the one paid for and used.)

"Say please."

When he saw the young trooper and when he heard what had happened, he had to sit down. He couldn't help it. I have none of the attributes of a movie sleuth, he thought dimly; my pulses pound and my head whirls. It's a good thing Liz isn't here.

The trooper was in a hurry.

"Will you come right over to Mrs. Ballister's cottage, please. Lieutenant Whitney has some questions."

Jeff got his jacket and they left the room together. As they stepped out into the rain-smelling night air, Jeff started to figure out what Ballister's death meant. It meant first of all that Mercer's real friends knew of his death and were hot on the trail to straighten things out. Not only did Ballister's powerful skill as a swimmer belie an accident, but so did his thorough knowledge of the treacherous ocean undertows. No, Ballister had been murdered just as Kempen had been murdered and by the same accident-like technique. Jeff wondered who it was who had lain hidden in the underbrush above the cliffs, waiting for him to leave Ballister alone on the beach. Who had climbed down the rocky bluff and gone into the water? Whose hands had forced Ballister under?

No woman, not even the square-faced Marie Lange, could have the strength, nor her friend, the pale old man in the drugstore. Home talent had not murdered Ballister. There must be some one about directly from headquarters. Who was it? The faces of the other guests at the Weathervane paraded through Jeff's mind. But it was more logical to suppose the murderer was staying up at Lange's. If he were, why had Ballister ever been allowed to leave that house? It was too confusing. Jeff hoped the session at the cottage would not last long. He wanted to get away and put the jumble of new developments in order.

CAROLA'S eyes met his coolly enough, but the slight twitch about her lips looked like approval. Approval for what? Since it would have been farcical to offer her any condolences, he said nothing.

The lieutenant held an open notebook.

"You were swimming on the Weathervane beach this afternoon, Mr. Piper?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"The sun came out about four and I went down then."

"You saw Mr. Ballister?"

"Oh, yes. We were the only ones down there. We sat together for a while."

"Do you recall what he spoke about? Anything to indicate that he was depressed or had any suicidal intent?"

"Of course not," interrupted Carola.

"No," said Jeff. "He mentioned that he and Mrs. Ballister were leaving on the seven-o'clock boat this evening and that he would miss the swimming. He seemed very fond of swimming."

The lieutenant turned to Carola. "By the way, Mrs. Ballister, was your husband a good swimmer?"

"Oh, no." She made her voice very small and sad. "That's what's so terrible about this. He couldn't swim very well. If a big wave knocked him over, he didn't have a chance. When I saw how rough it was after the storm, I begged him not to go in."

"When did you leave the beach, Mr. Piper?"

"About five o'clock," answered Jeff. He thought: Why is she lying? Why is she trying to protect the murderer? The answer came into his head so clearly he almost spoke it aloud. She thinks I'm the murderer. She's protecting me.

The lieutenant made a note in his book.

"Was Mr. Ballister on the beach when you left?"

"Yes."

"Any one else?"

"No—not that I saw."

"Then, as far as you know, you were the last person to see Mr. Ballister alive?"

"I guess that's right."

The lieutenant stood up. "If you'll come with me now, Mrs. Ballister, we'll drive over to town and have you identify the body."

"Do you want me to come?" asked Jeff.

"It isn't necessary tonight. The coroner will want to see you in the morning."

"If it wouldn't trouble you too much, Mr. Piper, you might follow us in your car," suggested Carola, "and give me a lift back here. Then I wouldn't have to impose on these very nice but—I am sure—very busy officers."

"No trouble at all," said Jeff.

HENRY BALLISTER'S body had been taken to the only funeral home in the town. The neat early-American maple furniture shone with piety. If there was something incongruous about the body being there, only Jeff and Carola noticed it.

Although he was the third murdered man Jeff had seen in the course of a month, his death seemed more sinister than the others just because its brutal method had left no marks on him. Carola looked at him with no more emotion than she felt the troopers would consider necessary. She answered a few routine questions and agreed to come back the next morning to see the coroner and make further arrangements for the body.

In a very few minutes Jeff found himself helping her into the green

convertible and they started back to the inn.

They were silent as the headlights carved the way over the narrow twisting road.

Carola spoke first: "Pull the car over and cut the lights."

Jeff felt the pressure of a revolver's barrel in his side. Obediently he swerved off the road onto a grassy plot and snapped the light switch. The gun's pressure became more urgent. He could hear Carola's even breathing. If she expected to shoot him she didn't seem in the least excited about it. As a matter of fact, when she spoke next he could detect some amusement in her voice and he fancied she was smiling in the dark.

"FIRST you can thank me," she said.

"What for?"

He heard an irritated sigh.

"It would have made Henry boil to hear me speak that way about his swimming. Incidentally, you must be very strong to have—to have managed that."

Jeff knew the gun at his side was not there for vengeance' sake. He said nothing.

"You are in my debt twice," said Carola softly. "Doesn't it mean anything to you?"

"Three times if you remove that firearm."

"It stays where it is until we have settled some small affairs, my dear Jeffrey. Now let's get it over with quickly, as it is my intention for us to leave on that very early boat tomorrow morning."

"What if I refuse?"

"How can you refuse?"

"How far do you think you'd get if you shot me now?"

"As you've seen, I can talk and be believed. If your activities were outlined to the federal agents in this country do you think there would be much outcry over your death? I might even be decorated for it."

"You'd have to forfeit the two million you've stolen from us."

"That would be unpleasant but necessary, yes, to show my good faith. I've lost fortunes before."

"You seem to have done about everything before."

"How about you?"

"I do my work. I believe in something and I work for it. Nothing else has mattered to me until"—he paused for what he hoped was a dramatic instant—"until now."

She had moved very close to him and he felt her body pressing against him behind the gun. She hadn't forgotten to spray on her perfume before the ride to town. Its heavy fragrance was all around them. He snatched for her wrist and by some magic luck he caught it. She twisted like a wild animal. The steering wheel got in his way, but he held her off as well as he could with his other hand. She made no outcry and he squeezed her wrist until he thought surely the bones would crumble. Finally the gun dropped to the floor of the car. He felt for it with his foot and kicked it under the seat. Then he let go of her. She lay against him, limp.

"You *are* strong," she murmured. Her arms crept up about his neck and her fingertips searched over his face for his mouth.

While she was kissing him he realized that she had only two weapons to use against him. Of the two, he far preferred her amorousness. It was pleasant and not fatal.

After a while he said, "Now you may tell me what 'small affairs' you wish settled and how you plan to settle them. I don't like making bargains over guns."

She tensed a little in his arms. "But you have no objections to a bargain?"

"Provided I get the best of it, no."

She sat up and faced him, taking one of those confounded cigarettes out of her pocket. In spite of their struggle her face looked cool and beautiful in the flare of the match.

"Well?" he urged.

"If you were another kind of man I would have said, of course, you were getting the best of it; but you being what you are, I am not sure I can say it. You see, as I've planned it, we split fifty-fifty—financially . . ."

"And?"

"And you get me into the bargain."

"What kind of man am I that you think I wouldn't consider that a king's share?"

"I don't know. I've had some experience with your Aryan friends abroad. Even when we still thought them funny, we were impressed with how unfunny they thought themselves. They were so one-track serious. 'I have my work and I do it' sort of thing you just pulled. They were real heavies with thick necks and military brush haircuts. Your only point of resemblance to them, at least to the naked eye, is the haircut. What goes on inside of you, I'm not sure."

Damn right you aren't, thought Jeff, remembering, too, Kempen's question about his haircut and how it had puzzled him.

"You know," she went on, almost as if she were talking to herself, "we never dreamed that Mercer would show his teeth the way he did. He was as good a Nazi as any German I've met. I suppose it is the same with you."

"The only way to convince one's comrades of loyalty is to be twice as conscientious as they are—and twice as ruthless."

"THAT means you will kill me," she said evenly.

"Did you shoot Mercer?"

"No. But it just happened that Henry held the gun. I made him do it. He didn't believe in murder."

"Where are the papers?"

"There was no more in the briefcase than we had seen in Mexico after the plane crashed." Her tone grew bitter. "I suppose he made arrangements to have securities he got in Cleveland mailed on somewhere. You would know more about that than I."

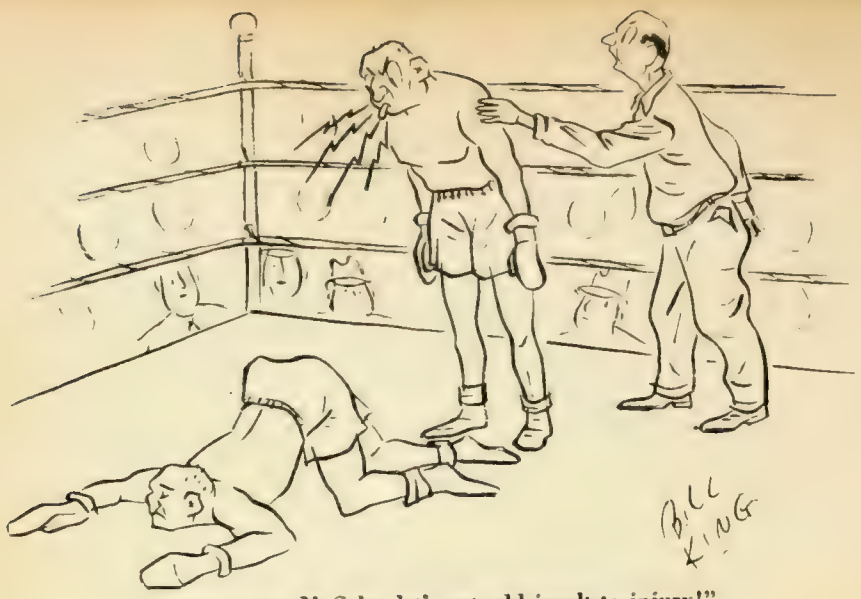
"Yes." So I was right about the plane crash, thought Jeff. That was their wedge. That's how the Ballisters got into this.

With a jerky motion she tossed her cigarette out onto the road. "We had better luck in New York. Your friends are so well trained. After we gave the signal, Rowe handed over the stuff without a question. So did your female follower up here. It's all in my luggage. You'll have no difficulty finding it."

The signal! What was the signal? How to make her tell him without revealing his ignorance. It had something to do with liverwurst on a roll. He grimaced as he remembered how foolish he had felt over invisible ink a few days before. Now he accepted this incredibly ridiculous signal with deadly earnestness.

He ventured a question: "How did you learn the signal?"

"Now, my dear boy, we are not stupid. From past experience along these lines we knew it had not been put idly in the briefcase. Besides, it was simple to get a room next to



"Come, come, McCabe, let's not add insult to injury!"

Mercer's in that Cleveland hotel, and to overhear him making luncheon appointments with Kempen." She sighed. "Neither of them showed up at the hotel the next noon, as one of the waiters so kindly informed us. They must have changed their meeting place."

Jeff had a swift recollection of the dim, cool restaurant he had taken Kempen to and Mercer's smooth plump face across the oak table.

She was looking at him curiously. "What made Kempen so hard to handle? That mistress of his? I knew a Viennese girl once. Two men committed suicide over her. Those purebred Austrians are death to their lovers. You're much safer with a mixed breed like me."

He brushed her comment aside.

"How did you know how the signal was to be used?"

"We didn't. We took a chance that we had guessed it correctly and Henry experimented on the professor. We quarreled because he was so frightened. Henry was frightened of everything."

"And you weren't?"

"No. Why should I be? Until now, there has always been a way out."

"If you have no other guns up your sleeves we'll go back now."

"Short sleeves—see!"

THEY drove the rest of the way in silence. Jeff was waiting for Carola to snatch the gun, to try to turn the steering wheel in his hand, at least to open the door and jump out. When he drove up to the cottage his whole body ached from tenseness. He followed Carola inside. Without a word she unstrapped a large grip, drew a folder of papers out of it, and handed them to Jeff. Jeff felt the thickness of them and his hands shook with excitement. But he had to have the briefcase too. She had said the signal was in it

As if she partly read his thought, Carola spoke:

"We got rid of the briefcase in New York. The papers from it are in that folder."

Jeff nodded. He placed the folder carefully on the dresser. He said, "You mentioned something about a bargain?"

In the yellow light of the single overhead bulb he saw her face become transfigured. The mocking look came back, but something else was there too. She moved toward him until she stood against him, her eyes looking up into his.

"You won't regret it," she said slowly. "I promise you. We can go to Rio. I know some one there who will help us dispose of the securities. We'll be rich. I can make you happy. What is there to lose?"

Jeff was silent, searching for an answer which would keep her with him and yet not arouse her suspicions.

"Ah—you fanatics!" Her voice was filled with disgust. "Always fighting and warring. Life is too short. Let me teach you how it can be lived." She put her hands on his shoulders. "Your friends wouldn't dare pursue you. They wouldn't dare touch you—you could ruin them, all of them, so easily. It's a deadlock, my sweet. We'll be far away and safe and together. Oh, my dear—you have no notion!" Her hands tightened on him. "Will you do it?"

"First," he said cautiously—"first we will go to Washington. There is another million to be had there."

Her eyes were glowing. "Can you do it? They won't suspect you?"

"Why should they? They sent me to get the securities back, first from you, then from Walters," Jeff marveled at the ease with which the strategy rolled from his tongue. "If it should turn out to mean murder—would you mind?"

"Why should I? I've been living on danger with nothing to make it worth-while—but now there's you," her words came breathlessly as the possibilities of his plan dawned on her. "You will do what you have been sent to do, but instead of returning to Mexico we'll go a bit farther, eh? Oh, but we'll make an excellent pair." She laughed and he felt the passionate approval of her lips as she kissed him.

"I trust you a lot, don't I?" she murmured.

LATER, in his room, with the door locked and the shade drawn, Jeff went through the papers Carola had given him. The thick pile of securities first, then the list of names, now so familiar, and the wills, like Kempen's made out to Albert Mercer, and finally the reverse menu with the plum tart first and the soup last, and the liverwurst on a white roll staring clearly out at him from the middle.

He knew he could not put the papers out of his hands nor sleep that night. Ballister's murderer was looking for them, and it was a safe bet that he, whoever he was, wouldn't give up easily. It was surprising, though, thought Jeff, how much safer he felt with Carola's little black revolver weighting down his pocket. He knew Carola's cottage would be searched first. As for his own room—he had all the advantages. It was on the second floor, it had a sturdy lock, and the walls of the house itself were so thin his cries for assistance would easily be heard. He could count on a chap like Trask, across the hall, to help him.

As if to prove the ease with which sound carried in the inn, the phone downstairs in the parlor rang just then, three little buzzes and a long one. It repeated these code-like noises three times, and finally Jeff heard the murmur of a voice answering it. The stairs creaked with some one coming up and there was a soft knock on his door.

Quickly Jeff snatched the papers, tossed his bathrobe over his arm so that they were completely hidden, and opened the door. It was one of the maids.

"There's a phone call for you, sir—long-distance," she said.

Jeff hurried down to the phone. Elizabeth's voice came through clear and hearty.

"Hi," she said. "Is it raining up there?"

"How did you know?"

"You wouldn't be in if it weren't. Mrs. B. isn't the girl to let a moon go to waste—though I suppose there's always Mr. B."

"Not any more there isn't," he said.

"I wonder if you mean he's dead?"

"Yes."

There was a pause at the other end. Jeff could visualize Liz's profile freezing up the way it did, the tight set to her lips just before she spoke.

"That was no accident."

"Of course not."

"Anything else new?"

"Yes."

"I know you can't tell me anything over the phone, but are you all right?"

"Yes. I'll communicate with you."

"Wait. I'll give you my address."

"I know your address."

"I'm not at home. I'm in Washington."

JEFF glared at the phone.

"Damn it, Elizabeth, what are you doing down there?"

"Just sight-seeing. I'm at the Selwyn House, if you want to call me."

"I'll call you all right. I'll be in Washington tomorrow night."

Jeff banged down the receiver.

Through the window he could see a long line of rain clouds moving across the sky as jerky as freight cars. In the uneven intervals between them the full moon peeked out brightly. If anything should happen to Liz, he thought, and then he thought of Carola's question the day before:

"Are you in love with that apple-cheeked little girl?"

He clutched the folder of papers, still safely covered by his bathrobe, and started upstairs. Just as he approached his room a beam of light cut across the hall and a figure emerged from the opposite doorway.

"Mr. Piper?" They were the low-pitched syllables of Amos Trask. "I hope I do not alarm you. I thought I heard some one walking about."

Jeff sighed with relief. "You did. I just had a long-distance call. Sorry if it woke you."

"Not at all. I was just getting ready to go to bed. Won't you join me for a nightcap?"

He had walked back into his room and was tossing a pair of bathing trunks off the seat of a chair to make room. Jeff was about to follow when he remembered the folder of papers in his hand. It would be impossible to go in without putting the bathrobe down.

"Thanks," he said, "I'm afraid I'm too tired to be good company tonight."

"Just for a drink?"

"No thanks, really. I spent a couple of hours in the surf today and it pounded the life out of me."

"Well, just as you say." Trask's chunky face creased cheerfully as he bent his head and shoulders in a stiff little bow. "Some other time, then. Good night."

Jeff closed his own door and locked it. He put the folder under his pillow, turned off the light, and lay down. His body relaxed gratefully on the bed, but his mind was more intensely alert than it had ever been. His one thought was to get to Washington fast, get hold of Elizabeth, and turn the folder over to the Federal Bureau of Investigation. They could go after Ben Walters in any way they wished. It was altogether too risky for him and Elizabeth to follow through by themselves—especially since Ballister's death. Again he wondered how it had been accomplished, who had done it, and how long he himself was to escape.

He thought for a minute of going to the F. B. I. in New York. It was nearer. He could get there faster and safer. But Elizabeth was in Washington, and he couldn't be sure how much she had meddled or what she had uncovered. He had to get to her immediately and be certain she was safe. Besides, Carola wouldn't fall in so readily with a stop-off in New York.

There was the possibility of sneaking off without her in the morning, of abandoning her completely and driving to the nearest airport and flying to Washington. But he had to drop that idea. She was a major part of his booty. She was an accessory to the murder of Mercer and, besides, she knew a great deal the F. B. I. would want to know.

Carola must go with him. He figured that driving steadily they could make Washington by nine o'clock the next night. They would have to take their chances on the road, on eluding any followers, avoiding any ambush.

THE next dawn, when he tapped with caution at Carola's door, she opened it instantly. She was dressed and packed and ready to go.

"You look very fresh this morning," he said.

"I should. I slept well for the first time in months."

So, he thought, *she's* sleeping well. But he felt good about it in a way. It meant he'd sold himself to her. Put on a good show. He felt very cocky as he stepped on the gas in the convertible and they sped down the road in the early-morning fog.

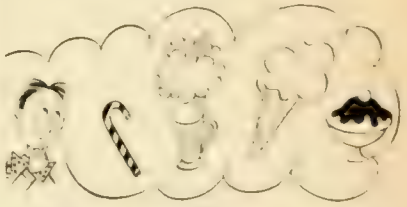
Does Carola really trust Jeff, or is she leading him into some kind of trap? What will they find in Washington? And what has Liz been doing? Don't miss the next exciting installment of this baffling mystery.

? GUESS WHO SAID IT ?

Conducted by ERIC DEVINE

SAYS Proverbs: "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver," and this applies to many quotations used in this column. And, by the way, how do you like our new game, and can you follow the hints given without too much brain cudgeling? Getting three out of five is a good average. Turn to page 74 for answers.

1. *"Get boys and girls started right and the devil will hang crepe on his door."* Spoken by a baseball-playing exhorter who used to take off his coat in the pulpit. He toured the country and used a lot of sawdust.



2. The professor, friend of Champ Gene Tunney, speaks: *"The happiest person is the person who thinks the most interesting thoughts."* His middle name is a ferocious animal.

3. *"The beard is an economic asset and an historic trade-mark of genius."* The man who came to eat, stayed too long, an actor, a Yale man, said this.

4. The old "Still waters run deep" is here stated backward by a great English satirist whose name suggests the Vatican:

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way."

5. Having read these quotes, you'll be glad to know somebody said: *"When people agree with me I always feel that I must be wrong."* This man had long hair, wore velvet, was a poet-playwright, and shocked England late last century. Last name is untamed.

fir that would serve as a stall for the mare. He was tired. But he was happy. He made happy sounds in his throat while he gathered dry branches for the fire that would cook his bacon and beans.

The mare called, and Small Thomas looked up from his work. A rider was coming across the valley; a tall man in forest green with a broad Stetson tipped back from his forehead. Small Thomas offered no word of greeting when the man rode into the clearing.

"HOWDY," said the stranger. His voice sounded tired. "Mind if I climb down?"

"I wasn't figurin' on company," said Small Thomas. "I got some bacon and beans, but I wasn't figurin' on company."

"Thanks, but I've already eaten." The tall man in green stepped out of the saddle and trailed the reins to ground-tie his sorrel. He offered his hand. "My name's Warner—Dick Warner."

Small Thomas took the hand reluctantly. This was his ground. Strangers shouldn't come riding onto a man's ground. He'd start a wooden fence in the morning.

"I'm Thomas Garnier," he said. "I own this land. Bought it from Dickerman and paid him cash. You know Dickerman?"

"No," said Warner. He squatted beside the mound of dry branches and took the makings from his jumper pocket. "No, I never met Dickerman. Don't think he ever came down to Palomar. I get to meet most folks in this section."

"You live here?"

"I work here—Forest Ranger Service." Warner drifted smoke through his nostrils and studied the mare. "Thoroughbred, isn't she?"

Small Thomas didn't try to cover his grin. "That's Mother Dawn. She win six for me at Santa Anita last year."

"She's plenty sweet."

"Yeah, she's sweet."

"You turnin' her out on your ground?"

"We're livin' here," said Small Thomas. "Momsie and me, we're livin' here till they get done with their war."

"Goin' to sit this one out, eh?"

Small Thomas didn't like that. He flicked his thumbnail across a match and touched off the dried wood. "It ain't my war. I had a war twenty years ago. This one ain't mine."

"Maybe you're right. I hear that from a lot of people. Maybe they're right, too."

It was said honestly. Small Thomas could have sworn it was said honestly. He watched Warner break a few twigs from a dried branch and toss them into the flame that was flickering for a foothold. Absently the ranger rebuilt the fire, making it more compact, shaping it deftly with hands that showed their skill. Anywhere else Small Thomas would have liked the man. But not here. Not in this valley that belonged to Momsie and him.

"I'll be seein' you sometime," he said. There was a bucket in the car and Small Thomas nodded toward the stream. "I got to get water. Come in again sometime."

He walked with the mare to the rim of the pool. The water was sweet. The grass was good. Small Thomas patted her stomach happily while the dark beauty drank. He hoped Warner would be gone when they got back to the fire. He wasn't. The ranger had cut two forked sticks and set them to support a green branch over the flame. He'd found the black iron frying pan and lined it with bacon strips.

"Thanks," said Small Thomas.

"You're welcome," said Warner. He nodded toward the fire. "Be sure it's out when you're finished with it. That stuff has been keepin' us busy."

Small Thomas hadn't thought of fire. "You mean there's been bad ones?"

"A few."

"I never see a forest fire," said Small Thomas. "I hear a lot about 'em but I never see one." He pointed across his valley. "Could it maybe get down in here?"

"It never has—not in the last hundred years."

"How could you know?"

Warner nodded toward the giant oaks. "They're old. That one by the stream was here when the Spaniards owned Palomar."

Small Thomas felt good. "Could you do with some beans? I got enough, an' I got coffee, too."

"Thanks, no," said Warner. He walked to the sorrel. "Tell you what you can do, long as you're stayin' here." He pointed off along the dirt road that tied the valley to the paved highway beyond. "You notice the mist when you were driving this morning? It hangs close to the ground and drifts along the base of Palomar."

"I saw that."

"Smoke does the same. A downdraft holds it low until it passes the shoulder. We can't see it from our watchtowers until it climbs. That's why I ride this section."

"You want me to watch it?"

"It'd help a lot," said Warner. "Our station is six miles along the road. If you could save us even five minutes it'd help a lot."

"Why not?" said Small Thomas. "It's a deal. . . ."

FOUR months had brought little change to the valley behind Palomar. It was deep summer and the surrounding hills were dry from the sun and wind and lack of rain. Small Thomas shifted the sack of groceries from one shoulder to the other and stood looking down into his kingdom. And it was just that; green and fresh and sweet to the eye, this hidden valley might well have been a section of some distant lotus land.

True, there was a slight difference. The car and trailer were gone; sold to a dealer for the money that would see Small Thomas and his lady through to the end of the war. He had built a tiny shack of dobe and logs, well put together but not nearly so sound as the stall that flanked it. And there was a track. Small Thomas was proud of this quarter-mile ring; justly proud. He looked down at the even surface he'd cleared and raked by hand. Pain still caught at his shoulders, but that was all right. The little guy would make everything all right when he arrived.

"Momsie!" he called. "Come see what I've got!"

The dark mare lifted her head from the stream bank. For a moment she stood with sharp pointed ears and head high. Then she started across the valley with the sweet swinging stride that had brought

"Hopkins, Jones, and Carter . . . and Maisie Smith."

thundering cheers from the crowds at Santa Anita. She could run; speed had been bred in her sinew and bone through a hundred generations. Even now, with her foal well along, the black mare covered the bowl of the valley like a fragment of wind-driven cloud.

She slowed her gait and dropped to a trot as she climbed the hill to her lover. Small Thomas teased with a carrot. She nuzzled his cheek. Together they followed the winding road to his castle of dobe and timber. They talked together, these two, while the little man cooked his frugal meal. And Small Thomas told of the things they'd do when the foal came into their valley.

"I'd like a colt," he told her. "Not that I wouldn't be satisfied with a filly if she looked anything like her mother. But then, what chance is there? Even you, Momsie, couldn't give me a filly with that flank and quarter—with eyes like yours and a head like yours and a heart too big for her body."

He lifted his cheek and took her caress. "We'll let him play for a while, but then we'll get down to business. I'll put the leather on you, Momsie, and the youngster can follow along. He'll like to run with his mother. Just the three of us here in our valley. We'll call him Son o' Dawn and make a champion of him, Momsie."

It was part of the evening, this telling of dreams, but it wasn't the sort of thing you shared with a stranger. True, the forest ranger could no longer be classed as such, but Small Thomas ended his talk abruptly when he saw the tall rider coming along the stream bank. Small Thomas lifted a hand.

"STEAK and potatoes," he called, "an' you're in time for biscuits."

"I've eaten, thanks," said Warner. "How goes it with Momsie?"

"Couldn't be better."

"Good," said the ranger. He rubbed a hand along the mare's soft throat. "Been riding her lately?"

"I work her easy for a mile or so," said Small Thomas. "She likes it on the track, even though she's barefoot. The ground's soft since I worked it over."

Warner nodded and took a dipper of water from a bucket near the door. The man was tired; Small Thomas doubted if he had ever seen a man with the marks of weariness so plainly drawn on his face. The ranger's eyes were black and the sun-darkened skin was tight on the prominent cheekbones.

"You could do with some sleep," said Small Thomas. "I got a good bed in there. Made it myself."

"Come on! Fall in like you do when you go ice skating."

Warner shook his head. "I promised the chief I'd take the phones tonight. We're doubling the watch on the north ridge—with the wind in the west. Lord help us if they touch that section off."

"They?"

"Who else?" said Warner. He took a folded square of cloth from his pocket and opened it to form a miniature parachute. Slender cords supported a small wooden ring that served as a holder for a two-inch candle. The wick was charred. "I found a dozen of these today. It's probably the way they started the south section."

"I don't get it," said Small Thomas. "What do they win if they burn off a bunch of scrub timber and brush?"

"The war, maybe."

"Stop clownin'."

"Figure it out," said the ranger. "It takes water to make power. It takes power to run shipyards and factories. If they burn the timber off the watersheds we lose the rain as fast as it falls—nothing to hold it back. Soon we don't even have enough to fill the reservoirs."

"It works like that, eh?" said Small Thomas. "Funny, I never figured it that way."

"Most people don't."

Warner rubbed the dark mare's nose. There was an ugly burn across the back of his hand that showed purple under its coating of ointment. Small Thomas hadn't seen this before. He asked about it.

"Got it Monday at Torn Canyon," said the ranger. "That was a bad one—almost a thousand acres."

"Couldn't stop it, eh?"

"We could have, if it'd been reported a half hour sooner." He walked to his horse and lifted the reins. "Too bad you didn't see it start."

Small Thomas didn't lie. There was no reason to lie. He'd seen the fire start at the edge of the flat where the seven firs stood as a diamond. He'd been building a fence. For a moment fear had fingered his throat when the gray smoke whirled up the canyon. He watched it hit the road and follow the path taken by the morning mist along the base of Palomar. Then it rounded the heavy shoulder of rock and drifted off to the east. Fire followed it. And all through the night a red glare spread like a shadowy veil across the stars.

"I saw it start," said Small Thomas.

"Why didn't you come to the station?"

"It was traveling faster than I could walk. A guy can't run six miles."

"A mare can."

"Not on pavement," said Small Thomas. "You don't know about thoroughbreds, Warner."

"I know they can run."

He stepped into the saddle and lifted the reins. Somehow Small Thomas knew he wouldn't come back. But that was all right. Warner was an odd guy. You couldn't get back of that masklike face. Friendly enough, and always willing to do a favor if it didn't interfere with his job. But he was more like a machine than a man. Perhaps it was the work. Small Thomas knew the rangers were putting in brutal hours. He knew they were covering countless miles of forest trails. They needed sleep, and when a man needs sleep his mind doesn't work right.

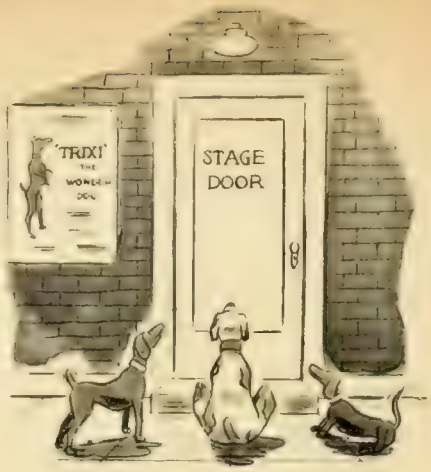
Still, it had been nice to see Warner of an evening. His visits never lasted more than a moment or two, but he had kept Small Thomas in touch with the world outside. The same was true of the others at the station—Chad Morrow, who patrolled the north ridge; Donnely, from the watchtower; Edgerton and Pleat, who worked beyond the lake—they were all nice guys. Even crusty old Chief Dorley, who ran the station; he'd brought along a smoked ham when he came to see the mare.

None of them would come back now, not after Warner told them about the fire. Small Thomas looked again at the parachute and stump of candle. "It takes water to make power," Warner had said. "It takes power to run shipyards and factories." Small Thomas hadn't thought of this; most people wouldn't. You don't think of ships and planes and shells and guns when you look at some thousand acres of brush-covered mountainside.

"Some guy hidin' in a fox hole," said Small Thomas slowly as he peeled the potatoes. "Some guy, maybe in the Solomon Islands, with an empty gun. Cryin' like a baby because he can't fight back. . . ."

AUTUMN should have brought rain. It didn't. The timber had drawn the last drop of moisture from the sun-baked earth. It was brittle dry now. Powdery clouds of dust lifted from the sage when a deer brushed along the runs. The mesquite was tinder. But there was water back of Palomar. It flowed in a steady stream over moss-covered rocks to a pool where a dark mare nibbled the grass along the rim.

It was evening, and Small Thomas liked the evenings behind Palomar.



It was nice to sit beside the doorway of his home and look off across his valley. A man could dream in the evening. He could watch the small quarter-mile circle grow to a white-railed track. Santa Anita, and a half dozen horses were crowding the rail in the backstretch. As they went into the turn a swift black colt moved out in a swinging stride.

Small Thomas knew that stride. So did the cheering throng that packed the stands: "Son o' Dawn! It's Son o' Dawn!" And, as though in answer to the call, the black colt leveled down like an arrow in flight. First at the half, alone as he entered the stretch—Small Thomas dreamed the youngster under the wire six lengths in the clear and going away.

"He'll run, Momsie," he said. "The little guy will run good if you give him your heart to run with."

It was then he smelled smoke. There had been other evenings when the acrid scent drifted across his valley. Old smoke; lifeless stuff that told of a beaten fire. This was different. It was sharp and new and heavy on the air. It bit deeply at his nostrils. Momsie knew the difference. Her head was up and her eyes were wide. She moved nervously as Small Thomas left his bench and hurried along the dirt road.

A gray cloud met him at the top of the hill. Wind broke it and he could see fire coming along the highway. It was a good mile to the west, but it was coming fast, eating the brush with a wide red mouth. This was a bad one. But it would miss his valley. Fire always missed his valley. Warner had told him these oaks were here when the Spaniards owned Palomar.

"It's all right, Momsie," he said to the mare, who had come to stand at his shoulder. "It can't touch us. We don't have to worry, girl—it's not our fire."

Hadn't he said this before? Something in the words struck a sharp note of memory. Not our war—that was it. He'd told Warner he'd had one war; this one wasn't his. And then there'd been that talk of ships and shells and guns and planes. "And some guy hidin' in a fox hole with an empty gun," said Small Thomas, "cryin' like a baby because he can't fight back."

He couldn't beat the fire to the highway. It would reach the dirt road before he was halfway along. And six miles—a man can't run six miles when he's crowding fifty.

"I'D like to warn 'em," he said. "If there was any way, I'd do it in a minute."

Some guy hidin' in a fox hole—and Momsie with only a month to go. A man couldn't ask a mare to run when she was that far along. She'd die. She'd die sure. Maybe that guy in the fox hole would die. Maybe a lot of guys would die just because fire was racing along the side of Palomar. Small Thomas was confused. He shook his head in troubled doubt as he ran to the tack box that stood in his shack.

His hands trembled as he dropped the leather on the mare's broad back. His lips trembled as he eased the bit between her teeth. Momsie knew. Small Thomas could feel her stiffen as he slipped his arms up over her withers and drew himself into the saddle. Then she swung of her own accord and started toward the dirt road.

"Maybe we can't get through," said Small Thomas. "If it's reached our road, there's no use tryin'."

It hadn't. But it was close. Wind was hurrying a curtain of smoke above the brush and at times Small Thomas could hardly see the earth beneath the mare's feet. He could see flame, though. A red line was reaching quickly toward the narrow ribbon of hard-packed dirt.

"We can't, Momsie," he whispered. "It'll catch us sure."

His hands eased back on the reins. Gently at first, then with firmer pressure as the mare slugged at the bit. His knees pressed her withers. Again he pulled. The black's mouth was as light as a thought; a touch was enough to stop her. But not now. Not this evening.

"No, girl! It's cutting across ahead of us—no!"

His words were lost in the crackling flare of burning brush. Smoke filled his mouth, his eyes; it wound as a blanket about the mare. Still she ran. Flame touched her legs. It caught at the rider's shoulder. Then they were through and the mare swung onto the highway.

"Easy," he warned. "It's pavement

an' you're barefoot. Don't break your feet, Momsie!"

As well talk to the wind, or to the flaming thing that whipped through the sun-scorched brush. Small Thomas doubled the wraps and lowered his hands along the dark throat. Frightened now, he savaged her mouth. He talked to her, begged her to slow. But the mare had a race to run. Some deep-bred memory told her to go. And she went.

"The little guy," said her rider. "You'll kill him, girl. An' you'll kill yourself along with him. Slow, Momsie—you've come a mile."

Her answer came in the lifted beat of her hoofs against the highway. It was even and sharp and very clear, like the rhythmic click of the ratchet on a wheel. Sad music to her rider; it told of a hoof wall ready to split, of a sole that was strained to breaking, of tortured cannons and bowing tendons and pasterns gone forever. And through the fear that is born of such knowledge it sang strange words to Small Thomas—of ships and shells and guns and planes, of a man in a hole with an empty gun, of weary soldiers who couldn't fight back because of a fire on Palomar.

HOW tell of the ride? It was a cruel thing. A foal-heavy mare who carried a man and a message along the highway; a dark shadow on a curtain of smoke and a little man who cried as he rode. Six miles of pavement and half of them hills, too much to ask from even this daughter of champions. She faltered once and dropped to a knee, then reached deep down to her thoroughbred heart and found the will to go on. Her chest was wet and her flanks dripped sweat, there was blood in the foam that flecked her throat. But she reached the rangers' station.

Small Thomas dropped down and ran to the door. "There's fire!" he shouted. "They touched it off behind my valley. It's comin' along the road."

The tall man in green looked down at his friend. He looked at the quivering mare. "They've touched it off on the north ridge, too. They're out to get us tonight."

"But you got to do something!"

"I'll need your help," said Warner. He jerked a thumb toward the phone. "Take the calls as they come through and relay them along to the stations. I'll get a crew from the ridge."

Small Thomas pointed to Momsie. "She's wet—I got to rub her. Maybe with blankets and hot water, I could . . ."

Warner was already running toward a small truck in the driveway. "She'll have to wait. The fire won't."

"Splice the main brace, eh?"

The phone bell rang as the truck motor roared into life. Small Thomas lifted the receiver, took the message, and relayed the call. A second followed. Then a third, and a fourth. They droned in over the wire with grim regularity, and from them Small Thomas drew a picture of smoke-dirty men fighting an ever widening arc of fire through canyons and draws and brush-covered mountain slopes.

There were blankets in the dormitory. Between calls Small Thomas gathered three and put them over the steaming dark back. He led the mare to the lee side of the dormitory and saw that she limped as she walked. Her head was down. She coughed when the little man bent to rub her ankles. Alcohol and hot water—or if only he could find some whisky maybe he could save her. But you don't find whisky at a forest-ranger station. And there was always the phone.

Dawn brought the first group of fire fighters in from the north ridge. They'd won. They were dark with smoke, sweat-streaked, and weary. Some had burns. All had heard of Mother Dawn—they knew of her ride and of the dream she had carried along six miles of highway. Hard men, these, but their hands were mother-gentle when they lifted the blankets from the mare's back. They heated water. And they found alcohol. Some winced as the liquid touched the fire spots on their wrists.

"Her legs," said Donnely from the watchtower. "Work on her legs, Pleat. Morrow takes her chest—and keep that water hot."

They rubbed, coaxing the sluggish blood to make its rounds of the tired aching body. They dipped thick blankets in steaming water, forgetful of their burns. Others joined them, ragged groups with soot-clogged nostrils, men who had fought without rest through the night. They did what they could and willed to do more.

"Is it whisky she's needin'?" asked crusty Chief Dorley. "Then 'tis whisky she'll have, an' the best in the county!"

Four weeks and a day, and the mare dropped her foal. A delicate beauty with eyes like his mother's, a black satin coat, and a blaze on his forehead. Eight rangers were there, all grouped in a circle, nervous and anxious and eager to help. Small Thomas, in green, stroked the head of the mother, then fingered the badge that he wore on his belt.

"I'd picked him a name before I joined up," he told them. "It was a good name. A sweet name. But Momsie and I, we've dreamed up a better. The little guy—we're callin' him Forest Ranger."

So you'll know the colt's name when you see him; he's down there behind Palomar, learning to run beside a glorious black mare. Sometimes of an evening, when his duties are over, Small Thomas watches them racing across his green valley. The mare's steps are slow, no match for the youngster's, but they sing a sweet tune to the small man in green—of ships and shells and guns and planes that might not have been had it not been for Momsie.

THE END

than Joe E. would lead you to believe (he's forty-two), it is a fact that he represents a piece of flotsam sidetracked by some inexplicable force into a life of ambition and wholesome endeavor.

Humphrey came as a Christmas present to his family in 1900. His father, a fashionable and successful surgeon named Belmont Deforest Bogart, and his mother, the celebrated illustrator Maud Humphrey, considered him a delicate child (because he had once had pneumonia) and sent him to Trinity School, a New York institution for the sons of gentlemen.

There he evolved as a problem child, organizing classroom riots and heckling the German master into resigning his post. Called upon to explain this particular outrage, little Humphrey pointed out that he had never liked the master nor the German language. Asked what he did like, if anything, he said he had nothing against algebra, since you could prove it.

It appears not to have occurred to any one that he was an arrogant, offensive little boy only because at home he was an individualist surrounded by talented personages—the Bogarts entertained artists and show people, among them William Brady—and Humphrey wanted to show them he was important too. This is Bogart's own analysis.

At any rate, he misspent his youth attending musical comedies and, with Bill Brady, Jr., shooting out red lanterns along Riverside Drive when nothing more amusing was in sight. Amherst, where Dr. Bogart particularly wished his son to make a fine record because it was his own alma mater, kicked the boy out for consistent infraction of rules. The final straw was his organization of a skiing expedition after hours to attend a near-by fire and his subsequent manhandling of a professor who surprised them on the way home. It was then 1918, and he joined the navy, drawing transport duty aboard the old Leviathan.

Mustered out of service after the armistice, with a U-boat shell splinter in his upper lip and gray recollections of his short-lived stays abroad (he was either in the brig or had lost all his money in a crap game by the time shore leaves were in order), he got a job as a tugboat inspector with the Pennsylvania Railroad at thirty dollars a week and later he became purchasing agent for S. W. Straus & Co., an investment house. Then, through the good offices of William Brady, he was hired as studio manager and purchasing agent of an independent picture company, World Film, which Mr. Brady owned.

World Film produced a movie entitled Life, with Rod La Rocque and Nita Naldi, during young Bogart's stay with the company. The film was so bad it was never shown to the public. Inspired by this example of money wasted—he himself had disbursed $90,000 as purchasing agent—on inadequate story material, he decided to become a writer. There followed what he now describes as his "chartreuse era," during which he hung about Greenwich Village trying to look like a writer. The manuscript he eventually produced, a horrendous tale of blood and violence, was handed down the line from Brady to Jesse Lasky to Walter Wanger to the gate keeper. "Where it languished," Bogart reports.

Cured in this manner of his literary ambitions, he looked about him for a better job. Film company managers, he discovered, did all the dirty work and never made more than $100 a week. He was still receiving only half that much. Brady agreed to make him stage manager of a play he was producing, and thus began a long, hectic relationship between the two men. Brady was a producer of unpredictable habits and moods. When he was displeased with Bogart, he either attacked him physically and subsequently fired him, or merely fired him.

ONCE, when Brady (who had taken over the job of directing a new show) kept falling asleep at rehearsal just as Bogart, engrossed in his first important role, came onstage, the young man suddenly leaped the orchestra pit and raced up the aisle after his employer. The two were separated by force. Brady discharged him, hired him back next day, and that night at rehearsal went immediately to sleep at Bogart's entrance. His reaction was prophetic. So, in a sense, did the audience on opening night.

Previous to this episode, however, Bogart had participated in a crisis which occurred during the run of Drifting, thereby becoming acquainted with Helen Menken. The star of Drifting, Alice Brady, then pregnant, discovered on a Saturday that she would be confined earlier than any one had expected. Bogart cued Miss Menken in unfamiliar sides, and she was chosen for the part, later justifying his judgment by giving one of the most notable of Broadway performances in Seventh Heaven—during the run of which he married her.

In the interim Bogart had appeared as a juvenile and been castigated by Alexander Woollcott as "what might mercifully be described as inadequate." He had played with Mary Boland in Meet the Wife, and, upon forgetting his lines and leaving the star to ad lib. for long minutes, had been told by the infuriated Miss

"You mean it isn't for the Red Cross?"

Boland that he would never again appear in a play with her. (She repented of this decision later, asking for him for Cradle Snatchers.)

In 1927, following his divorce from Helen Menken, Bogart was approached by several picture companies and made a number of screen tests. He failed in them because the splinter in his lip created a distortion that was too apparent to the ruthless camera lens. He had the lip operated upon, and was brought to Hollywood by the old Fox Company. Clark Gable had just caused a demand for attractive underworld types. Bogey was one of many candidates. He worked at Fox for a few months, turned out to be no Gable, was put in a Western where it was discovered that he could not ride, and was released from his contract.

They had paid him $400 a week. He had spent it all. He returned to New York, to the brand-new depression and to Mary Phillips, his wife. During the ensuing year he rehearsed twenty weeks, played five different shows. Each lasted one day. Promised fifty dollars for a twelve-line stint on a radio hour sponsored by a well known purgative, he was paid only twenty-five dollars because, it was explained, "he didn't sound like a gentleman."

After waiting an entire season for Skyrocket to be produced, he read notices uniformly damning it. Swish, *boom*, KAFLOP! was one of them. Our Wife, which he agreed to make on a percentage basis, opened to $300 the night the nation's banks went on holiday. It closed in two weeks.

It was a relief when he could relax and go to Skowhegan for the winter in stock. But the next year, having been previously typed on Broadway as a collegiate character, he played his first heavy in Invitation to a Murder. After that came The Petrified Forest.

LESLIE HOWARD, star of Petrified Forest, had promised Bogart the same role if ever the play were made into a movie. Bogart arrived in Hollywood, under contract to Warner Brothers, to discover that Edward G. Robinson had already been cast in his part. He cabled Howard in Scotland, protesting bitterly. Howard duly cabled Warners that he would not make Petrified Forest unless Bogart played the gangster.

Bogey has since used this knowledge of Hollywood's soft spot for forgotten promises to even better advantage, achieving raises in salary on more than one occasion by writing Jack Warner a letter reminding him of certain promises. The theme of the letters has been, "I trusted you, and I know you will not go back on your word of honor." So far, it has done the trick.

Nevertheless, Bogart is essentially consistent in his skeptical attitude toward executives of the entertainment world. When his father died in the late '20s, Bogart was broke, and so, it developed, was the estate. The young man went to the office of an important producer (worth several millions) and said, "I want to borrow $500 to bury my father." The producer refused him. He got the money in two lots of $250 each from a couple of struggling actors, and added the experience to his score for and against humanity.

His mood of disillusionment, however, apparently has never reached a point where it includes marriage. Mary Phillips had no sooner divorced him, in 1937, than he married Mayo Methot. Miss Methot had been the best friend who had consoled Helen Menken, in 1927, when the latter had finally decided that her month-old marriage to Bogey was an inopportune venture.

"I was born to be a married man," says Bogart, deadpan.

It is his candid sense of humor, which spares himself less than others, a passionate dislike for sentimentality, and the Bogart intelligence—cold but honest—which add up to the anomaly of his character. Those co-workers and Hollywood associates who both admire and like him inevitably use the word "integrity" in the most lavish sense whenever they discuss him.

THE END

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(*from a letter by* V. P. B., Newark, N. J.)

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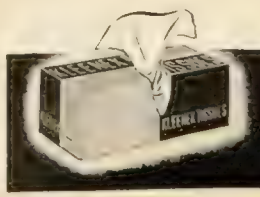

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DIRECT HITS

BY ROBERT ORMOND CASE

Hitler's hair is reported to have turned gray from work and worry following the Mediterranean and Caucasus setbacks. Also, we suspect, there's a dash of worry as to Der Führer's future. It was merely effortless oratory when he announced his determination to die at his post, if necessary. Now he's beginning to see the post: well planted, sturdy enough to support a good rope.

After the new Congress convened, a Washington headline said: "War Unity Manifested in Congress. Opening Session Re-elects Rayburn as Head, 217-206." From the side lines, this seems an example of unity almost perfectly divided.

We launched 8,090,800 dead-weight tons of shipping during 1942, compared to 1,080,000 during 1941. Horrified Berlin commentators labeled this total "fantastic," just as Rome radio, when the first fifteen-day Liberty ship slid down the ways, called it a "whisky launching."

To be consistent in this reasoning, they must conclude that only ghost ships ply to Murmansk, and that our North Africa troops are being supplied by pink elephant convoys.

Nippon's announced 1943 objectives are: to conquer China, India, and Australia, Midway, Hawaii, and "perhaps" to effect landings on the North American continent. A casual study of this itinerary makes it apparent that even with the Sons of Heaven certain paths are paved solely with good intentions.

The enormously increased tempo of wartime over peacetime endeavor is best exemplified by the Alaska-Canada Highway. For years such a highway had been debated pro and con. When it had to be done—and quickly, as a war necessity—10,000 soldiers and 2,000 civilians were turned loose on the job, expense no object. Its 1,671-mile length, 24 feet wide, over mountains, through trackless forests, and across [illegible] stream beds, was completed in [illegible] 180 days.

War costs are meaningless unless reduced to understandable terms. During 1943 we will spend approximately $3,500 each time the clock ticks, or $210,000 per minute, a quarter billion a day, or an amount equal, every two weeks, to the entire cost of the Civil War.

On the other hand, our 1942 income was enough to pay for the Civil War every ten days. It could have taken care of the total cost of the War of 1812 every ten hours.

The Russian theory of war is man-power attrition, which means, bluntly, to kill enemy soldiers faster than they can be produced, armed, and trained. Before they can show a seasonal "net profit" through this plan, therefore, the Russians must first slaughter 800,000 German soldiers, that being the number of boys inducted yearly into the armed forces of the Reich.

To old-timers in Nome, Alaska, Rex Beach's The Spoilers is the most popular movie. Unfortunately, each new version of the perennial gold-rush thriller—and the producers themselves have lost track of the number of times it has been filmed—contains some Hollywood error which reduces the sourdoughs to helpless profanity. It is the secret of each film's success, in fact. Nome residents flock to the theater to swear in unison.

In a recent version of The Spoilers, the Broncho Kid—the old-timers' favorite character—rode out of Nome through the tempestuous night, as usual. Also, with complete sang-froid, the Kid rode through a storm-tossed, dripping *forest*—a detail that caused an incredulous record run.

Because there are old men in the Nome region, natives, who have never seen a living tree. Except for willows along creek-beds and some flowering shrubs on the tundra, the Seward Peninsula is bare of timber. Missionaries once shipped in a small Christmas tree for the enjoyment of native children, and whole tribes of grown-ups came from miles distant to see it. They'd heard about trees but hadn't believed it.

IF YOU WANT BETTER CONGRESSMEN

Continued from Page 13

selection of candidates. But they are primarily thinking of their own seats and their friends'. They work perfunctorily and never from the point of view of the national need.

THERE are ways to make Congress attractive to men of high caliber. First: Congressmen must be freed from the necessity of distributing patronage and serving as errand boys for constituents. A congressman recently wrote to me:

> No one ever talks to a congressman unless he is unemployed and in search of a job, angry, or in a state of defeat. Successful men have no time to talk to a congressman. No one comes to pat you on the back—usually, only desperately unfortunate people demanding immediate attention. Your telephone never stops ringing and you cannot settle down for ten minutes to think about any subject without interruption. This is particularly true of all congressmen who are unfortunate enough to have constituents with Revolutionary, 1812, Mexican War, and Civil War ancestry. As for getting sleep enough, no congressman ever does that.

To facilitate the liberation of congressmen from the patronage system, all government office jobs should be put under Civil Service.

Second: Sessions should be restricted to three full days a week whenever possible. This would leave a sufficient time for committee meetings, which are vitally important. Such time as was not utilized by committee work would be most useful to the legislator who desires to study pressing problems.

Third: The committee system itself should be streamlined and the number of committees decreased. There might well be established a legislative council, composed of a joint committee of both the House and the Senate, to plan governmental needs and to decide on national policies. It is alarming that the initiative in legislation has almost wholly passed to the Executive branch of the government, contrary to the intent of our Constitution.

Fourth: The seating of members of the Cabinet in the Senate or House, long urged by Woodrow Wilson and others, would add to the prestige and influence of the legislative branch. There is no more valuable device in the whole British parliamentary system than this, for it enables a Member of Parliament to ask Cabinet members what they plan and to cross-examine them if they seem to have embarked upon the wrong policies. In our very first

Congress, the Secretary of War and others appeared regularly to make their recommendations and were open to cross-examination.

Certainly the national crisis demands the best that we have for the halls of Congress. Not that we should look for a body composed wholly of supermen or men who have achieved great financial success. This is no plea for an aristocratic Congress, but for a democratic one. We will get nowhere, however, by thoughtlessly criticizing the present Congress. Your present congressman, good or bad, is a sorely overworked man. You expect him to vote quickly and correctly on the most intricate railroad problems; judge whether the Treasury is pursuing the right course in its fiscal program; express a sound opinion on the conduct of the war; solve labor's and the farmer's problems; and have time for a chat any time you visit Washington.

Slander of Congress is not only a bad practice when we are struggling to preserve democratic ideals but is also unjustified. The bulk of the members of the House and Senate are hard-working, earnest, and sincere. Professor Charles A. Beard, after carefully studying the acts of the Seventy-sixth Congress, declared he was "convinced that for disinterestedness, absence of corruption, and concern with the public good, the present body is of a higher order." Maury Maverick of Texas told me that he did not believe there was a single member of Congress who could be bribed.

THIS, mind you, is not a defense of congressmen as lawmakers—but as men of good character. *The fact remains that there is much room for worthier lawmakers in Congress.* There is today very little appeal to the man of promise to seek election to Congress.

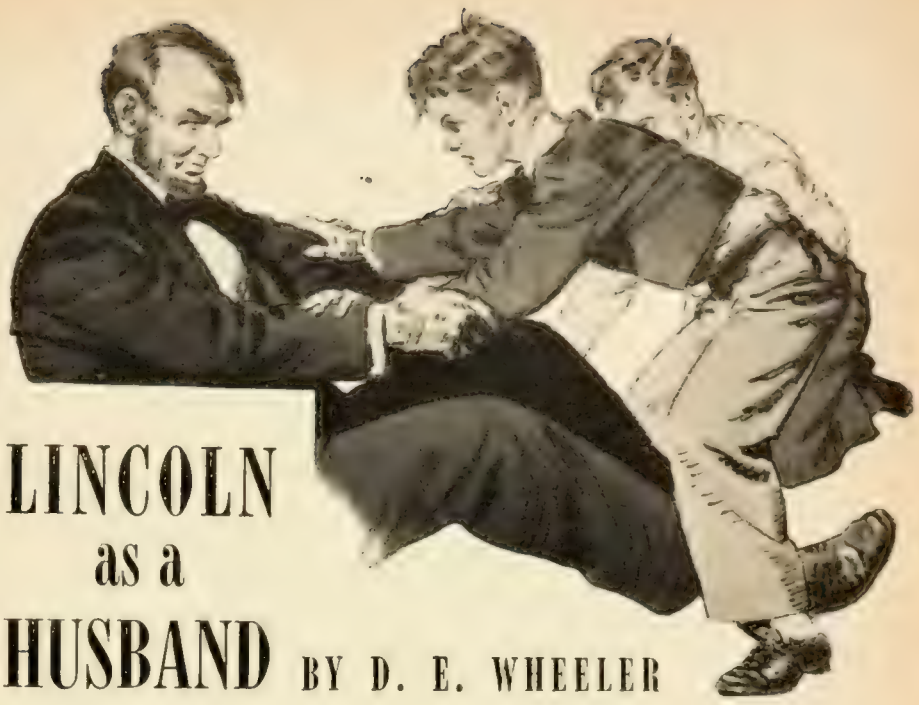
If there are complaints that Congress has not lived up to its opportunities or safeguarded its rights and privileges adequately, let us remember what Hugh Dalton, a member of the British Government, said:

"Nothing is so likely to secure respect for parliamentary institutions as the proof that they are still capable of great achievements."

But there can be no great achievements unless strong and able men are sent to Congress.

To get them should not only be the duty of the national committees of political parties, but also of every organization interested in national affairs. In the last analysis, the best hope of attracting worthy men to Congress lies in convincing the general public of the need.

THE END



LINCOLN as a HUSBAND

BY D. E. WHEELER

AFTER coming home at night from his office on Court House Square in Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln liked to take off his shoes so that his "feet might breathe," remove his coat and stock, and stretch out on the floor propped against the back of an upside-down chair. Here he would read aloud, whether his wife listened or not. It was really more for his own benefit than hers, for in reading aloud he fixed the matter in his own memory.

If any one knocked at the door, up he would jump, just as he was, to open it.

Sitting down to supper, he would be lost in thought, unaware of what was going on, not knowing what he ate, until he might come to suddenly with a funny story, which he would tell with great gusto.

But even if he helped wash the dishes, which he often did in the absence of a maid, Mary, his wife, never got used to his coarse habits and manners. Periodically, especially when she had one of her bad headaches, her violent temper would explode. Abe would try to laugh it off. More than likely, this would infuriate her all the more. She would go for the broomstick, and he would beat a retreat, to take a walk until the storm was over, or join his cronies downtown in swapping yarns and talking politics.

Only once is it recorded that he lost his temper too, and thrust her out of the door with a furious, "You make this house intolerable, damn you—get out of it!" He suffered a sleepless night and blackest remorse for the lapse, and kept himself well in hand thereafter. Early it was borne in upon him that Mary's outbursts at himself and others (servants and tradespeople dreaded her tongue) were due to some obscure nervous disorder, which, in fact, resulted ultimately in her insanity after his tragic end.

Springfieldians noted that the Lincoln children were utterly spoiled. Mary would scrimp on food to dress them up and show them off to company in their parlor tricks. Though Abe shook his head at their precocity, he indulged their antics and often romped on the floor with them. He loved all youngsters, and his own he fairly worshiped.

"Lincoln ought never to have married any one," said William H. Herndon, his law partner and most intimate friend. "He had no quality for a husband." And though Herndon put his idol next to Christ in character, he maintained, "I have always sympathized with Mrs. Lincoln. . . . Mrs. Lincoln was not a wildcat without cause."

Whatever that "cause" may have been (and Herndon hints that Lincoln's heart was in the grave with Ann Rutledge), most of the friends and neighbors of this completely opposed couple were on his side. He came from the backwoods; she was a Kentucky aristocrat. He was self-taught; she was well educated. He loved common people; she adored society. He cared nothing for clothes; they were her chief delight. He was simple, humble; she was elegant, proud. He was slow; she was quick. He had deep understanding; she was superficial, jealous. He was given to melancholy; she was gay and vivacious. Only the mysterious attraction of opposites can account for the ties which bound them in mutual devotion.

THE END

THE GYP OF THE WEEK By FRANK W. BROCK

THE "SHOW HOUSE"

SPRING is around the corner, and so are the fair-weather rackets. For instance:

A representative of the Blank-Blank Siding & Roofing Company—who picks on you because of the somewhat shabby appearance of your house—tells you that his company has decided to do a demonstration job in your neighborhood to introduce their new siding material, Brick-a-Brick, which will cost you nothing. If you were to pay for the re-siding job, he goes on, it would cost you $750, but here's what his company is willing to do. They'll re-cover your house with Brick-a-Brick, use it as a sample of their artistry, and *pay you* 10 per cent of the cost of every other job they obtain within a radius of twenty blocks in all directions. Not only will this commission pay the cost of the work they do for you, but you'll probably make a tidy profit besides. You sign, and the re-siding crew arrives with a load of Brick-a-Brick. They do a slap-bang job with an inferior product and depart.

But you hear nothing further from the company. You are credited with no "commissions." One day your wife tells you that a neighbor down the street is having his house done over—apparently with Brick-a-Brick. When you meet the owner and compare notes, you learn of the two-timing salesman. You both look over his contract. It contains nothing which makes the *company* liable for the salesman's oral misrepresentations. But you both agree to contest payment in the courts.

The bill you receive for the first payment is from a finance company which has innocently bought the contracts at a discount. You have no quarrel with them, and an *innocent third party* can always collect. By the time you start an action against the Blank-Blank Siding & Roofing Company you learn they've cleaned up and flown. So you meekly pay the $750 for the [illegible]

KEEP 'EM SHOOTING

Continued from Page 30

forated disks, looks and behaves like big strands of yellow macaroni as they squirm on your fork. Below, busy little knives slice it into inch-long cylinders. A girl who is my candidate for queen of a munition workers' beauty show picked up a finished piece and handed it to me. Seven holes, finer than the eye of a cambric needle, threaded it vertically. These insure instantaneous and uniform combustion. In color and feel it is like the finest amber. That appearance of hard impure wax, familiar to any one who has visited the magazine of a battleship or the dump of an artillery regiment, comes with the final processes.

A few doors away—which means in this plant a sizable journey by car—the small-arms stuff is streaming downward in strands like fine vermicelli. It is of about the thickness of the lead in a pencil; and the resemblance will become perfect when, in a later process, it takes a coat of black graphite to ensure easy handling in the cartridge factory. The single hole that threads one of its grains is so minute that one almost needs a magnifying glass to see it.

Along the line, chemists have been taking and analyzing samples of the product to assure themselves that all is well. However, the proof of the projectant is "muzzle velocity"—the speed of the bullet or shell when it leaves the barrel of the gun. In a far corner of this wide domain an artillery officer commands a strange scrambled battery—samples of every firearm used in our army. As each batch of finished powder comes in, his command fires a sample from the appropriate weapon. The projectile passes through two screens set, in the case of the larger guns, about ninety feet apart. Rupture of the first screen opens an electric circuit; rupture of the second closes it.

In a building more than a mile away, a technician stands watching an apparatus that seems as complicated as anything Rube Goldberg ever imagined. As the gun fires, a weight falls with a bang. A metal rod falls, too. He takes this out of the apparatus. On its lampblack coating are two minute but definite scratches. He measures with a slide rule the distance between them and makes a rapid calculation of the muzzle velocity. If, as happens but rarely, he gets a figure above or below a certain fixed standard for the load in each size cartridge or powder bag, the batch returns to be strengthened or moderated by further blending. Perfectly stabilized smokeless powder—and one cannot stop short of perfection—will retain its power and safety for twenty years.

In every one of those innumerable little shops hang three placards. The first bears the motto of the plant—"Keep 'Em Shooting." The second announces the number of workmen and of outsiders who may be in that building at one time—so many and no more. The third and largest shouts the old American slogan, "Safety First!" Wherever you turn you see precautions: watchtowers, guards, the scientifically calculated spacing of the buildings, the alert fire department, the automatic sprinklers.

IN some of the more dangerous houses the men wear brown dungarees, the women chic blue overall suits with turbans. These clothes never leave the room except when they go to the company laundry. A sign orders outsiders to see that no speck of the "material" sticks to their clothes when they leave the place. In contrast to the barricaded walls, the roofs look frail. They are—purposely. Also they are hinged like the lid of a chest. So the first rush of gases from a fire will blow them open and prevent that confinement which produces an explosion. The telephone instruments are elaborately insulated against the hazard of electric sparks.

There are no electric lights in most of the houses. Illumination comes through recessed windows, with all the wiring outside. And an automobile must keep at least fifty yards from smokeless powder in any stage of manufacture.

Actually, "safety first" begins before the employment department takes on a new hand. His life must stand as close scrutiny as that of a candidate for the Supreme Court, the chief qualification being character. But since the region is a stronghold of the old American stock, the perplexity of weeding out the one disloyal foreign-born worker from ten thousand patriotic naturalized

FOOTNOTES

Impending disaster.

citizen's does not confront the personnel manager.

"When we decided to try women in the plant," said an executive, "two or three of the foremen almost quit. Two weeks later I came across one of them arguing with a director, taking the feminist side! We've had the same experience here as everywhere—on light work demanding care, conscientiousness, general reliability, the average woman is better than the average man. Incidentally, am I wrong in thinking that our girls are a mighty good-looking lot?"

He certainly wasn't.

When it came to buying War Bonds, 96 per cent of the force signed up. The farm of these parts is nearly as self-supporting as it was in colonial days. It raises most of the family food; the women still spin and weave; many necessities come not by purchase but by barter. And several heads of families, murmuring that they reckoned they'd git on somehow until we licked Hitler, offered to pledge all of their wages. One man signed up for a weekly sum larger than his pay.

"There's some sort of mistake here, isn't there?" asked the clerk who was registering the pledges.

"Nope!" responded this cheerful giver. "I make a little money off'n my place, and I'd like the government to have that too, seein's I'm too old to fight!"

BUT the test which proved the soul of these people came not long after Pearl Harbor. A snowstorm, one of the heaviest the region has ever known, piled drifts over the roads, blocked the mountain passes. This state, having very little apparatus for snow removal, had to let it lie until workmen got to it with hand shovels. Half of the first shift never got to the plant at all. The half who did arrive slept that night—when they slept at all—on the floors of the hospital and recreation halls. Yet here was the Hercules Powder Company pledged to deliver so many tons of product regularly; and in the background a national army roaring a demand for armament.

Almost without exception, these tired men and women stepped into the breach and worked sixteen-hour shifts until the roads were cleared. Overtime pay? Of course; that is automatic under War Labor Board rules. But when these weary workers had taken a day off and slept round the clock, all they said was, "Well, we kept 'em shootin'!"

You think we're soft people, rendered impotent by luxury and greed, Herr Goebbels? Sure! About as soft as Joe Louis, say.

THE END

MUSIC WHILE YOU WORK

BY EDWARD PODOLSKY, M. D.

ENGLAND has been interested in music as a factor for increasing efficiency among workers since 1940. The Medical Research Council there reached the conclusion that recorded music; used at certain limited times of the day, alleviated fatigue with resultant production increases of 6 to 11 per cent.

Many industrial plants in the United States are beginning to play music for their workers. Muzak, widely known for its wired music, now has an industrial network of seventy-five outlets. Among its clients are SKF in Philadelphia and Champion Spark Plug in Detroit. Other industrial concerns, like Botany Worsted in Passaic, New Jersey, Curtiss-Wright in Buffalo, and Owens-Illinois Glass in Bridgeton, New Jersey, are equipped with the RCA Industrial Sound System and provided with programs.

Most plants start off each shift with patriotic songs and lively tunes lasting fifteen minutes. "Fatigue" music in the morning and afternoon, or in the first and second halves of each shift, is played for twenty-four minutes at about an hour and a quarter before meal and quitting time. "Fatigue" music is made up of popular airs, waltzes, folk music, and light peppy dance numbers.

No two authorities agree on the hard-and-fast rules of what music should be played in factories. Many contend that vocals are inadvisable, for lyrics distract the workers and either slow down production or cause accidents. Also, music should never be played all day long, for then it palls and loses its power to ease strain or lessen fatigue.

The Stevens Institute of Technology, a pioneer experimenter in sound engineering, revealed some preliminary findings in surveys on music in industry. It was found that musically equipped factories also got results through markedly decreased absences and lateness.

The most significant Stevens discovery concerned improved results in a plant which already had music. By changing the time of the musical periods and the type of music played, production was boosted 6.8 per cent. This was accomplished by playing unfamiliar music at every period of the day except at the heavy mid-afternoon slump time around two fifteen. At that time the workers got the music they knew and wanted.

THE END

Helps Prevent Many Colds From Developing

The *instant* you use Vicks Va-tro-nol—it goes to work—right in the trouble area where most colds start. It aids natural defenses against colds. Used at the first sniffle or sneeze it helps *prevent* many colds from developing. Try it. **WHAT'S MORE**—when a head cold stuffs you up, Va-tro-nol relieves distress 3 ways—**(1)** shrinks swollen membranes, **(2)** relieves irritation, **(3)** helps clear clogged nasal passages. Follow the directions in every Va-tro-nol package.

VICKS VA-TRO-NOL

CHILD'S COLDS To relieve misery—rub VapoRub on throat, chest, back and let its time-tested poultice-vapor action go to work! Ideal for children. Good for adults. **VICKS VAPORUB**

FOR VICTORY

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

You profit two ways:

- You help win the war
- You save something for a rainy day!

by BUYING WAR BONDS!

Invest at least 10% of your income in war bonds!

ITCH CHECKED *In A Jiffy*

Relieve itching caused by eczema, athlete's foot, scabies, pimples and other itching conditions. Use cooling, medicated **D.D.D. Prescription.** Greaseless, stainless. Soothes, comforts and checks itching fast. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist today for **D.D.D. Prescription.**

TRICKS of TRADES

Run Trucks on Charcoal

A LARGE North Carolina paper company has solved a major problem in connection with its heavy-duty trucks. These trucks, after many experiments, are now driven by charcoal burners and run on hardwood tires, attaining a speed of forty-five miles an hour. Only about a quart of gasoline is used daily by a truck in starting; then it switches to charcoal gas, which is generated by a gas-production unit installed on the front of the truck.

Tumble Preventives

TO prevent slipping on polished floors, many night-club performers used to cement thin rubber soles on their dancing shoes. Now patriotic dancers will have to be dependent upon turpentine or a popular brand of floor polish, both of which form a sticky substance on the sole if applied directly before "going on." In lieu of these they may use the rosin box, prevalent in theaters, or the most common tumble preventive of all, water!

"Explosive Rivets"

THE old idea of fighting fire with fire is not half so neat a trick as the one of using explosives to repair the damage done by explosives. When an American plane returns from battle with bullet holes in the fuselage or gashed wings, the damage is quickly repaired, without any dismantling, by the use of "explosive rivets." These are rivets which contain explosive charges in the shank. The rivet is slipped into place and heat applied to its head. This sets off the explosion, which spreads out and flattens the shank, fastening the rivet securely into place and repairing the damage.

Glass-Eye Reminder

MANY safety engineers have difficulty in getting employees to wear safety glasses on hazardous jobs. Some of them use a little trick like this: Instead of reprimanding an employee who is seen without safety glasses, they very quietly hand him a small box. On the outside of the box are the words, "Would you trade one of these for yours?" When [illegible] he finds a glass eye. Usually this psychology stunt is hint enough.

Meter Reader's Mirror

METER readers are gauged by how few readings they miss. They are constantly stumped by locked doors, hooked screens, dogs, high fences, and other obstructions. They all carry pocket mirrors with which they reflect the sunshine through screens and into shady or dark places. As one reads a clock at a distance, good readers read positions of the hands, not necessarily the figures; thus by illuminating dials with reflected light, often as far as fifty feet away, Yankee ingenuity saves many a second call.

Putting Pop in Corn

YELLOW South American popcorn, when stored in the warm rooms of a confectionery, or other establishment, often dries out and when put over the fire fails to burst and remains in small hard kernels. Water sprinkled through the dry corn is the solution. When the kernels have had sufficient time to absorb this moisture, they will pop into large snowy-white "buds." Moreover, the explosion is extra loud and the fumes from the popping a strong sales argument.

Painting Food

FOODS used in motion-picture banquet scenes never photograph realistically, so a Hungarian artist, Jules Molnar, earns a living painting them in colors which give them a most natural appearance on the screen. Roast meats in particular persist in photographing gray.

Rays Reveal Steel Flaws

IN examining steel parts, gamma rays from a small capsule of radium sulphate will penetrate three inches of steel, revealing its flaws on film strapped around the metal. This reveals flaws not found by the X-ray.

Readers are invited to send us any good trick of the trade they know—involving either trade or profession—and Liberty will pay $5 each for those accepted. Keep the item short, from 50 to 150 words. Address your contribution to Tricks of Trades Editor, Liberty Magazine, 205 East 42d Street, New York.

RUSSIAN CHILDREN FIGHT—Continued from Page 23

by this method. A single girl of nineteen wanted very much to adopt a war orphan. Her friends urged her not to be impulsive.

"Suppose the man you marry doesn't want the child," they suggested.

"I don't need such a man," she told them.

To those who know the Russian attitude toward children, the way the youngsters have risen to the exigencies of war is not at all surprising. They were already soldiers of life, with their own responsibilities, long before the war started. All Soviet children were something like our own Boy and Girl Scouts. Divided into age groups, there were little "Oktobrionoks" up to seven; the older Pioneers to about fourteen; then the Komsomols, over sixteen, who carried out tasks that meant hardship and possible death, such as cleaning wells in a typhus-infected town.

Everything possible was done to start the children off in good health, good surroundings, and with the best trained care. Millions were looked after by the state before the war. There were thousands of medical centers, prenatal clinics, clubs, parks of "culture and rest," nurseries attached to farms, and special children's centers during the harvesting season.

Disease statistics were dropping, juvenile delinquency was on the wane. The "wild boys of the road," derelicts of the last war, the civil war, and the subsequent famine, had been absorbed in homes and institutions, had learned trades and become useful members of society.

The blight cast by the invader may create a new group of neglected children, but it won't begin to compare with the problem the country had two decades ago and successfully conquered. Even now the nurseries and schools, homes and clinics continue under shellfire, while special homes and hospitals have been opened throughout the country to care for the little ones until they can go out and help again.

The Soviet theory is that the child will suffer less from the impact of war if he is actively engaged in fighting it. So his interest in the war is stimulated by a tremendous output of wartime children's books, plays, puppet shows, circuses, movies, poetry, posters, and songs. Ten million copies of children's books on the war theme were published in the first eight months after the invasion. A book now being written by children living in the areas liberated from the invader tells in stories, poems, and drawings what the children witnessed under occupation, what they did to help older comrades, how the Nazis destroyed books, museums, schools, and hospitals, how they forced the children to work for them. A farm boy, Vitya, writes:

"I DUG up some rusks mother had hidden in the ground. Holding them in our mouths, my brother Leska and I ran past the sentinels, who always chase you when they see you eating something, grab it, and beat you up. Four times they grabbed me and beat me. My head was aching and my eyes swimming. But that is the way I got my Red Army friends into the orchard and hid them. At night I would lead them to the right road, from where they would get back to their unit."

And Fania writes:

"I was walking through our village street and heard somebody groan. It was two wounded Red Army men. I led them to our house, put them to bed, and moved the table and chest of drawers to hide them. Every evening the Germans would come and demand whether we had any Russian soldiers hidden. When I heard their boots, I would take my two little sisters and sit on the table, playing with them. So the Germans didn't guess.

"Six days later our Red Army captured the village. One of my wounded men was taken to the hospital; the other one was all better and returned to his comrades. But I gave him a pair of warm mittens because he had lost his."

The children's theater gratifies the kids' desire for at least vicarious participation in a play, Timur and His Gang, in which young people aid the families of Red Army men with the romantic secrecy and conspiracy of Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer. In the play they carry water and wood; mind babies; fix things about the house; collect books, scrap metal, and warm clothes; organize workshops to repair stoves and utensils; mend stockings and underwear.

JOY AND GRIEF

If Life were only joy, my dear,
It then would grow monotonous.
Be glad for the occasional tear—
It's really very good for us.

—CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

GLOBE PRESS PHOTO SERVICE

"I SAILED PERILOUS seas and braved dragons to get that smokeless powder article for Liberty," says Will Irwin. But after getting it he appeared as serene as he does in his picture above. He continues: " 'New idea,' said the editor when he called me up. 'No reporter has seen the inside of a smokeless powder plant since we began to rearm. Got to get permission. Will you do that?' "
Like the ace reporter he is, Irwin, brushing aside all objections, obstacles, and hazards, cutting red tape and smiling through a most courteous run-around, got what he went after—the remarkable inside story on page 28.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, whose If You Want Better Congressmen is in this issue, has observed the Washington merry-go-round for more years than he likes to admit, he says. But they have brought him a rich political experience and given him a voice of authority on public affairs. The dean of American liberal journalists, he likes to recall that his father was also a Washington correspondent in 1866-68.

APROPOS OF Torpedo Junction, by Robert J. Casey, elsewhere in these pages, it is pertinent to remind you that President Roosevelt, in his great speech on The State of the Union, delivered before Congress January 7, said:
"In the Pacific area our most important victory in 1942 was the air and naval battle off Midway Island." Which was the way Casey felt when he wrote Torpedo Junction. Don't miss his thrilling saga.

THE EDITORS

They work in hospitals, gather the harvest, collect presents for men at the front, and pick up shell fragments in the woods to turn back to munitions factories.

A real-life Timur volunteer army movement has spread like a forest fire. Some of its exploits outdo those in the play. When, for example, the food supply for Murmansk hospitals was threatened, senior-graders went on a foraging expedition into the Arctic and came back with 35,000 birds and 160,000 guillemot eggs. In the south, 60,000 boys and girls picked 630,000 kilograms of cotton in three days. Others cleaned irrigation canals, fought insect pests, reared silkworms, unloaded grain and timber at railroads and wharves.

IN Leningrad, young people worked on the city's fortifications, prepared firewood for industrial enterprises, and loaded munitions for the front. Boy workers stepped up production at the huge Molotov artillery plant. In Tixie Bay, in the Arctic, boys set up on their own initiative a training school for air mechanics. And in the mountain regions of Kazakstan more than a hundred eager young students of geology went prospecting for precious war materials—tungsten, molybdenum, tin, mercury, coal. In Chukotka children made reindeer-skin gloves and boots for men at a front 6,000 miles away.

Emulating their elders, these children sought to outproduce each other, as our factories do for the Navy E, and to stimulate improvement in the quality of their output.

With an acute food shortage facing the country as a result of the loss of some of its best agricultural areas, twelve- and thirteen-year-olds are now studying practical farming. Nearly every school child collected seed potatoes last spring, sowed them and gathered the harvest. In Turkmenistan the children dried hundreds of tons of fruit. On one farm in the Urals, every girl and boy fattened a goose or duck for the soldiers.

The children of Soviet Russia are showing their mettle. Almost from the cradle this generation has been made to realize that they have a stake in their country. Now they're fighting like little demons to hang on to it.

THE END

Answers to Guess Who Said It?
on page 61.

1. Billy Sunday.
2. William Lyon Phelps.
3. Monty Woolley.
4. Alexander Pope.
5. Oscar Wilde.

MACHINES CAN'T WORK WITHOUT MEN

IT always has been the claim of social theorists that, given a chance to do so at good wages, men will earn all the money they can to improve the living conditions of their families, educate their kids, and put something by for a rainy day.

It seems logical, but let's see how it's working out in practice. For the first time in a long, long while, there is available a virtually unlimited amount of work to be done for those who want to do it. In most war plants a man can considerably fatten the weekly envelope without undue strain. By sticking steadily on the job and putting in a few hours overtime, the American workman can get his hands on substantial amounts of ready money.

Many are doing so; but, if we can believe what we hear from the industrial front, many are content to work just long enough to pay the weekly bills and have a little left over for a few beers.

What the bosses call "absenteeism" and the men call "taking a day or two off" is knocking the claim of the social theorists into a cocked hat and seriously threatening the war effort.

Furthermore, these slackers in its ranks are giving labor a black eye. Absenteeism is growing a set of statistics which will some day be used to belabor the laboring man. Should a made-work program be necessary after the war, its advocates will have to do a lot of apologizing for those who failed to earn and put by a nest egg when the earning was good.

Absenteeism rises continually as wage rates go up, and is usually at a peak right after payday. Apparently, as soon as some folks get a little money in their pockets, they take time off to spend it.

As 1943 rolls on, there will be less and less to buy in the stores, and it is feared that absenteeism will grow even more serious.

Many workers take the view that money is no good if you can't buy anything with it. So why work seven, six, or even five days a week?

They forget money is good for a lot of things besides the immediate goods it will buy. It's good for a leisurely old age, free from want. It's a college or technical school training for the son or a business school education for the daughter. It's a better place to live in, a little business of one's own, or a thousand other things in a few short years after the war is won. Meanwhile, it's a fat fistful of war bonds.

Our enemies, of course, have no such problem as absenteeism. If a man doesn't show up at his job, they shoot him. In America, patriotism and the workers' own self-interest keep the wheels turning. Let's show the Axis that free men need no compulsion.

Liberty . . . FOR ALL

Paul Hunter

Casualty—1,000 miles from the enemy

ALMOST as fatal as a bullet or a shell is the breakdown in the spirit of a sailor or a soldier.

Our men have the finest spirit in the world. But it must be maintained in the American way.

They must not be made to feel that they are mere automatons, fighting machines, as the armed forces of the dictators have been made to feel.

Life in our navy and army is hard. Discipline is tough. It must be. But there also must be moments when the sailor or soldier is treated as Mr. Somebody-or-other.

That's where the USO comes in. For the USO is the banding together of six great agencies to serve one great purpose—to see that our boys in the camps and naval stations have a place to go, to turn to, a "home away from home."

The duties of the USO have more than doubled during the year. It must serve millions more men. Its field of operations has been enlarged to include many parts of the world.

To carry on its important work, the USO must raise $32,000,000. It needs your contribution. No matter how small you make that contribution, the USO needs it. And it needs it *now*.

You are beset by requests for help on all sides. By all means, try to meet those requests. But among them, don't neglect the USO.

Send your contribution to your local USO committee, or to USO, National Headquarters, Empire State Building, New York.

Give to the USO

This is the Mayor of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

...Who said to his neighbors: "Come on and ride down"

"YOU know," said Mayor Peters,
"I'm thanking my stars,
That people have taken
to sharing their cars,
For somehow the spirit
of helping a fellow
Has made all the neighbors
more friendly, more mellow.

"WE frequently stop on the way
back from town
At the home of a Smith or a
Jones or a Brown,
And top off the day with a
bottle of Pabst,
Formality, stiffness—
completely collapsed.

"NOW frankly, there's nothing so
nice and befriending
As Blue Ribbon Beer with its
full-flavor blending—
That softer and kindlier taste,
Pabst obtains,
By blending it just like the
finest champagnes."

© 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Pabst Blue Ribbon

Now more than ever—
A Symbol of Friendly Companionship

Now that wartime has brought a return to simple pleasures in Blue Ribbon Town (your town—everybody's town), Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer has become, more than ever, the symbol of friendly companionship. Enjoy that softer, kindlier taste—obtained by the FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING of 33 master brews.

Pabst Blue Ribbon is blended like fine champagnes—to give you *all* the delicious taste tones of a "complete", well-rounded beer. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.